Christian Praise

CHRISTIAN PRAISE

A SELECTION OF HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR THE USES OF PUBLIC WORSHIP

New York
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1927

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THIS Hymnal is intended to promote reverent and fervent congregational song. The devout and urgent praise of God by all the people has manifold sympathies. It is a supreme act of public worship. The prayers, the Scripture lessons and the message of the preacher blend and culminate in the unison of common praise, whose function is an ardent and spiritual response.

This vocal consent of uplifted hearts is a high privilege and it is a general duty diligently to make it ready, in so holy a task none presuming to offer what costs him nothing. Becomingly to render this due thanksgiving vitally tests both the intelligence and the sincerity of every assembly of believers. A church inattentive toward vivid melody in the Lord's House is decadent and a contagion of debility attends such neglect. So beautiful and sacred is the choral devotion of Christian men, that it is to be insisted upon and prepared with no half-heed. Exalted life answers it. A devoted church will always be a singing church. Thus "the joy of Jerusalem is heard, even afar off."

Anticipative announcement of the hymns proposed for a given month will commend a household practicing of these, sure to work a surprising new interest and a far ampler participation in the Sunday song, which thus becomes a gathering of singing families. Where printed notices are in use, this announcement is especially feasible. And all this would much revive the good old way of memorizing the greater hymns.

Skill always implies honest labor. The musical settings of a really worthy Hymnal cannot be automatic. This book is meant to invite and reward assiduous effort. Its broad page and large type, as well as the animated harmony and lyrical dignity of its contents, will commend it to the love of those who faithfully use it.

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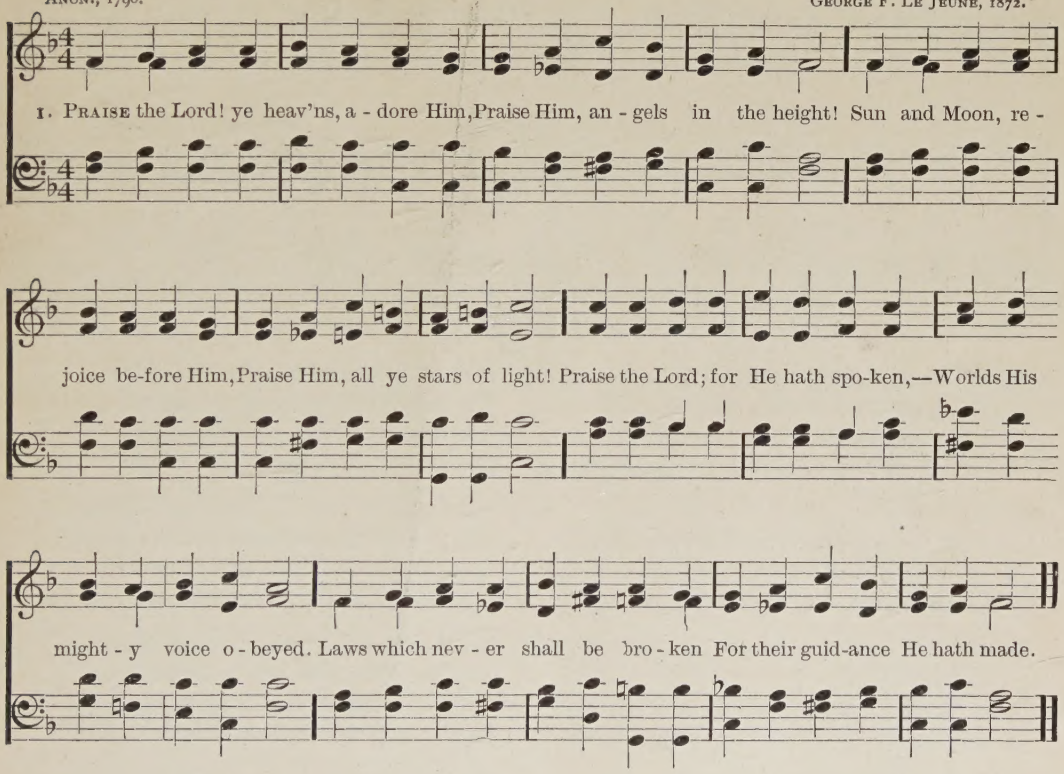
Christian Praise

1 Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him!

8s & 7s, D. *"We will walk in the name of Jehovah, our God, forever and ever."* **Oratorio.**

ANON., 1796. GEORGE F. LE JEUNE, 1872.


1. PRAISE the Lord! ye heav'ns, a - dore Him, Praise Him, an - gels in the height! Sun and Moon, re -
joice be-fore Him, Praise Him, all ye stars of light! Praise the Lord; for He hath spo-ken,—Worlds His
might - y voice o - beyed. Laws which nev - er shall be bro - ken For their guid-ance He hath made.

2 Praise the Lord! for He is glorious,
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high His power proclaim;
Heaven and Earth and all Creation
Laud and magnify His name.

2 God of the morning! at whose voice.

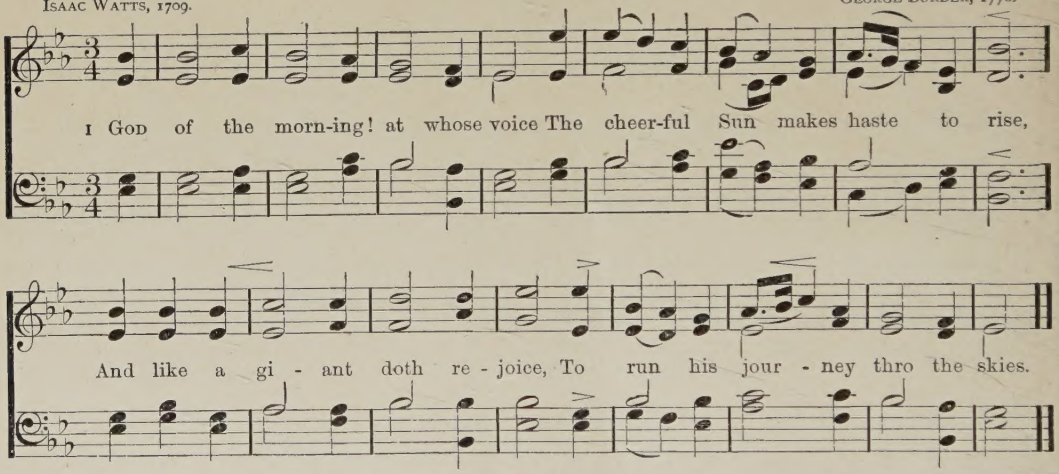
L. M.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

"The Lord thinketh on me."

Luton.

George Burder, 1770.


1 God of the morn-ing! at whose voice The cheer-ful Sun makes haste to rise,
And like a gi - ant doth re - joice, To run his jour - ney thro the skies.

2 Oh! like the Sun, may I fulfill
Th' appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind, and active will,
March on, and keep my heavenly way.

3 But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God, my Sun, shall disappear,
And leave me in the world's wide maze
To follow every wandering star.

4 Lord! Thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just, Thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

5 Give me Thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to Thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared with this.

3

1 O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou brightness of Thy Father's face,
Thou fountain of eternal light
Whose beams disperse the shades of night!

2 Come, Holy Sun of heavenly love,
Come in Thy radiance from above,
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

3 Oh, hallowed be th'approaching day!
Let meekness be our morning ray,
And faithful love our noonday light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright!

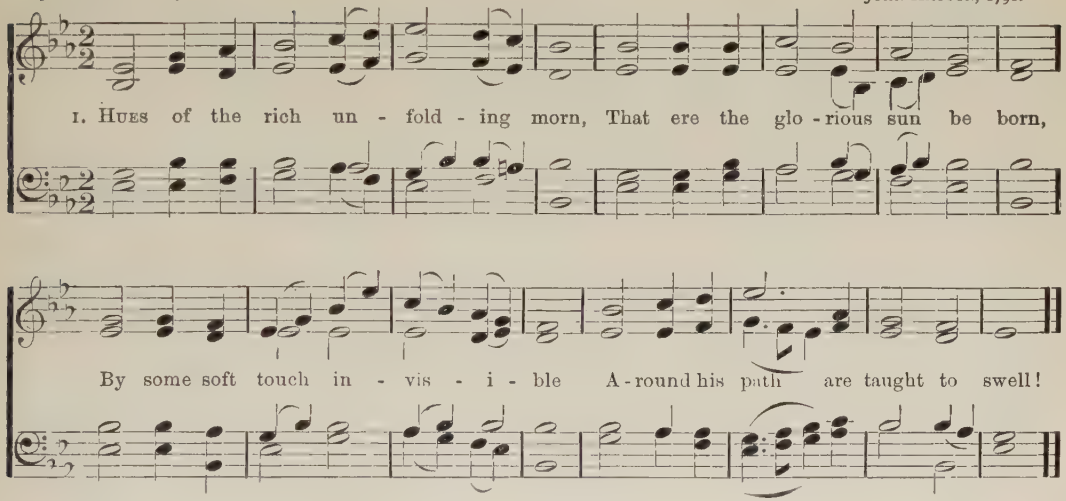
4 O Christ! with each returning morn,
Thine image to our hearts is borne;
Oh! may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee!

Latin, Ambrose of Milan, 390.
Tr. John Chandler, 1837. *Abr.*

4 Hues of the rich unfolding morn.

L. M. "*Bring your sacrifices every morning.*" Duke Street.

John Keble, 1827. *Abr.* John Hatton, 1790.


1. Hues of the rich un - fold - ing morn, That ere the glo - rious sun be born,
By some soft touch in - vis - i - ble A - round his path are taught to swell!

2 Oh, timely happy, timely wise
Hearts that with rising morn arise!
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new.

3 New every morning is the Love
Our wak'ning and uprising prove,—
Thro sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.

4 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray,
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of Heaven.

5 If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

6 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of Heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer,
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

7 Oh could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise!
How would our hearts with wisdom talk
Along Life's dulled dreariest walk!

8 The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

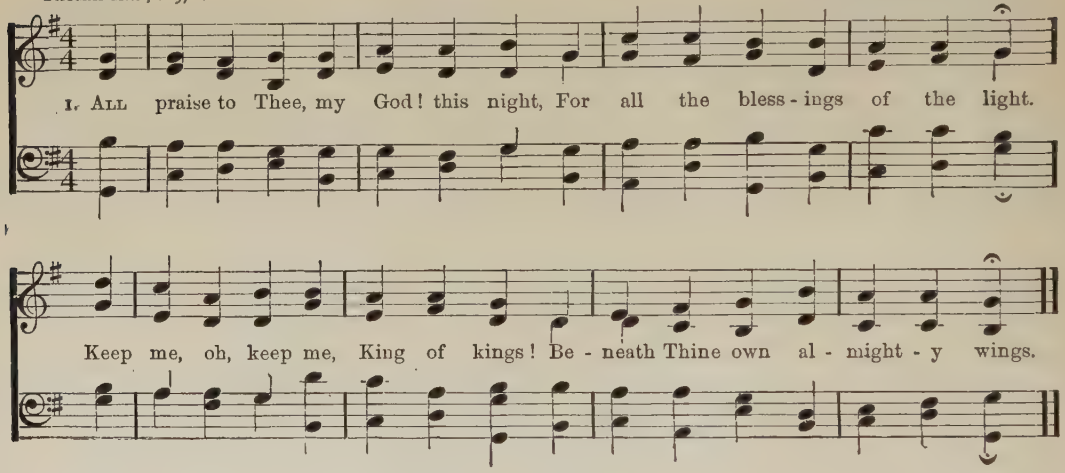
9 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

5 All praise to Thee, my God, this night.

L. M.

"*Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.*" **Tallis' Canon.**

THOMAS KEN, 1697. *Abr.*

THOMAS TALLIS, 1560. *Har.*

1. All praise to Thee, my God! this night, For all the bless - ings of the light.
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings! Be - neath Thine own al - might - y wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply!
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

4 Oh! may my soul on Thee repose
And may sweet sleep mine eye lids close,—
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

5 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise, glorious, at the awful day.

6

1 Awake, my soul, and with the Sun
Thy daily stage of duty run,
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice!

2 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to their eternal King!

3 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew,
Guard my first springs of thought and will
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

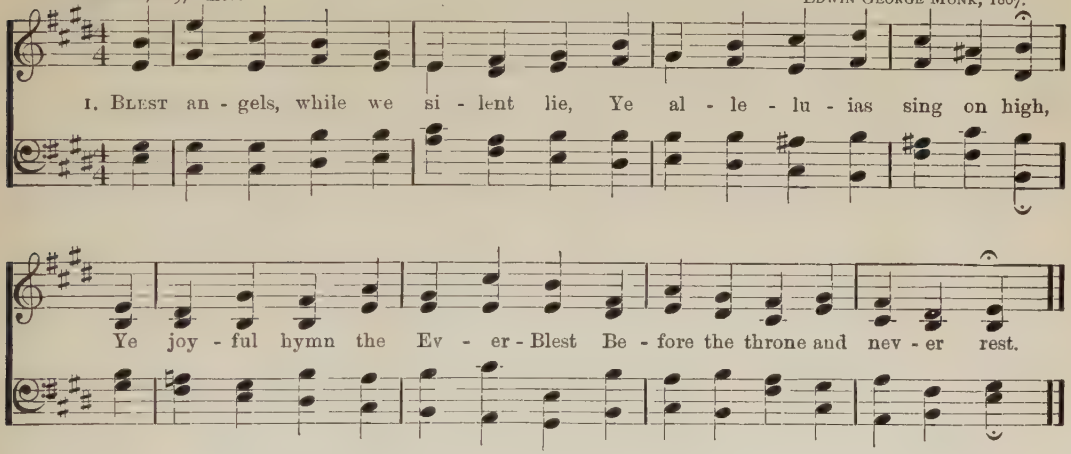
4 Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

THOMAS KEN, 1697. *Abr.*

7 Blest angels, while we silent lie.

L. M. "*He turneth the shadow of death into the morning.*" Anglican.

THOMAS KEN, 1697. *Abr.* EDWIN GEORGE MONK, 1867.


1. Blest an - gels, while we si - lent lie, Ye al - le - lu - ias sing on high,
Ye joy - ful hymn the Ev - er - Blest Be - fore the throne and nev - er rest.

2 I with your choir celestial join,
In offering up a hymn divine,
With you in Heaven I hope to dwell
And bid the night and world farewell.

3 Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,
Watch over Thine own sacrifice!
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out
And make my very dreams devout.

4 Shine on me, Lord, new life impart,
Pure ardors kindle in my heart;
One ray of Thine all-quick'ning light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

5 All praise to Thee, in light arrayed,
Who light Thy dwelling-place hast made!
A boundless ocean of bright beams
From Thine all-glorious Godhead streams.

8

1 Now with Creation's morning song
Let us, as children of the day,
With wakened heart and purpose strong,
The works of darkness cast away!

2 Oh! may the morn, so pure, so clear,
Its own sweet calm in us instil;—
A guileless mind, a heart sincere,
Simplicity of word and will.

3 And ever, as the day glides by,
May we the busy senses rein;
Keep guard upon the hand and eye,
Nor let the conscience suffer stain.

4 Grant us, O God! in love to Thee,
Clear eyes to measure things below,
Faith the invisible to see,
And wisdom Thee in all to know.

Lat. Tr. EDWARD CASWALL, 1848.
Alt. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864.

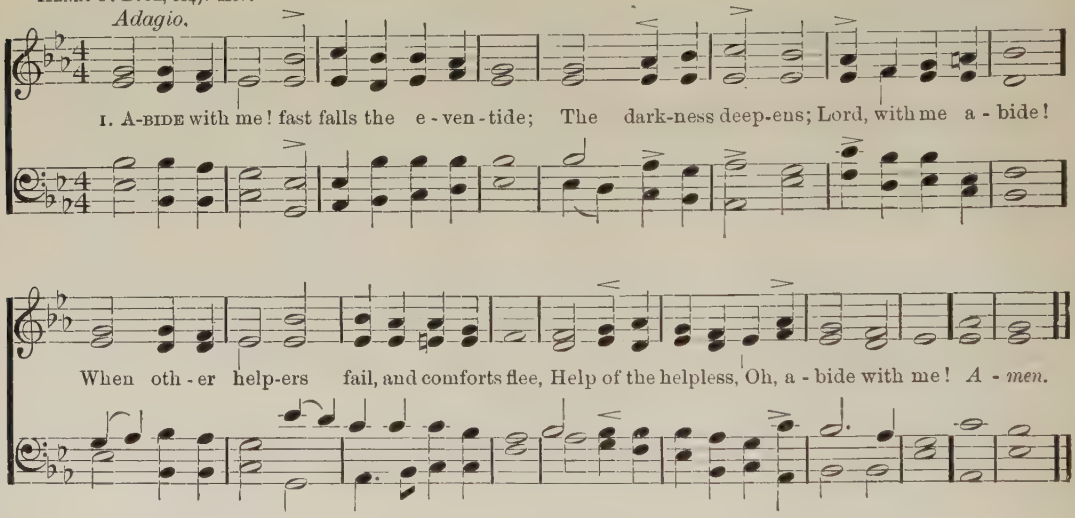
9 Abide with me! fast falls the eventide.

10.10.10.10.

HENRY F. LYTE, 1847. *Abr.*

"Until the day break, and the shadows flee away."

Eventide.

WILLIAM H. MONK, 1860.

Adagio.
1. A-BIDE with me! fast falls the e-ven-tide; The dark-ness deep-ens; Lord, with me a-bide!
When oth-er help-ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, Oh, a-bide with me! A-men.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, Who changest not, abide with me.

3 Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;
And, tho rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee;—
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.

4 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the Tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

5 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word:
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free;
Come, not to sojourn but abide with me!

6 Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine thro the gloom and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks! and Earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. *Amen.*

10 Thro the day Thy love hath spared us.

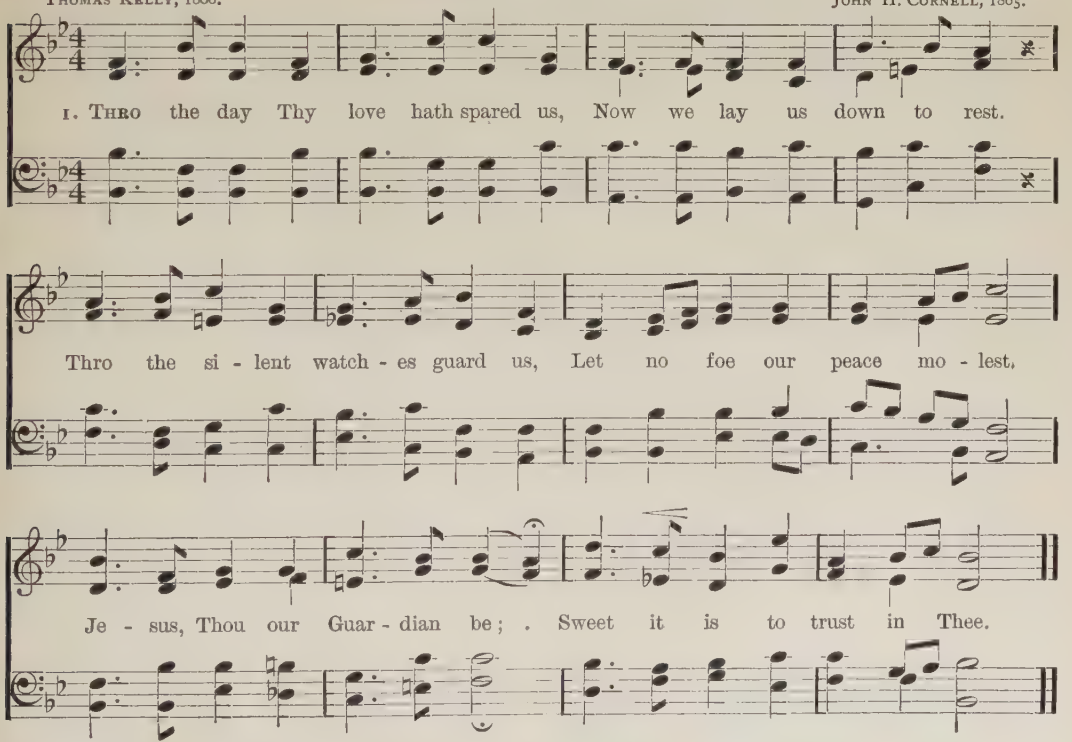
8.7.8.7.7.7.

THOMAS KELLY, 1806.

"Abide with us; for it is toward evening."

Hesperus.

JOHN H. CORNELL, 1865.

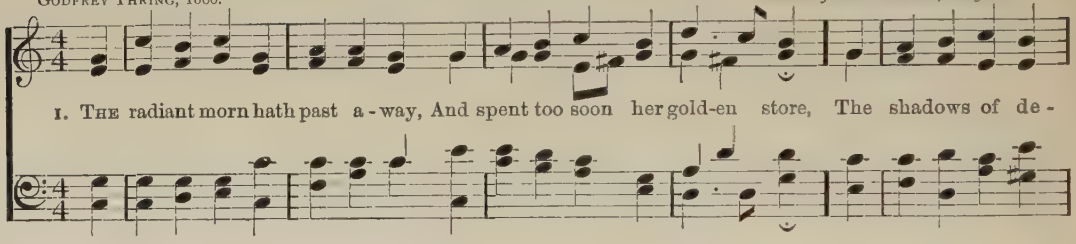

1. THRO the day Thy love hath spared us, Now we lay us down to rest.
Thro the si - lent watch - es guard us, Let no foe our peace mo - lest,
Je - sus, Thou our Guar - dian be; . Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

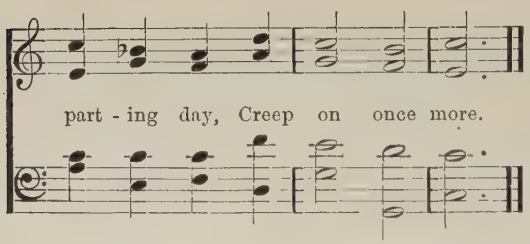
2 Pilgrims here on Earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In Thine arms may we repose;
And, when life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in Heav'n at last.

11 The radiant morn hath past away.

8.8.8.4. *"He knoweth them that put their trust in Him."* **Redcliff.**

GODFREY THRING, 1866. EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS, 1863. *Alt.*





2 Our life is but an autumn day,
Its glorious noon how quickly past!
Lead us, O Christ, Thou Living Way,
Safe home at last.

3 Oh! by Thy soul-inspiring grace,
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky;—

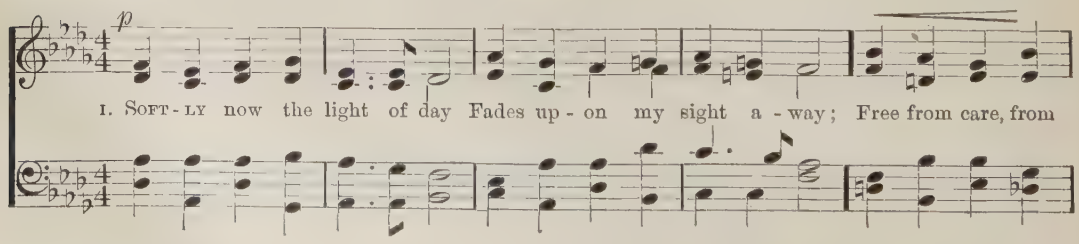
4 Where light and life and joy and peace
In undivided empire reign
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;—

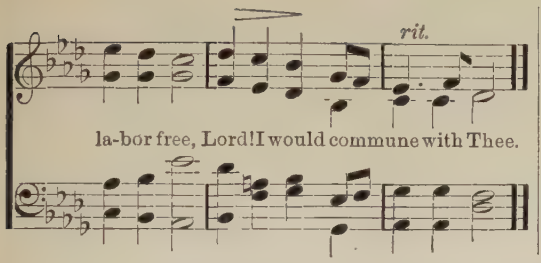
5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light!
Art Lord of all.

12 Softly now the light of day.

7.7.7.7. *"An inheritance * * that fadeth not."* **Esther.**

GEORGE W. DOANE, 1824. *Abr.* JOSEPH BARNBY, 1878.



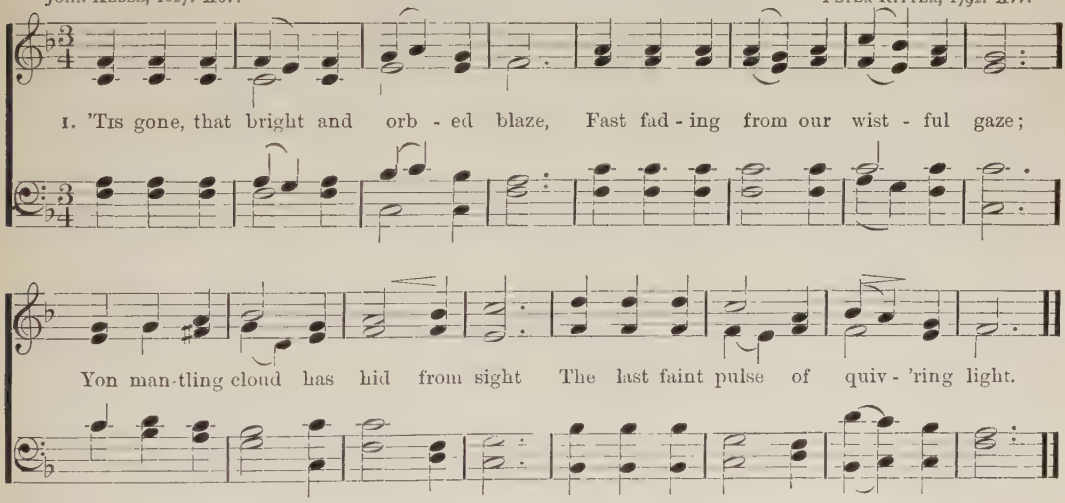


2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within!
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord! to dwell with Thee.

13 'Tis gone, that bright and orbèd blaze.

L. M. "*The Lord God is a sun and a shield.*" **Hursley.**

JOHN KEBLE, 1827. *Abr.* PETER RITTER, 1792. *Arr.*

1. 'Tis gone, that bright and orb - ed blaze, Fast fad - ing from our wist - ful gaze;
Yon man-tling cloud has hid from sight The last faint pulse of quiv - 'ring light.

2 Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
Oh, may no Earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

3 When with dear friends sweet talk I hold
And all the flowers of life unfold;
Let not my heart within me burn
Except in all I Thee discern.

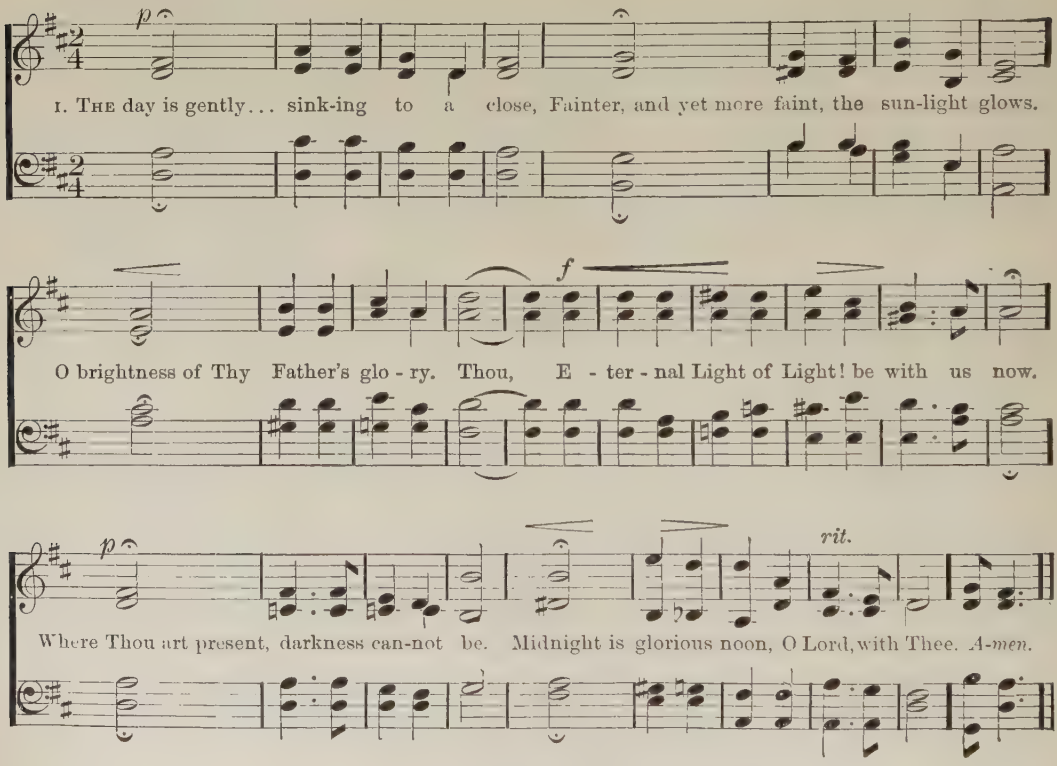
4 Abide with me from morn till eve;
For without Thee I cannot live.
Abide with me when night is nigh;
For without Thee I dare not die.

5 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere thro the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

14 The day is gently sinking to a close.

10.10.10.10.10.10. "*Not put in fear by any terror.*" Sunset Chant.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1862. Joseph Barnby, 1880.


p
1. The day is gently... sink-ing to a close, Fainter, and yet more faint, the sun-light glows.
f
O brightness of Thy Father's glo - ry. Thou, E - ter - nal Light of Light! be with us now.
p
rit.
Where Thou art present, darkness can-not be. Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee. A-men.

2 Thou, who in darkness | walking didst appear |
Upon the waves, and | Thy disciples cheer, ||
Come, Lord, in lonesome | days, when storms assail |
And earthly hopes and human succors fail; ||
When all is dark, may | we behold Thee nigh |
And hear Thy | voice, "*Fear not, for it is I.*" ||

3 The weary world is | mouldering to decay, ||
Its glories wane, its | pageants fade away; ||

In that last sunset, | when the stars shall fall, ||
May we arise, awakened by Thy call, ||
With Thee, O Lord, for | ever to abide, ||
In that blest | day which has no eventide! || *Amen.*

15 Upraised from sleep, to Thee we kneel.

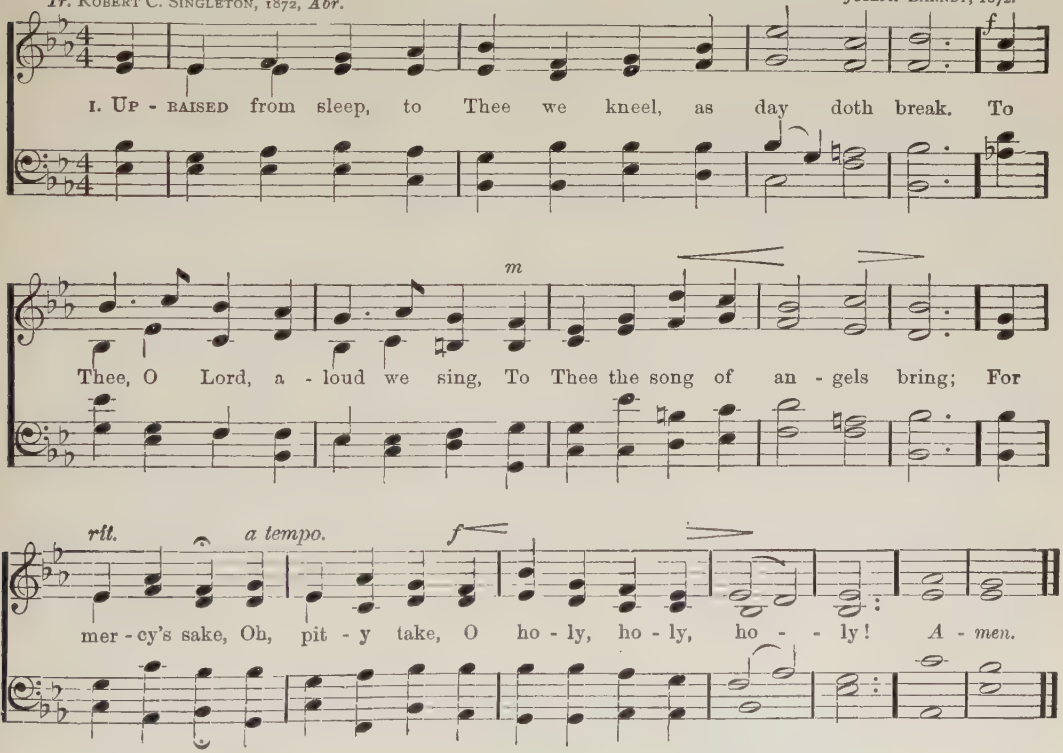
"*He that keepeth thee will not slumber.*"

12.8.8.4.4.7.

ANCIENT GREEK HYMN. *Cir.* 300 A.D.
Tr. ROBERT C. SINGLETON, 1872, *Abr.*

Matin Hymn.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1872.


1. Up - raised from sleep, to Thee we kneel, as day doth break. To
Thee, O Lord, a - loud we sing, To Thee the song of an - gels bring; For
rit.
a tempo.
mer - cy's sake, Oh, pit - y take, O ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - - ly! A - men.

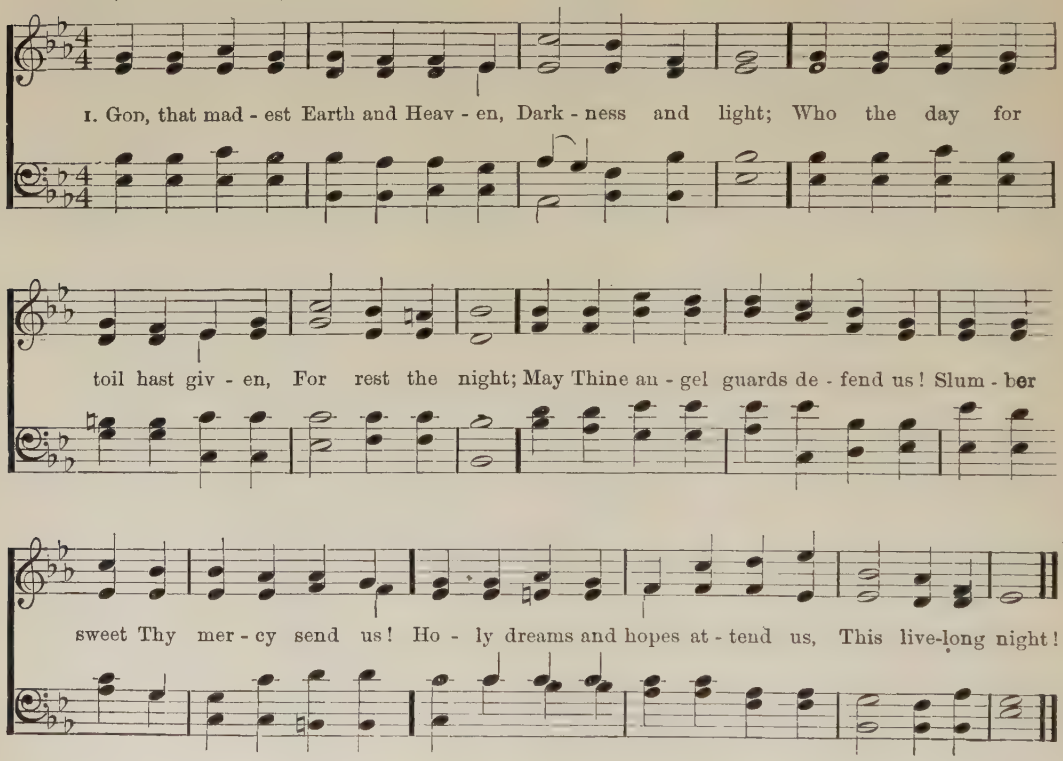
2 Thou, Lord, hast from my couch of rest uplifted me;
Oh, light my mind, Oh, light my heart
And ope my lips to take their part
In praising Thee, Blest Trinity!
O holy, holy, holy! *Amen.*

16 God that madest Earth and Heaven.

8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4. *"The darkness and the light are both alike."* **Temple.**

Stanza 1, Reginald Heber, 1827.
Stanza 2, Richard Whately, 1860.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1867.


1. God, that mad - est Earth and Heav - en, Dark - ness and light; Who the day for
toil hast giv - en, For rest the night; May Thine an - gel guards de - fend us! Slum - ber
sweet Thy mer - cy send us! Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us, This live-long night!

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping
And when we die,
May we, in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie.
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us:
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

17 The shadows of the evening hours.

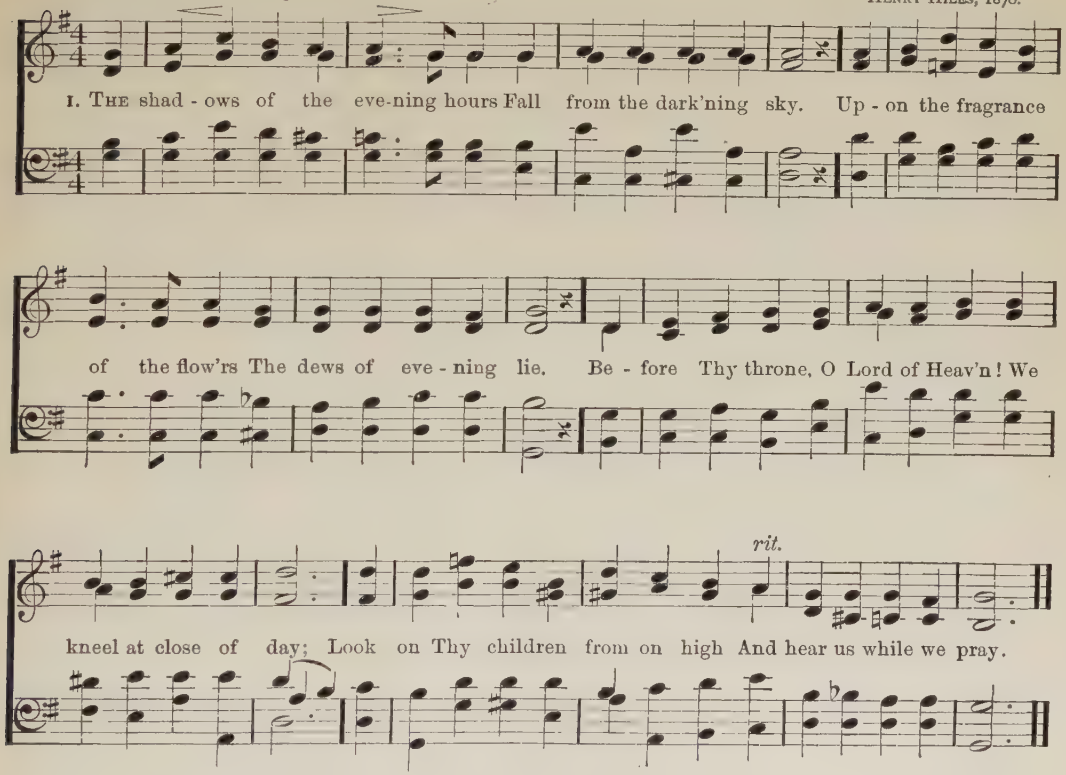
C. M. D.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER, 1858. *Abr.*

"Even the night shall be light about me."

St. Leonard.

HENRY HILES, 1870.


1. The shad - ows of the eve-ning hours Fall from the dark'ning sky. Up - on the fragrance
of the flow'rs The dews of eve - ning lie. Be - fore Thy throne, O Lord of Heav'n! We
rit.
kneel at close of day; Look on Thy children from on high And hear us while we pray.

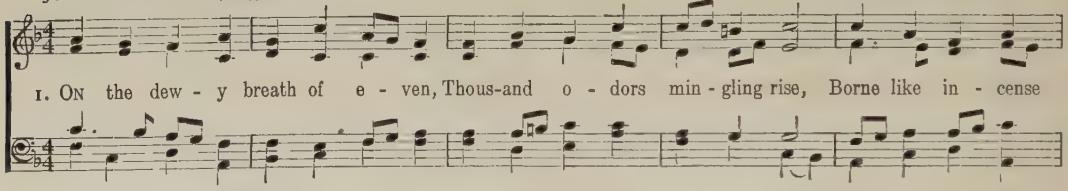
2 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within the heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy
That, one by one, depart.
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows from our souls.

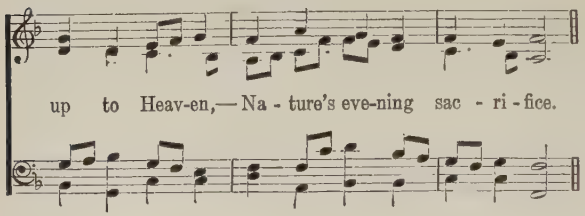
3 Let Thine unworldly peace, O Lord,
Upon our souls descend,
From midnight fears and perils Thou
Our trembling hearts defend.
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes.
Thro the long day we suffer, Lord,—
Oh, give us now repose.

18 On the dewy breath of even.

8.7.8.7. *"Mine eyes are unto Thee."* **Wraysbury.**

JULIA ANNE ELLIOTT, 1835. *Abr.* EDWARD J. HOPKINS, 1879.





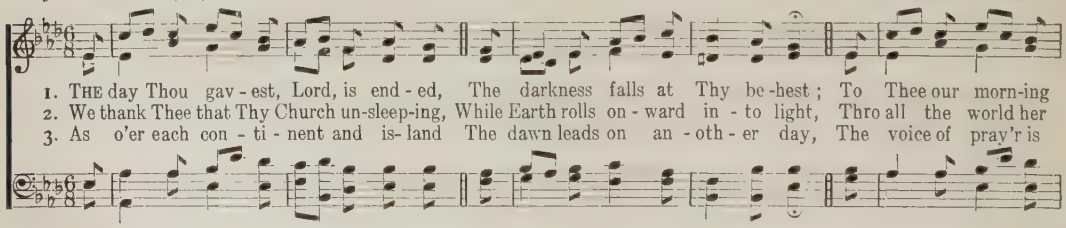
2 With her balmy offerings blending,
Let our glad thanksgivings be
To Thy throne, O Lord, ascending,—
Incense of our hearts to Thee.

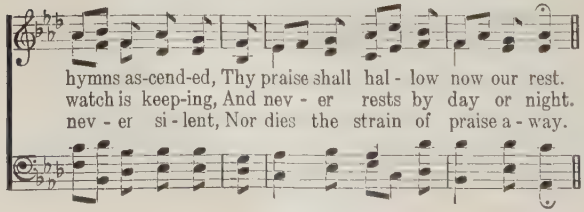
3 Thou, whose favors without number
All our days with gladness bless,
Let Thine eye, which knows not slumber,
Guard our hours of helplessness.

19 The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended.

9.8.9.8. *"That Thine eyes may be open toward this house."* **Vespers.**

JOHN ELLERTON, 1870. C. C. SCHOLEFIELD, 1874.


1. THE day Thou gav - est, Lord, is end - ed, The darkness falls at Thy be - hest; To Thee our morn-ing
2. We thank Thee that Thy Church un-sleep-ing, While Earth rolls on - ward in - to light, Thro all the world her
3. As o'er each con - ti - nent and is- land The dawn leads on an - oth - er day, The voice of pray'r is


hymns as-cend-ed, Thy praise shall hal - low now our rest.
watch is keep-ing, And nev - er rests by day or night.
nev - er si - lent, Nor dies the strain of praise a - way.

4 The Sun, that bids us rest, is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

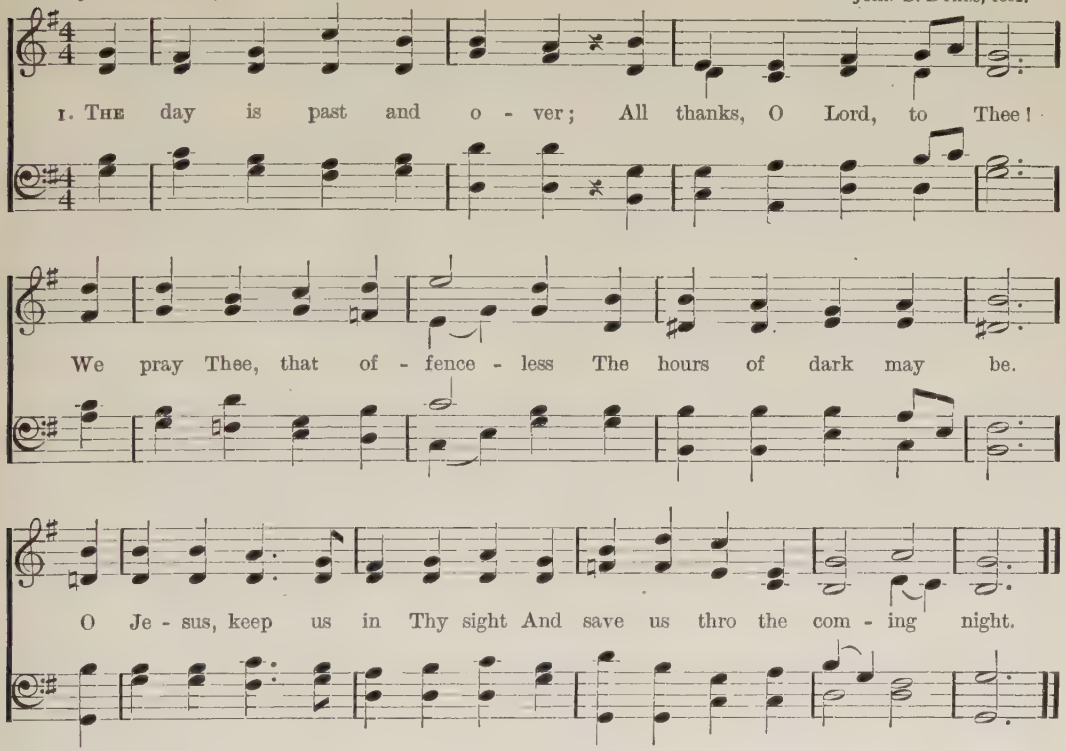
5 So be it, Lord: Thy throne shall never,
Like Earth's proud empires, pass away:
But stand, and rule and grow for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

20 The day is past and over.

7.6.7.6.8.8. *"He turneth the shadow of death into the morning."* **St. Anatolius.**

Gk. Anatolius, 5th Century, *d.* 458.
Tr. John M. Neale, 1862. *Alt.*

John B. Dykes, 1862.


1. The day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!
We pray Thee, that of - fence - less The hours of dark may be.
O Je - sus, keep us in Thy sight And save us thro the com - ing night.

2 The joys of day are over;
We lift our hearts to Thee
And call on Thee that sinless
The hours of gloom may be.
O Jesus, make their darkness light
And save us thro the coming night.

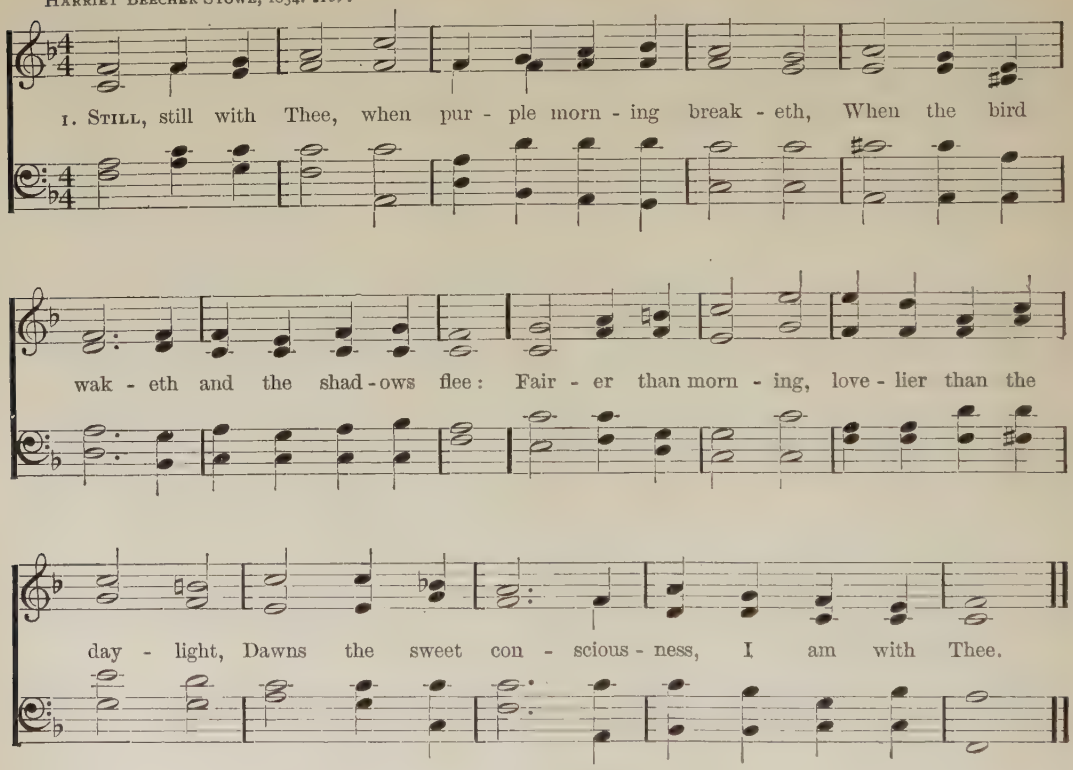
3 The toils of day are over;
We raise the hymn to Thee
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be.
O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight
And guard us thro the coming night.

4 Be Thou our souls' Preserver,
O God! for Thou dost know,
How many are the perils,
Thro which we have to go.
Lover of men! Oh, hear our call
And guard and save us from them all.

21 Still with Thee, when purple morning.

IIS & IOS. *"I am the Morning Star."* **Comfort.**

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, 1854. *Abr.* HUBERT P. MAIN, 1881.


1. STILL, still with Thee, when pur - ple morn - ing break - eth, When the bird
wak - eth and the shad - ows flee: Fair - er than morn - ing, love - lier than the
day - light, Dawns the sweet con - scious - ness, I am with Thee.

Copyright, 1881, by Biglow & Main.

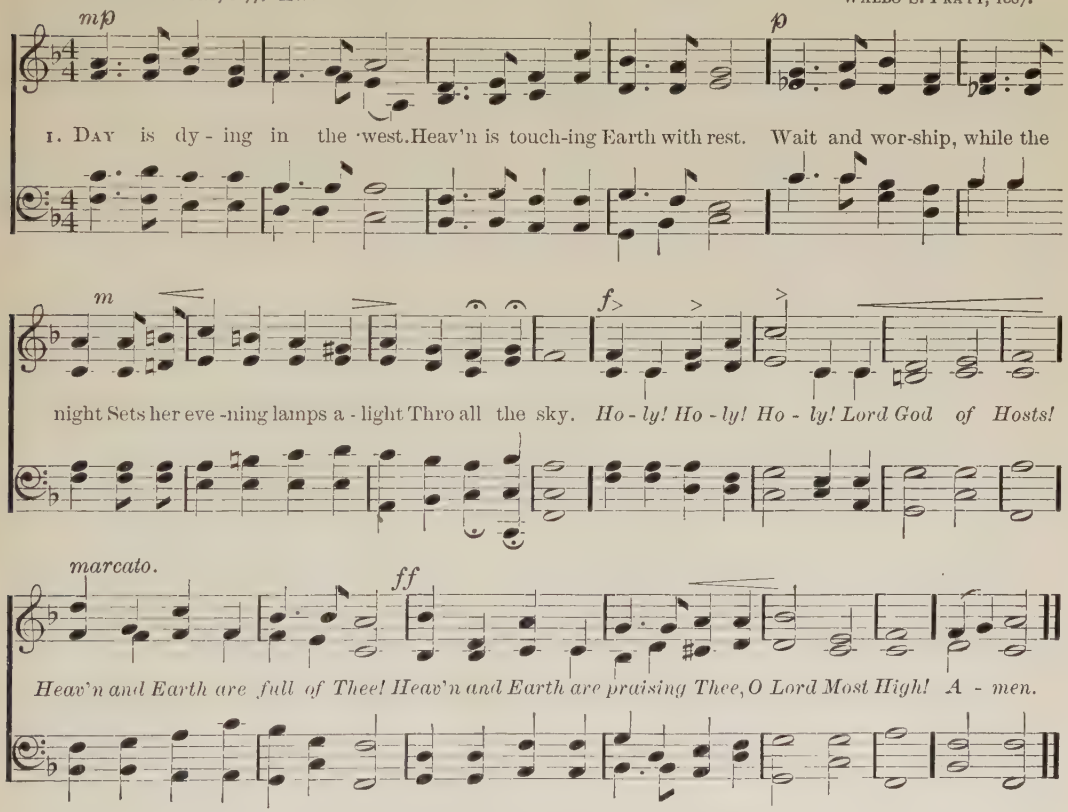
2 Alone with Thee — amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

3 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eyes look up to Thee in prayer.
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershading;
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there!

22 Day is dying in the west.

P. M. *"The Lord God is a sun and a shield."* **Hosmer Hall.**

MARY A. LATHBURY, 1877. *Abr.* WALDO S. PRATT, 1887.

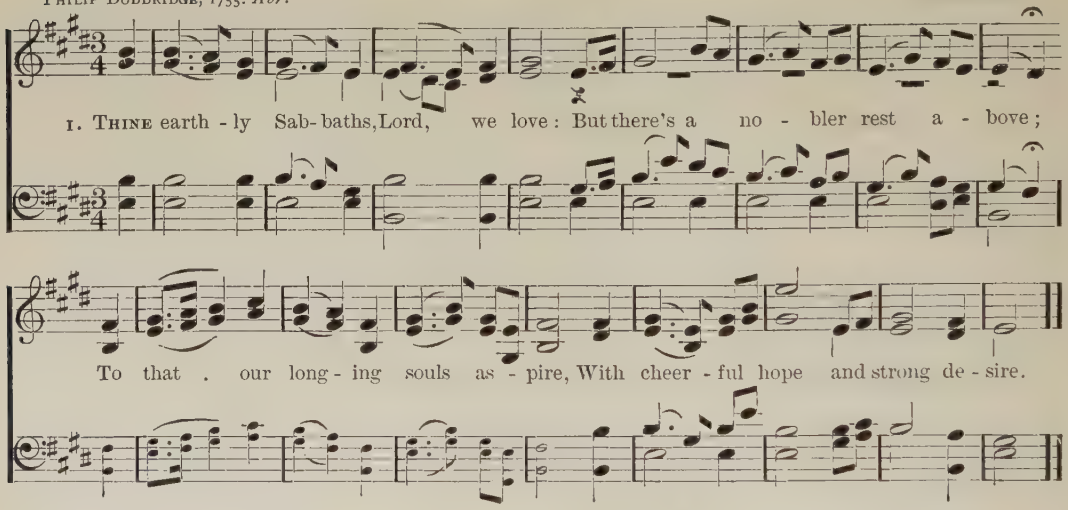

mp
p
1. Day is dy - ing in the west. Heav'n is touch-ing Earth with rest. Wait and wor-ship, while the
m
f
night Sets her eve - ning lamps a - light Thro all the sky. Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God of Hosts!
marcato.
ff
Heav'n and Earth are full of Thee! Heav'n and Earth are praising Thee, O Lord Most High! A - men.

Copyright, 1887, by The Century Co. Used by permission.

2 Lord of Life! Beneath the dome
Of the Universe, Thy home,
Gather us who seek Thy face
To the fold of Thine embrace;
For Thou art nigh.
Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God of Hosts!
Heaven and Earth are, etc. *Amen.*

23 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we Love.

L. M. *"Not finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words."* **Spohr.**

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755. *Abr.* LOUIS SPOHR.

1. THINE earth - ly Sab- baths, Lord, we love: But there's a no - bler rest a - bove;
To that . our long - ing souls as - pire, With cheer - ful hope and strong de - sire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
That warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded Sun:
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

24

1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
The truth shall break thro every cloud
That veils and darkens Thy designs.

2 Forever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thro every age the Lord declares[rod;
His name and breaks the oppressor's
He gives His suffering servants rest
And will be known the Almighty God.

4 Sweet is the work, my God, my King!
To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show Thy love by morning light
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

5 Soon shall I see and hear and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In Thine eternal world of joy.

6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,[Lord;
Springs from the presence of my
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word.

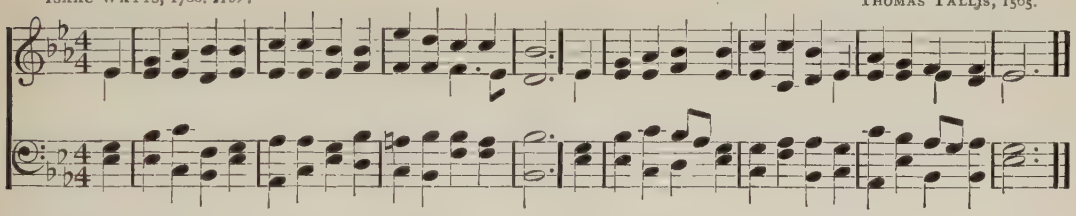
ISAAC WATTS, 1722. *Arr.*

25 Keep silence, all created things.

"A new and living way, thro the vail, that is to say His flesh."

C. M. — Isaac Watts, 1706. *Abr.*

Tallis' Ordinal. — Thomas Tallis, 1565.



1 Keep silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod, [sings
My soul stands trembling while she
The honors of her God.

2 Life, death and hell and worlds un-
Hang on His firm decree. [known,
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 My God! I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes, —
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

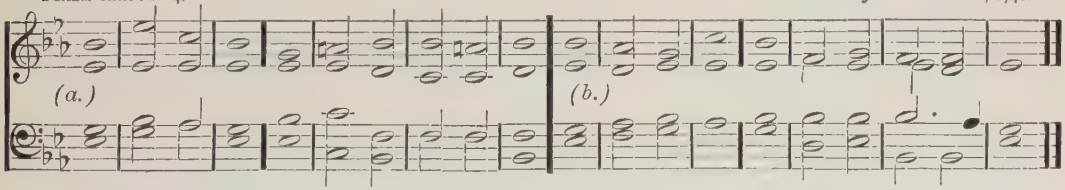
4 In Thy fair book of life and grace
May I but find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb!

26 I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills.

"That ye may stand perfect and fully assured in all the will of God."

Double Chant. — Psalm cxxi: 1—4.

Robinson's Chant — John Robinson, 1740.



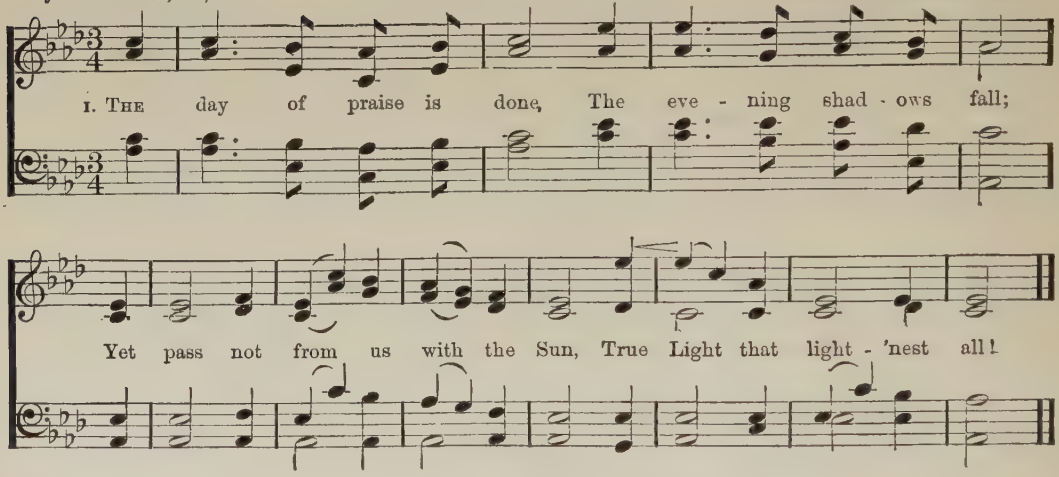
1 *(a.)* I will lift up mine eyes | unto ·· the | hills, || From | whence shall | my help | come? ||
(b.) My help cometh | from the | Lord || Which | made— | Heaven ·· and | Earth.

2 *(a.)* He will not suffer thy | foot ·· to be | moved; || He that | keepeth ·· thee | will not |
(b.) Behold, He that | keepeth | Israel || Shall neither | slumber | nor— | sleep. [slumber. ||

27 The day of praise is done.

S. M. "*He is thy praise, and He is thy God.*" Leighton.

John Ellerton, 1867. *Abr.* Henry W. Greatorex, 1849.



2 About Thy throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here,
Too soon of praise we tire:
But oh, the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir!

4 Yet, Lord! to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

5 Shine Thou within us then,
A day that knows no end,
Till songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

28

1 Stand up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

2 Oh, for the living flame,
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire
And wing to Heaven our thought.

3 Tho high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy name
And laud and magnify?

4 God is our strength and song
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

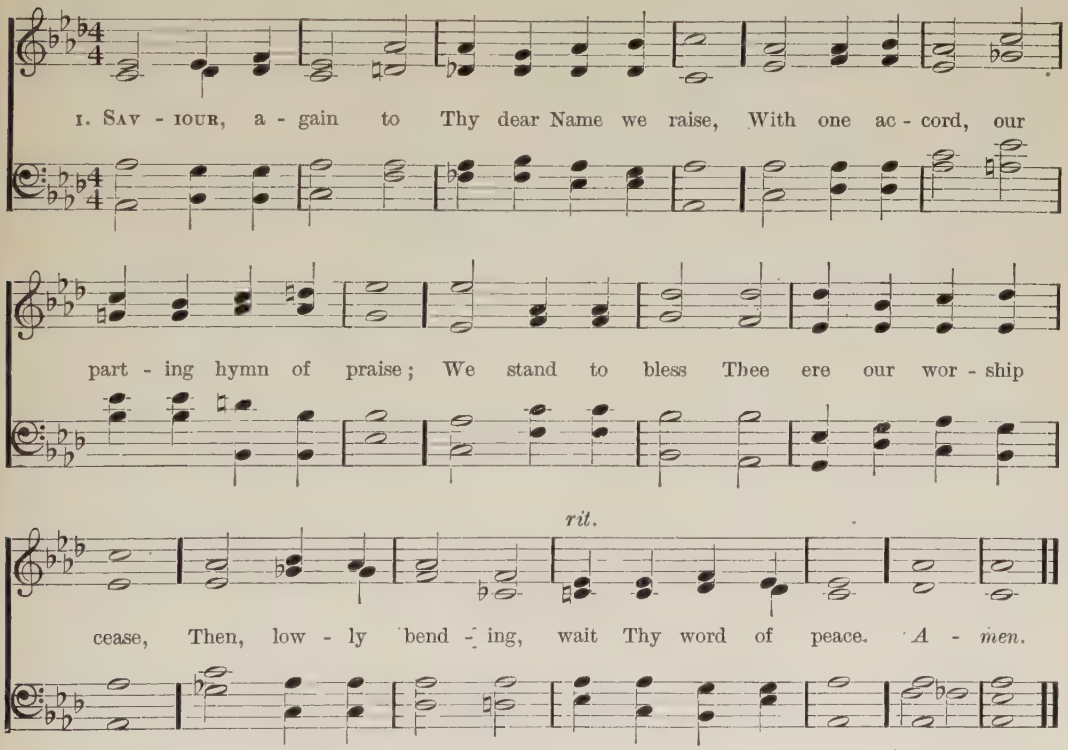
James Montgomery, 1825. *Abr.*

29 Saviour, again to Thy dear name.

"The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall guard your thoughts and your hearts in Christ Jesus."

10.10.10.10. **Pax Dei.**

JOHN ELLERTON, 1866. *Abr.* EDWARD J. HOPKINS, 1866. *Arr.* E. B.


1. SAV - IOUR, a - gain to Thy dear Name we raise, With one ac - cord, our
part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee ere our wor - ship
rit.
cease, Then, low - ly bend - ing, wait Thy word of peace. A - men.

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day.
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name

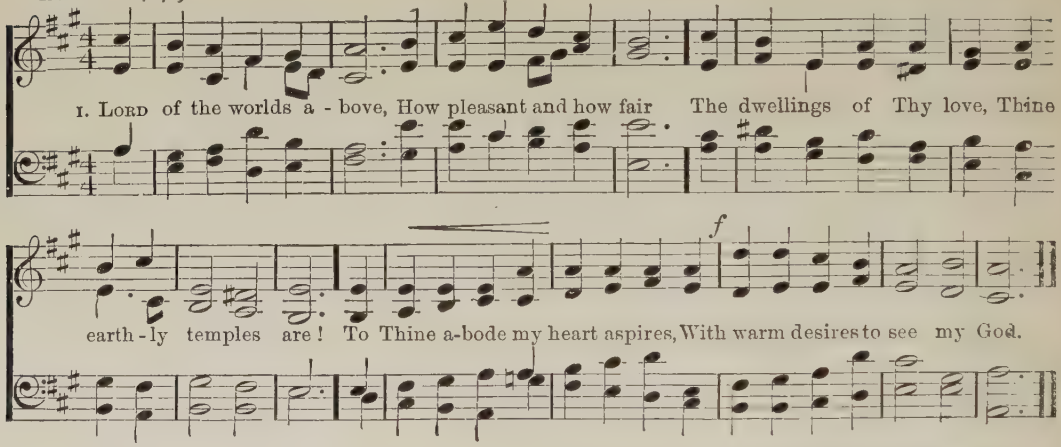
3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro the coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee. *Amen.*

30 Lord of the worlds above.

"Thou shalt rejoice before the Lord thy God in all that Thou puttest thine hand unto."

6.6.6.6.8.8.
Isaac Watts, 1719.

St. Godric.
John B. Dykes, 1861.


1. Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleasant and how fair The dwellings of Thy love, Thine
f
earth - ly temples are! To Thine a-bode my heart aspires, With warm desires to see my God.

2 Oh! happy souls who pray,
Where God appoints to hear!
Oh! happy men who pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still; and happy they,
Who love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Thro this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in Heaven appears;
Oh! glorious seat, when God our King,
Shall thither bring our willing feet.

31 This is the day of Light.

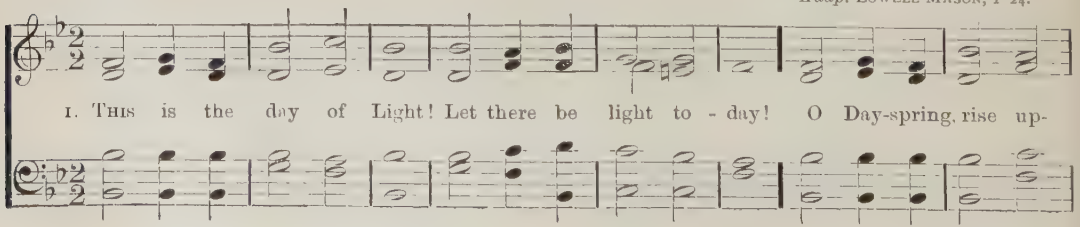
S. M.

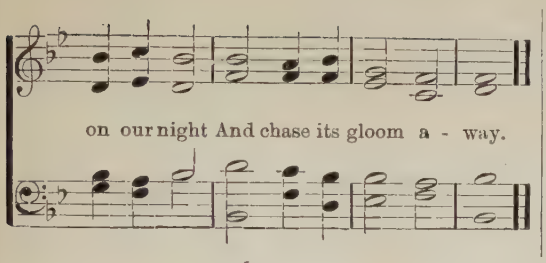
John Ellerton, 1867. *Abr.*

"A morning without clouds."

Olmutz.

The Eighth Gregorian Tone, 590.
Adap. Lowell Mason, 1824.





2 This is the day of Peace!
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

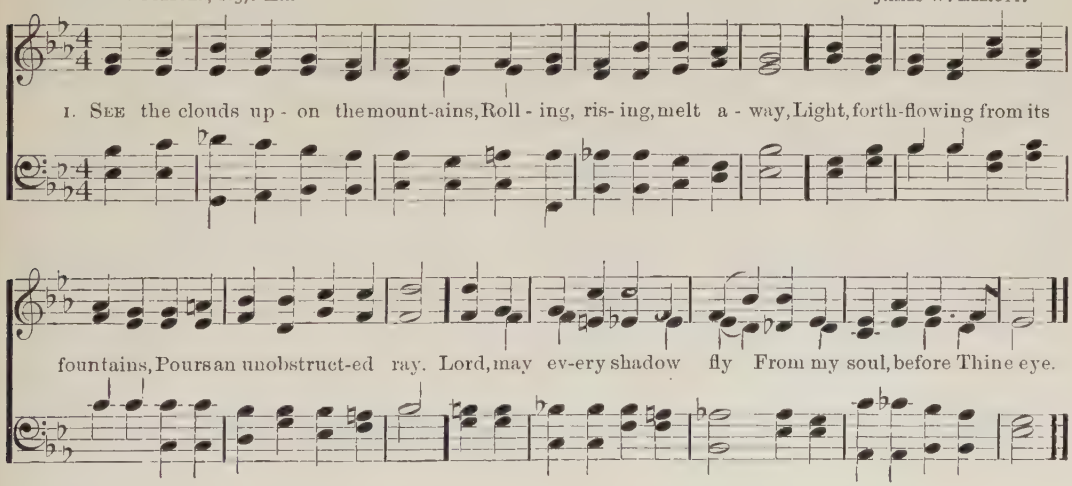
3 This is the day of Prayer!
Let Earth to Heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;
Come down to meet us here.

32 See the clouds upon the mountains.

Under His feet as it were a paved work of sapphire stone, and as it were the very heaven for clearness.

8.7.8.7.7.7. **Ilkley.**

William B. Collyer, 1837. *Alt.* James W. Elliott.


1. See the clouds up - on the mount-ains, Roll - ing, ris- ing, melt a - way, Light, forth-flowing from its
fountains, Pours an unobstruct-ed ray. Lord, may ev-ery shadow fly From my soul, before Thine eye.

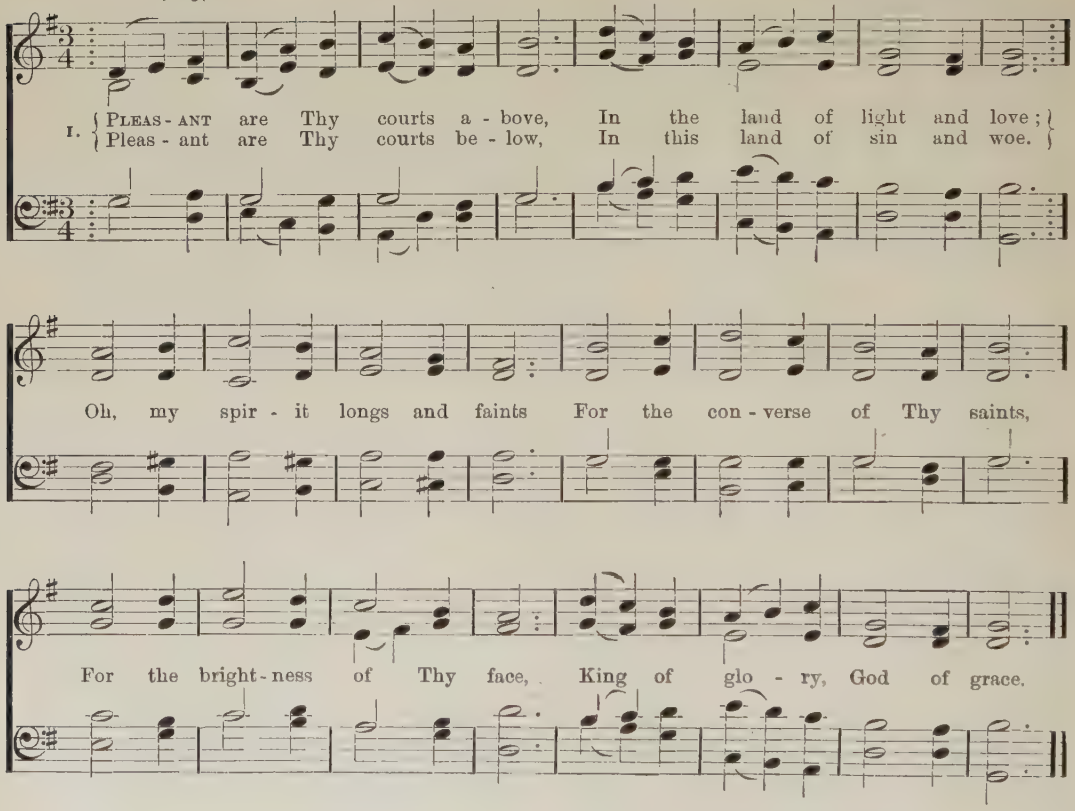
2 Rise, my soul, the day is breaking,
Gladdened nature drinks the light:
From the sleep of darkness waking,
Put off all the clouds of night.
In the beauty of His grace
Lift to God thy thankful face.

3 Take the rest this day is bringing,
Best of all our earthly days,
Enter thou His gates with singing,
Tread the hallowed floor with praise.
In the radiance of His love
Yield thy heart to God above.

36 Pleasant are Thy courts above.

7s, D. "*How aimiable are Thy tabernacles.*" **Maidstone.**

HENRY F. LYTE, 1834. *Abr.* WALTER B. GILBERT, 1862.


1. Pleas-ant are Thy courts a-bove, In the land of light and love;
Pleas-ant are Thy courts be-low, In this land of sin and woe.
Oh, my spir-it longs and faints For the con-verse of Thy saints,
For the bright-ness of Thy face, King of glo-ry, God of grace.

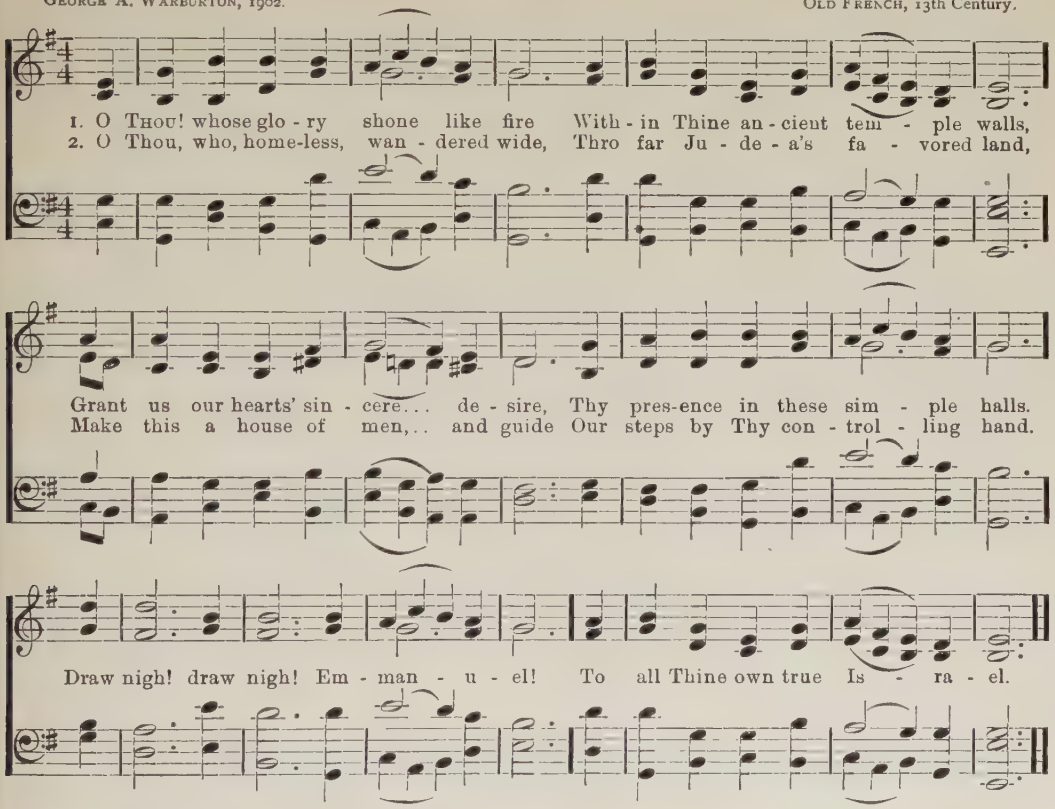
2 Happy souls! their praises flow
Ever in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies.
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length;
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe thro all.

3 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me thro a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.
Sun and shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from Thee,
Shower, oh shower them, Lord, on me.

37 O Thou! whose glory shone like fire.

8.8.8.8.8.8. *"To purify unto Himself a people for His own possession."* **Plain Song.**

GEORGE A. WARBURTON, 1902. OLD FRENCH, 13th Century.


1. O Thou! whose glo - ry shone like fire With - in Thine an - cient tem - ple walls,
2. O Thou, who, home-less, wan - dered wide, Thro far Ju - de - a's fa - vored land,
Grant us our hearts' sin - cere... de - sire, Thy pres-ence in these sim - ple halls.
Make this a house of men,.. and guide Our steps by Thy con - trol - ling hand.
Draw nigh! draw nigh! Em - man - u - el! To all Thine own true Is - ra - el.

3 O Thou! who sorrowing in the night,
Longed for the love of human friend,
Make here a spring of friendship, bright
With Thy rich love that knows no end.

4 O Thou! whose life and word were one,
Strong, manly, holy and divine,
Here may our fellow men be shown
How they may live a life like Thine.

38

1 GREAT Shepherd of Thine Israel!
Who didst between the cherubs dwell
And led the tribes, Thy chosen sheep,
Safe thro the desert and the deep.

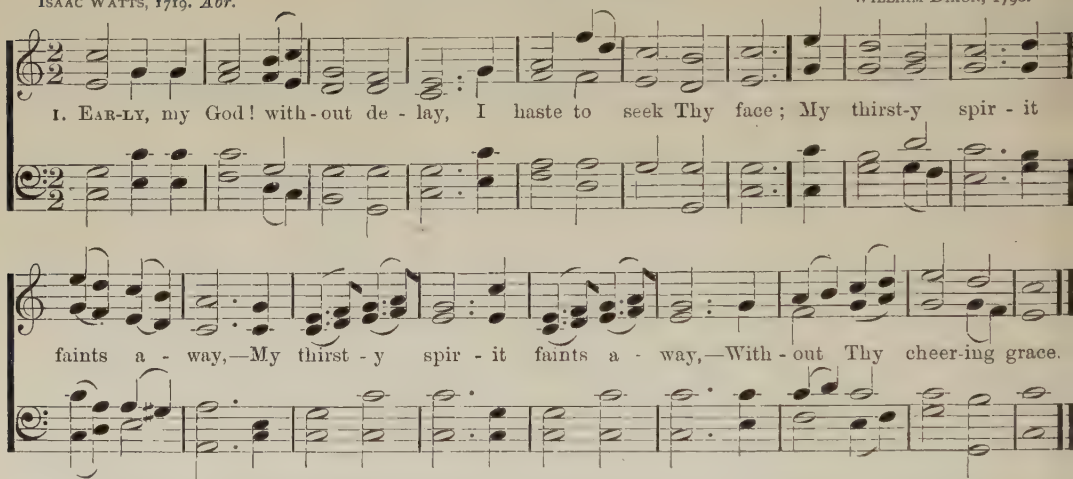
2 Thy church is in the desert now;
Shine from on high and guide us thro;
Turn us to Thee, Thy love restore;—
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719, *Abr*

39 Early, my God! without delay.

C. M.
Isaac Watts, 1719. *Abr.*

"The way of man is not in himself."

Lanesboro.
William Dixon, 1790.

1. Ear-ly, my God! with-out de-lay, I haste to seek Thy face; My thirst-y spir-it
faints a-way,—My thirst-y spir-it faints a-way,—With-out Thy cheer-ing grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen Thy glory and Thy power
Thro all Thy temple shine;
My God! repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

4 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move;
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As Thy forgiving love.

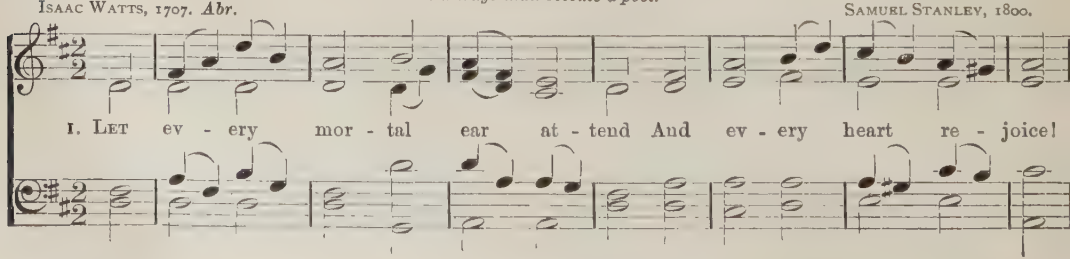
5 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray
And tune my lips to sing.

40 Let every mortal ear attend.

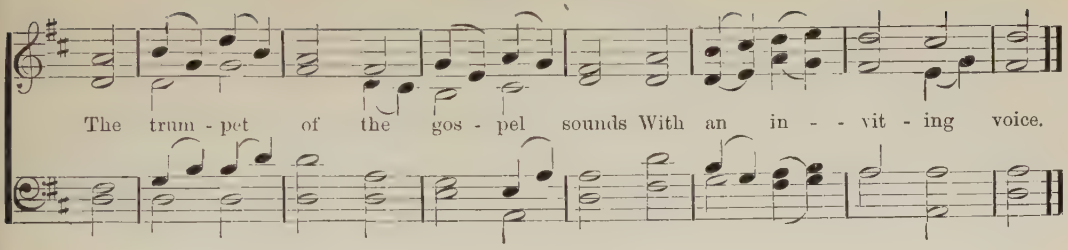
C. M.
Isaac Watts, 1707. *Abr.*

"The mirage shall become a pool."

Warwick.
Samuel Stanley, 1800.



The Lord's House.



2 Rivers of love and mercy here,
In a rich ocean join.
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

3 Dear God! the treasures of Thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless miseries are
And boundless as our sins!

4 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day.
Lord, we are come to seek supplies
And drive our wants away.

41

1 Blest day of God! most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days;
The toiler's rest, the saint's delight,
A day of prayer and praise.

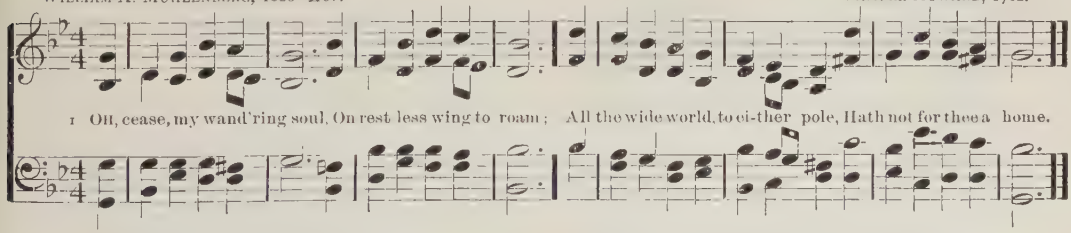
2 The first-fruits do a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind
And they, the day of Christ who love,
A happy week shall find.

3 This day must I fore God appear,
For, Lord, this day is Thine;
Oh, let me spend it in Thy fear,
The day shall then be mine.

John Mason, 1683. *Abr.*

42 Oh, cease, my wandering soul.

S. M. "*I flee unto Thee to hide me.*" St. Bride.

William A. Muhlenberg, 1826 *Abr.* Samuel Howard, 1762.

2 Behold the Ark of God!
Behold the open door!
Hasten to gain that dear abode
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There safe thou shalt abide;
There sweet shall be thy rest
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

43 Hail, thou bright and sacred morn.

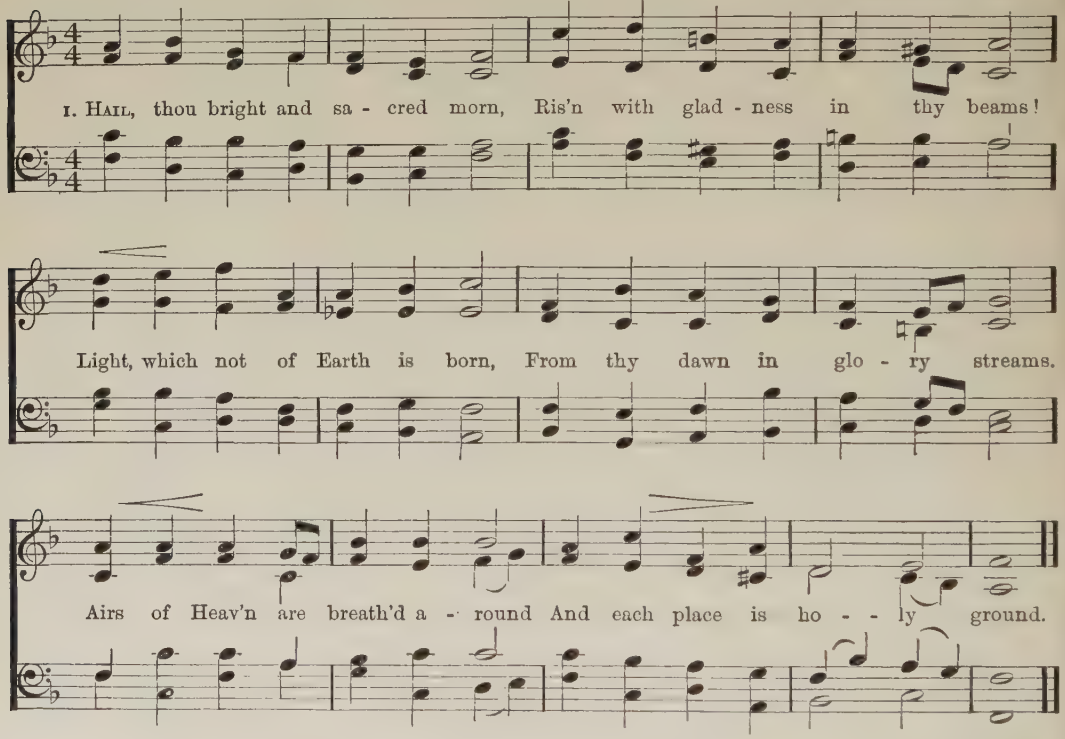
7.7.7.7.7.7.

JULIA ANNE ELLIOTT, 1835. *Abr.*

"The light of the gospel of the glory of Christ."

Dies Christi.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1880.


1. HAIL, thou bright and sa - cred morn, Ris'n with glad - ness in thy beams!
Light, which not of Earth is born, From thy dawn in glo - ry streams.
Airs of Heav'n are breath'd a - round And each place is ho - - ly ground.

2 Great Creator! Who, this day,
From Thy perfect work didst rest;
By the souls that own Thy sway
Hallow'd be its hours and blest;
Cares of Earth aside be thrown,
This day giv'n to Heaven alone.

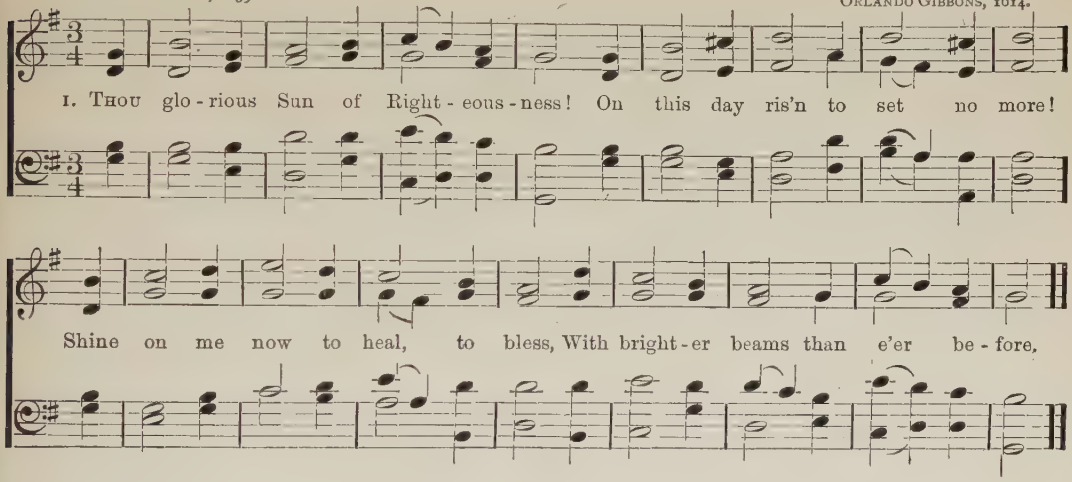
3 Saviour! who, this day, didst break
The dark prison of the tomb,
Bid my slumbering soul awake;
Shine thro all its sin and gloom.
Let me, from my bonds set free,
Rise from sin, and live to Thee.

4 Blessèd Spirit! Comforter!
Sent, this day, from Christ on high,
Lord, on me Thy gifts confer,
Cleanse, illumine, sanctify!
All Thine influence shed abroad;
Lead me to the truth of God!

44 Thou glorious Sun of Righteousness!

L. M. "*The glory of the God of Israel came from the way of the east.*" **Angels.**

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1839. *Abr.* ORLANDO GIBBONS, 1614.


1. Thou glo - rious Sun of Right - eous - ness! On this day ris'n to set no more!
Shine on me now to heal, to bless, With bright - er beams than e'er be - fore.

2 Shine on Thy work of grace within,
On each celestial blossom there;
Destroy each bitter root of sin
And make Thy garden new and fair.

3 Shine on Thy pure eternal word,
Its mysteries to my soul reveal;
And whether read, remembered, heard,
Oh, let it quicken, strengthen, heal!

4 Shine on those unseen things displayed
To faith's far-penetrating eye;
And let their splendor cast a shade
On every earthly vanity.

5 Shine, till Thy glorious beams shall chase
The blinding film from every eye;
Till every earthly dwelling-place
Shall hail the Dayspring from on high!

45

1 HERE let Thy holy days be kept
And be this place to worship given,
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,
The house of God, the gate of Heaven.

2 Here may Thine honor dwell; and here,
As incense, let Thy children's prayer,
From contrite hearts and lips sincere,
Rise on the still and holy air.

3 Here be Thy praise devoutly sung;
Here let Thy truth beam forth to save,
As when of old Thy Spirit hung,
On wings of light, o'er Jordan's wave.

4 And when the lips, that with Thy name
Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,
On others may devotion's flame
Be kindled here, and purely burn!

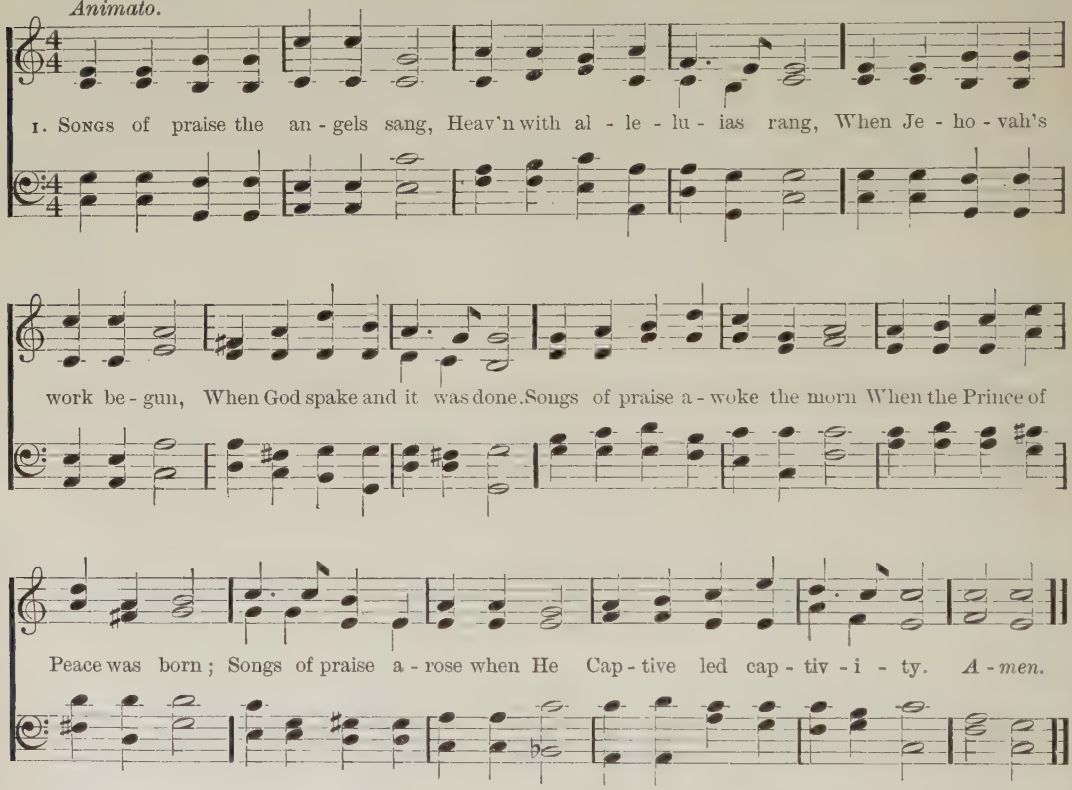
JOHN PIERPONT, 1823. *Abr.*

46 Songs of praise the angels sang.

7s, D. *"O Lord, open Thou my lips; and my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise."* **Culford.**

James Montgomery, 1819, 1853. Edward John Hopkins, 1867.

Animato.


1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heav'n with al - le - lu - ias rang, When Je - ho - vah's
work be - gun, When God spake and it was done. Songs of praise a - woke the morn When the Prince of
Peace was born; Songs of praise a - rose when He Cap - tive led cap - tiv - i - ty. A - men.

2 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above;
Borne upon their latest breath
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amid eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

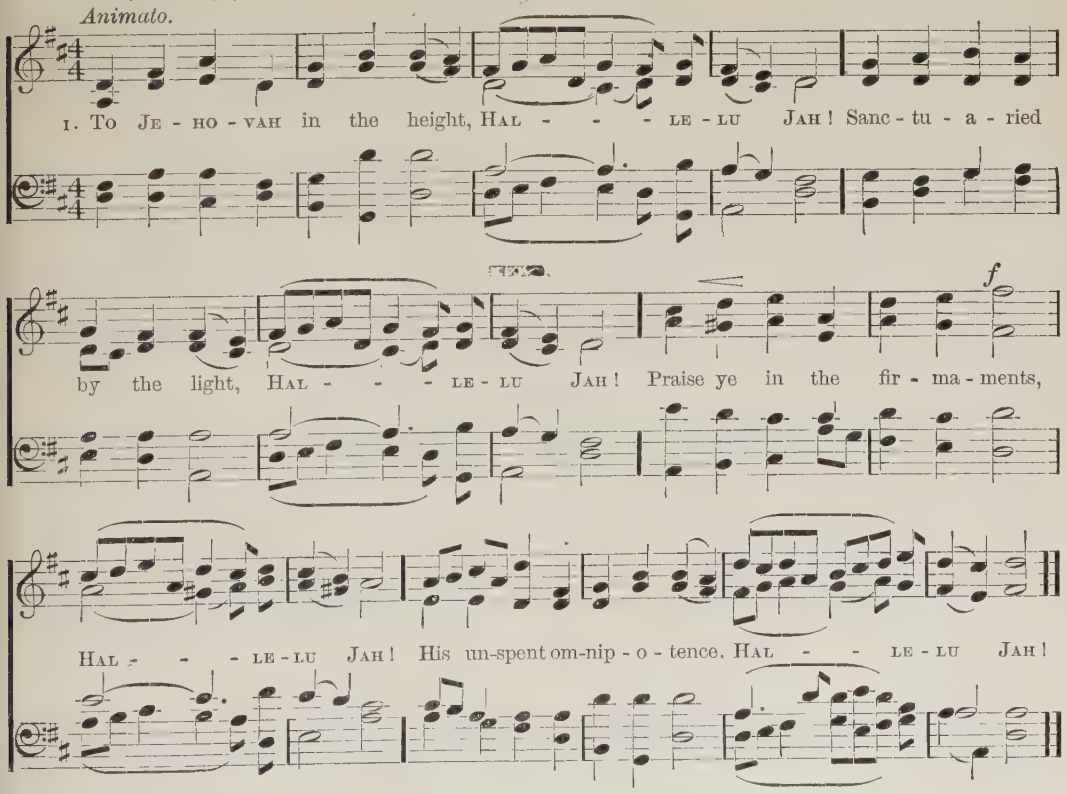
3 Heaven and Earth must pass away —
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new Heavens, new Earth —
Songs of praise shall hail their birth;
And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious Kingdom come?
No; Thy Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

47 To Jehovah in the height.

7s & 4s, P.
PSALM CL., M. W. S., 1914.

"Everything that hath breath."

Easter.
LYRA DAVIDICA, 1708.


Animato.
1. To Je - ho - vah in the height, Hal - - - - le - lu Jah! Sanc - tu - a - ried
by the light, Hal - - - - le - lu Jah! Praise ye in the fir - ma - ments,
f
Hal - - - le - lu Jah! His un-spent om-nip - o - tence. Hal - - - le - lu Jah!

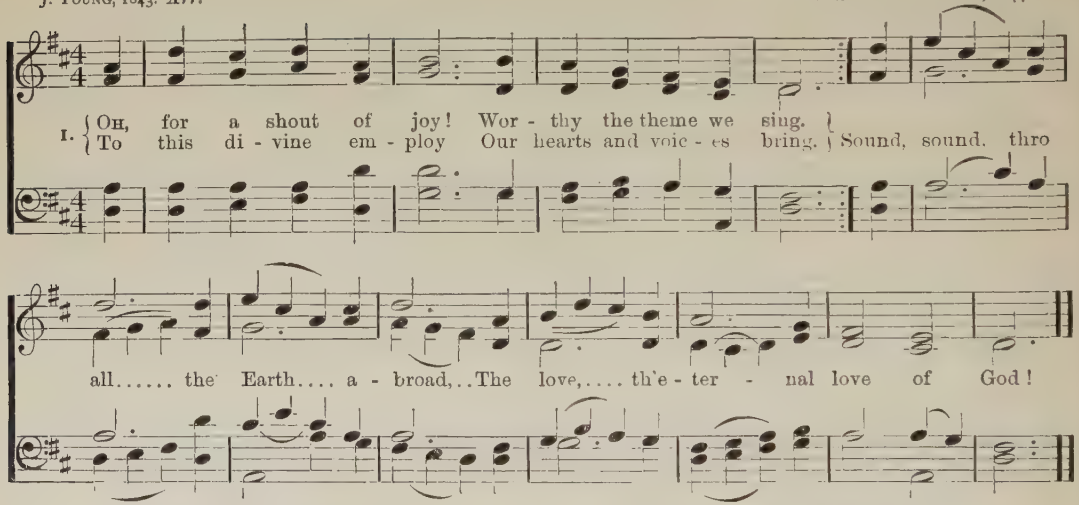
2 Whose abundance all exceeds; HALLELU JAH!
Praise Him for His wondrous deeds, HALLELU JAH!
With the blast of trumpet sharp, HALLELU JAH!
Tuba, timbrel, lute and harp, HALLELU JAH!

3 Strings and pipe and clarion high, HALLELU JAH!
Cymbals keen and loud, reply, HALLELU JAH!
Praise by all that breathes be done, HALLELU JAH!
Sky and Earth in antiphon. HALLELU JAH!

48 Oh, for a shout of joy!

6.6.6.6.8.8.
J. Young, 1843. *Arr.*

"In His temple everything saith—Glory!"

Sutherland.
William B. Bradbury, 1844.

1. Oh, for a shout of joy! Wor - thy the theme we sing.
To this di - vine em - ploy Our hearts and voic - es bring. Sound, sound, thro
all..... the Earth.... a - broad,..The love,.... th'e - ter - nal love of God!

2 Thy Seraphs, bright and fair,
In countless myriads stand,
Veiling their faces there,
All bowed at Thy right hand:
Yet not their rapture's loudest chord
Can sound Thy wondrous love, O Lord!

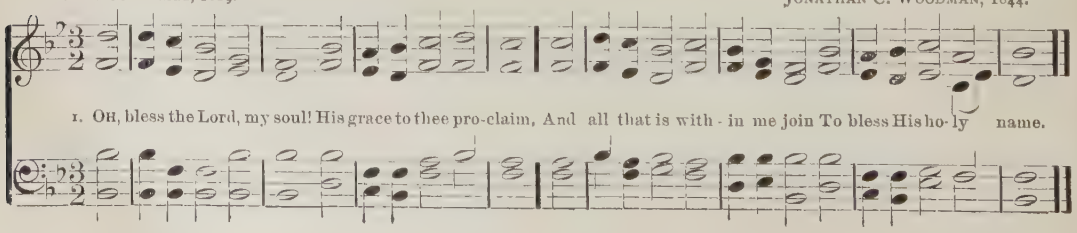
3 Redeemed by sovereign grace,
Thy Church, in lower key,
Age-long, in every place,
Hath sung the mystery,—
Telling, in strains of sweet accord,
Thy love, Thy changeless love, O Lord!

49 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!

S. M.
Thomas Cotterill, 1819.

"Jehovah is my strength and my song."

State Street.
Jonathan C. Woodman, 1844.



2 Oh! bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind.
Forget not all His benefits;
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise
And ready to abate.

4 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath,
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

5 Then bless His holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole!
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days;
Oh! bless the Lord, my soul!

50 Praise to the Lord, the omnipotent King.

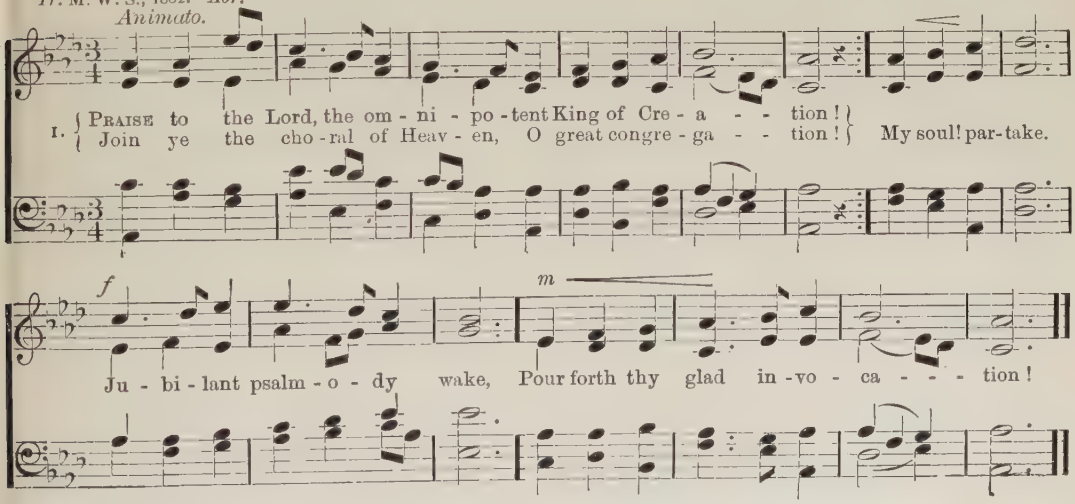
"Thou shalt be a pavilion for a shadow in the day-time from the heat, and for a refuge and for a covert from storm and from rain."

14.14.4.7.8.

"Lobe den Herren."

Ger. Joachim Neander, 1679.
Tr. M. W. S., 1882. *Abr.*

Joachim Neander, 1668.

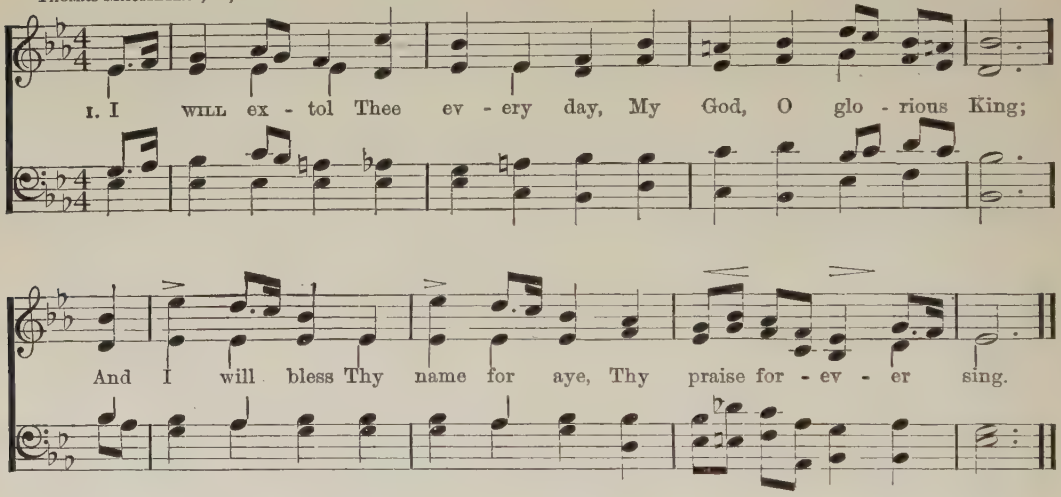

Animato.
1. Praise to the Lord, the om - ni - po - tent King of Cre - a - - tion!
Join ye the cho - ral of Heav - en, O great congre - ga - - tion! My soul! par-take.
f
m
Ju - bi - lant psalm - o - dy wake, Pour forth thy glad in - vo - ca - - - tion!

2 Praise to the Lord! who in wonderful beauty hath made thee;
Healed thee; and guided thee;—never neglected to aid thee!
In bitter pain,
Over and over again,
God 'neath His covert hath stayed thee.

3 Praise to the Lord! He is reigning o'er all in His splendor,
Yet, as on eagle-wing, beareth thee upward so tender!
He hath decreed
Bountifully to thy need;
Deeply thy gratitude render.

51 I will extol Thee every day.

C. M. *"To Him shalt thou cleave, and by His name shalt thou swear."* **Burlington.**

THOMAS MACKELLAR, 1871. *Abr.* JOHN F. BURROWES, 1830.

2 One generation, praising Thee,
Shall testimony bear
Unto the next, and wond'ringly
Thy mighty acts declare.

3 The Lord our God is good to all;
For all are in His thought,
His tender mercies richly fall
On all that He hath wrought.

4 Thou openest Thy hand of grace
And Thou dost satisfy
The wants of all in every place
Who for Thy presence cry.

5 My mouth shall joyfully proclaim
His praise from day to day.
Let all flesh bless His holy name
Forever and for aye!

52

1 How are Thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

2 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to Thy will;
The sea that roared at Thy command,
At Thy command is still.

3 In midst of dangers, fears and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise Thee for Thy mercies past
And humbly hope for more.

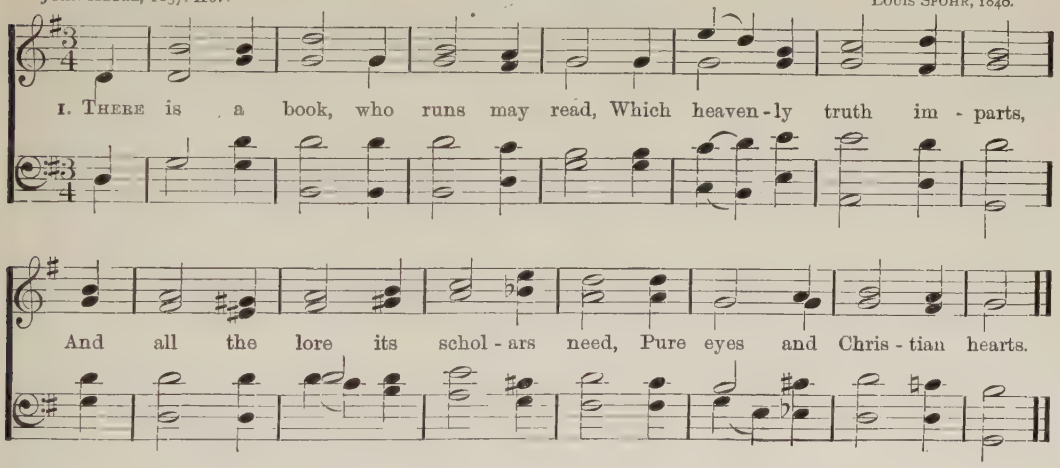
4 Our life, while Thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to Thee.

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1712. *Abr.*

53 There is a book, who runs may read.

C. M. "*The wise shall understand.*" Cherith.

JOHN KEBLE, 1857. *Abr.* LOUIS SPOHR, 1840.


1. THERE is a book, who runs may read, Which heaven-ly truth im - parts,
And all the lore its schol - ars need, Pure eyes and Chris - tian hearts.

2 The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God Himself is found.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

4 Two worlds are ours; 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

5 Thou who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

54

1 O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who thro this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led!

2 Our vows, our prayers we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

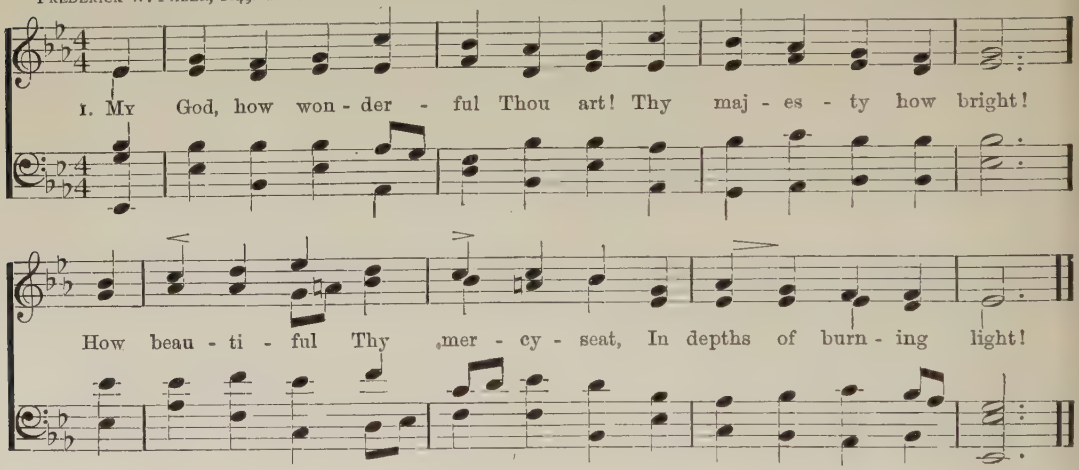
3 Oh, spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

4 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
So Thou shalt be our chosen God,
Our portion evermore.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1737, *Abr.*

55 My God, how wonderful Thou art!

C. M. "*He healeth the broken in heart. He telleth the number of the stars.*" **Phuvah.**

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1849. *Abr.* MELCHOIR VULPIUS, 1609.

2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord!
By prostrate spirits, day and night,
Incessantly adored.

3 How beautiful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be!—
Thine endless wisdom, boundless pow'r,
And awful purity!

4 Oh! how I fear Thee, living God!
With deepest, tenderest fears
And worship Thee with trembling hope
And penitential tears.

5 No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother, half so mild,
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done
With me, Thy sinful child.

56

1 I SING th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at His command
And all the stars obey.

3 Lord! how Thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn mine eye,
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

4 There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes Thy glories known;
And clouds arise and tempests blow
By order from Thy throne.

ISAAC WATTS, 1715. *Abr.*

57

1 The Lord descended from above
And bowed the heavens most high
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherub and on cherubim,
Full royally He rode
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain
And He, as sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

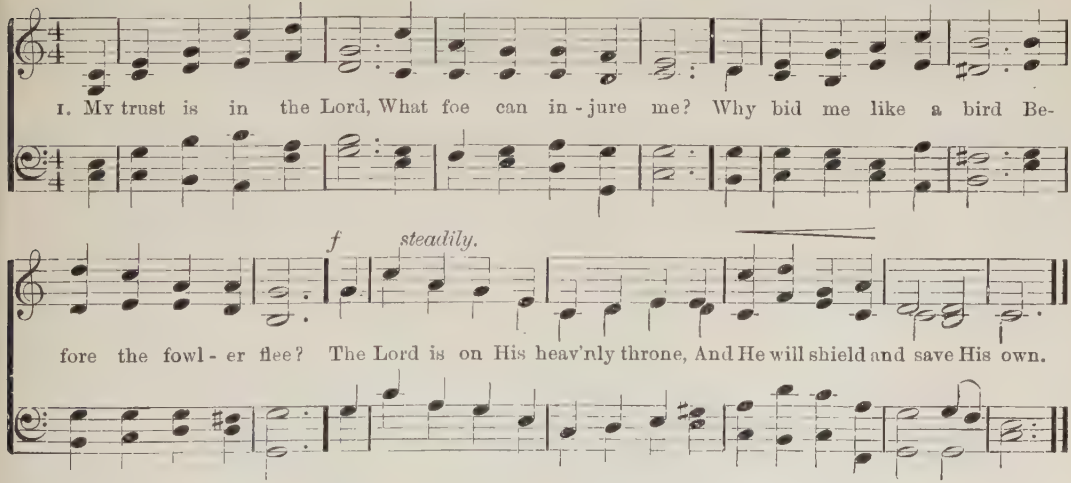
4 The Lord will give His people strength
Whereby they shall increase
And He will bless His chosen flock
With everlasting peace.

Thomas Sternhold, 1549. *Abr., Alt.*

58 My trust is in the Lord.

6.6.6.6.8.8. "*The upright shall behold His face.*" **Christ Church.**

Henry F. Lyte 1834. *Abr.* Charles Steggall, 1865.


1. My trust is in the Lord, What foe can in-jure me? Why bid me like a bird Be-
f steadily.
fore the fowl-er flee? The Lord is on His heav'nly throne, And He will shield and save His own.

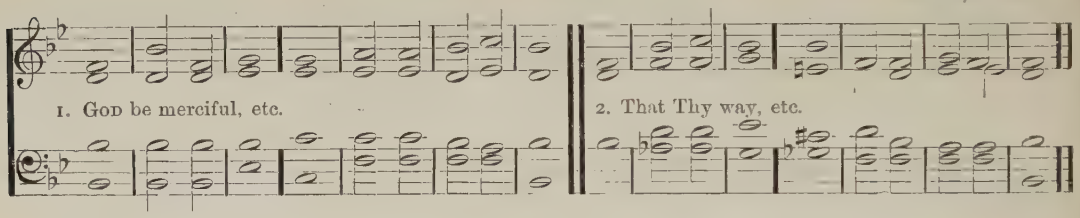
2 The wicked may assail,
The tempter sorely try,
All Earth's foundations fail,
All nature's springs be dry;
Yet God is in His holy shrine
And I am strong while He is mine.

3 His foes a season here
May triumph and prevail;
But ah! the hour is near
When all their hopes must fail;
While, like the Sun, His saints shall rise
And shine with Him above the skies.

59 God be merciful unto us, and bless us.

Double Chant. *"There was great joy in that city."* **Bonn.**

PSALM LXVII. LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.



1 God be merciful unto | us and | bless us || And cause His | face to | shine up- | on us. ||
2 That Thy way may be | known upon | Earth, || Thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations. ||

3 Let the peoples praise | Thee, O | God; || Let | all the | peoples | praise Thee. ||
4 Oh let the nations be glad and | sing for | joy; || For Thou shalt judge the peoples with equity and lead the | nations | upon | Earth. ||

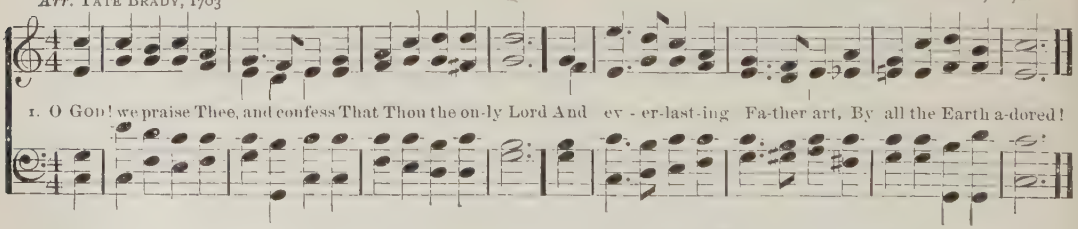
5 Let the peoples praise | Thee, O | God; || Let | all the | peoples | praise Thee. ||
6 The Earth hath yielded her increase: God, even our own | God, shall | bless us. || God shall bless us And all the ends of the | Earth shall | fear | Him. ||

60 O God! we praise Thee and confess.

C. M. *"Give praise to our God all ye His servants."* **St. Saviour.**

The TE DEUM, 4th Century, A. D.
Arr. TATE BRADY, 1703

FREDERICK G. BAKER, 1872.



2 To Thee, all angels cry aloud;
To Thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry,—

3 O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of Thy majestic sway!

4 Th' apostles' glorious company
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' white-clad host,
Thy constant praise recite.

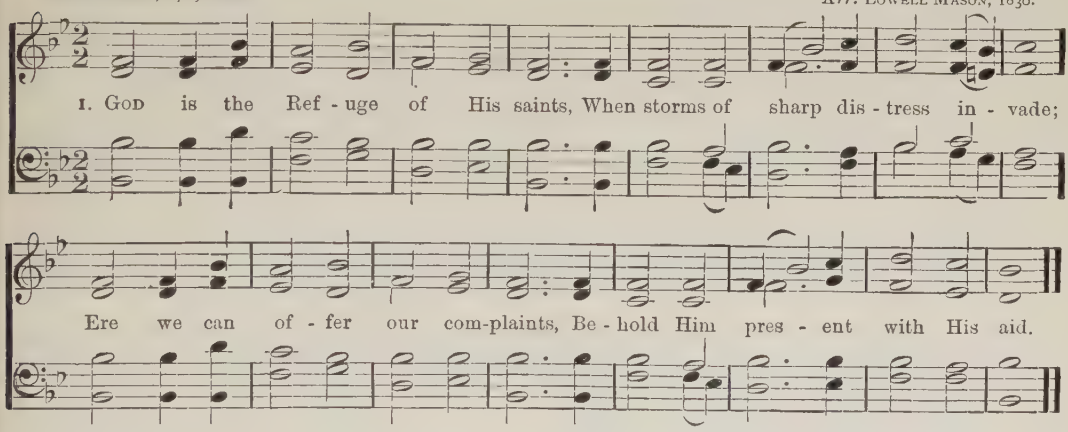
5 The holy Church thro all the world,
O Lord, confesses Thee,
That Thou th' Eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

61 God is the refuge of His saints.

L. M. "*Seeking the wealth of His people and speaking peace to all His seed.*" **Ward.**

Old Scotch Air.
Arr. Lowell Mason, 1830.

Isaac Watts, 1719. *Abr.*


1. God is the Ref - uge of His saints, When storms of sharp dis - tress in - vade;
Ere we can of - fer our com-plaints, Be - hold Him pres - ent with His aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world;
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar:
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love and joy still gliding thro
And watering our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream,— Thy holy word,
That all our raging fear controls.
Sweet peace Thy promises afford
And give new strength to fainting souls.

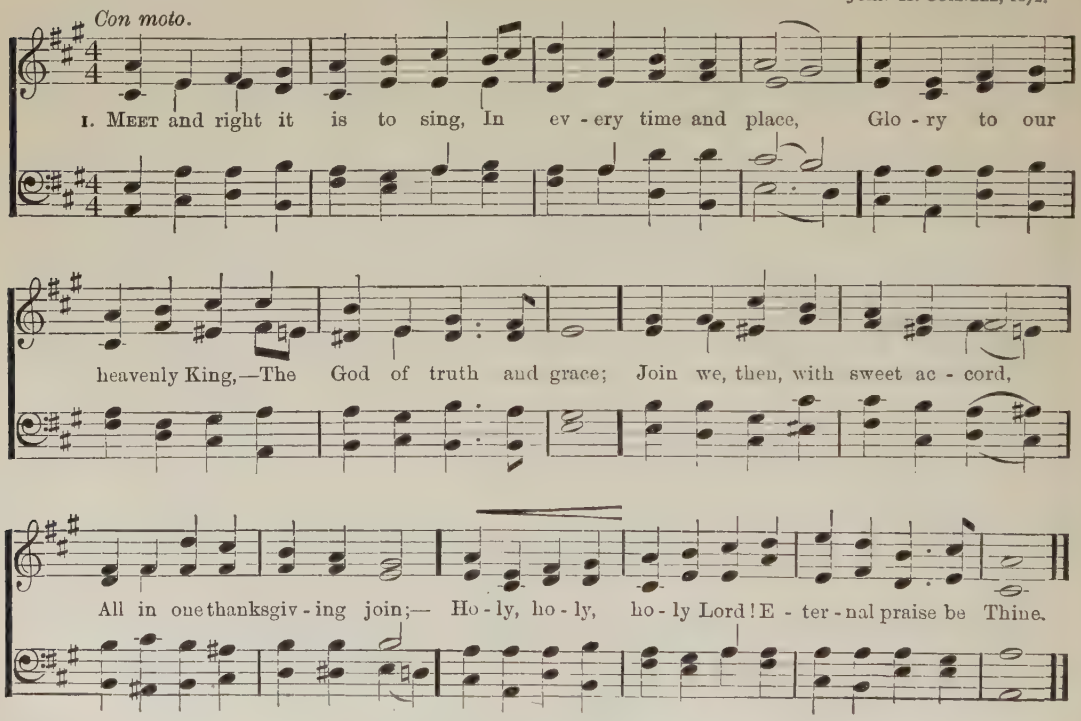
6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on His truth and armed with power.

62 Meet and right it is to sing.

7s & 6s P. — CHARLES WESLEY, 1749. *Abr.*

"With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation."

Excelsius. — JOHN H. CORNELL, 1872.


Con moto.
1. MEET and right it is to sing, In ev - ery time and place, Glo - ry to our
heavenly King,—The God of truth and grace; Join we, then, with sweet ac - cord,
All in one thanksgiv - ing join;— Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord! E - ter - nal praise be Thine.

By permission of E. & J. B. Young & Co.

2 Thee the first-born sons of light,
In choral symphonies,
Praise by day, day without night
And never, never cease.
Angels, and archangels, all
Praise the mystic Three in One,
Sing and stop and gaze and fall
O'erwhelmed before Thy throne!

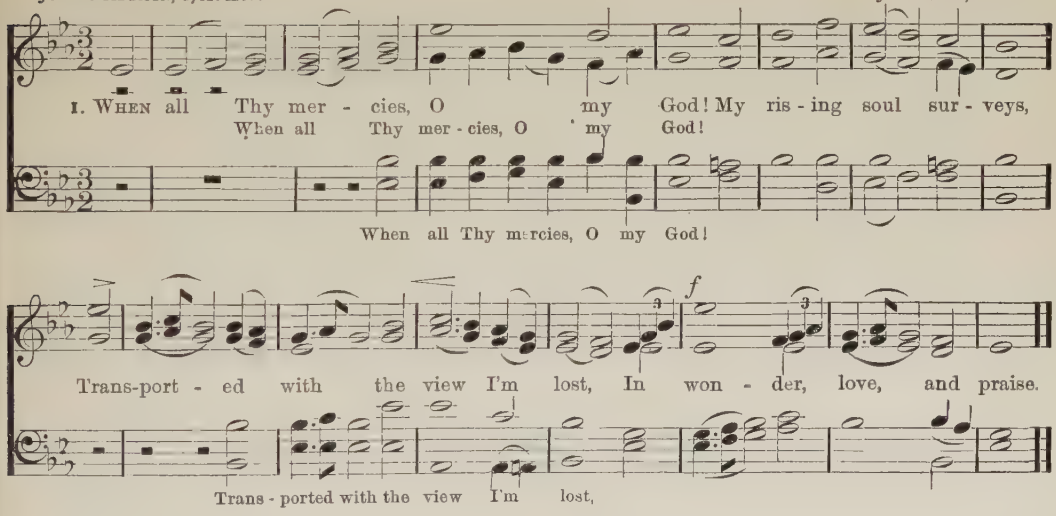
63

WHOSO trusts the Living One,
Like Zion's lofty sides,
Which may not be overthrown,
Forevermore abides.
As the mountains stand about
God's Jerusalem, so He
Standeth round His own — their shout
To all eternity!

PSALM CXXV, M. W. S., 1915. *Abr.*

64 When all Thy mercies, O my God.

C. M. *"When I said 'My foot slippeth!' Thy mercy, O Lord, held me up."* **Geneva.**

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1712. *Abr.* JOHN COLE, 1800.

1. When all Thy mer - cies, O my God! My ris - ing soul sur - veys,
When all Thy mer - cies, O my God!
When all Thy mercies, O my God!
f
Trans-port - ed with the view I'm lost, In won - der, love, and praise.
Trans - ported with the view I'm lost,

2 Oh how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart!
But Thou canst read it there.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

4 Unnumbered comforts, to my soul,
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom these comforts flowed.

5 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe
And led me up to man.

6 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

7 Thro every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

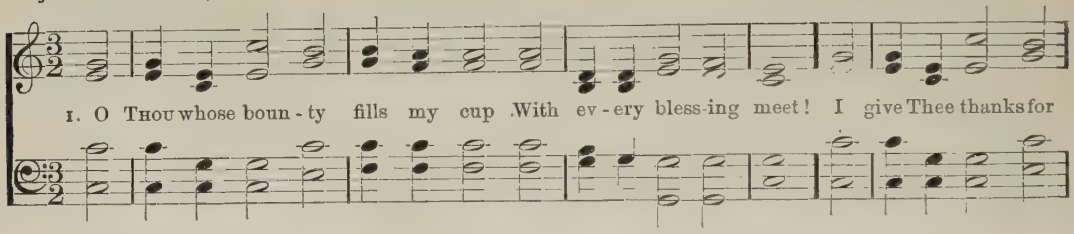
8 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

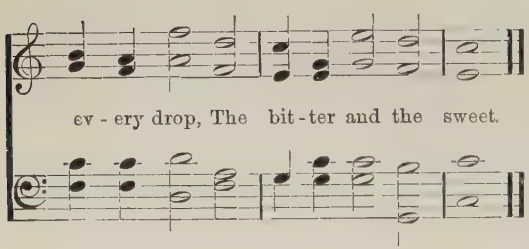
9 Thro all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
For, oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!

65 O Thou whose bounty fills my cup.

C. M. "*He bore them on His pinions*" **Lucius.**

JANE FOX CREWDSON, 1860. GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1853.





2 I praise Thee for the desert road
And for the river-side,
For all Thy goodness hath bestowed
And all Thy grace denied.

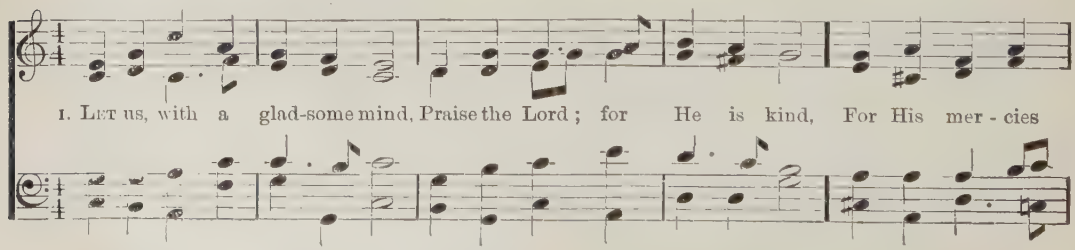
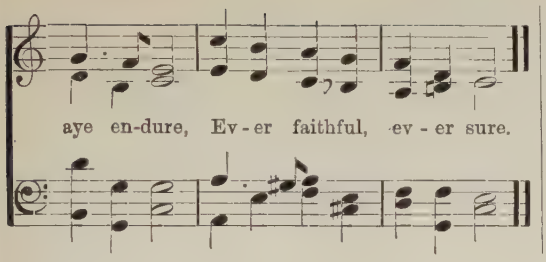
3 I thank Thee both for smile and frown
And for the gain and loss;
I praise Thee for the future crown
And for the present cross.

4 I thank Thee for the wing of love
Which stirred my wordly nest
And for the stormy clouds which drove
Me fluttering to Thy breast.

5 I bless Thee for the glad increase,
And for the waning joy
And for this strange, this settled peace,
Which nothing can destroy.

66 Let us, with a gladsome mind.

7.7.7.7. "*He bindeth up the waters in His thick cloud, and the cloud is not rent under them.*" **Innocents.**

JOHN MILTON, 1623. *Abr.* FREDERICK ARTHUR G. OUSELEY, 1867.

2 Let us blaze His name abroad,
For of gods He is the God;
He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light.

3 All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need;
Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth.

67 Oh, worship the King!

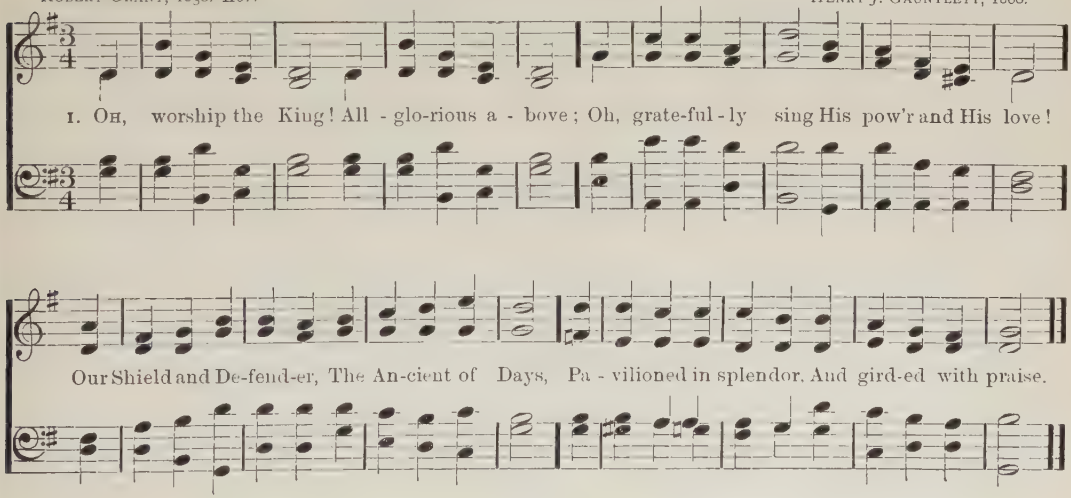
5.5.5.6, D.

ROBERT GRANT, 1830. *Abr.*

"His tender mercies are over all His works."

Houghton.

HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1860.


1. Oh, worship the King! All-glo-rious a-bove; Oh, grate-ful-ly sing His pow'r and His love!
Our Shield and De-fend-er, The An-cient of Days, Pa-vilioned in splendor, And gird-ed with praise.

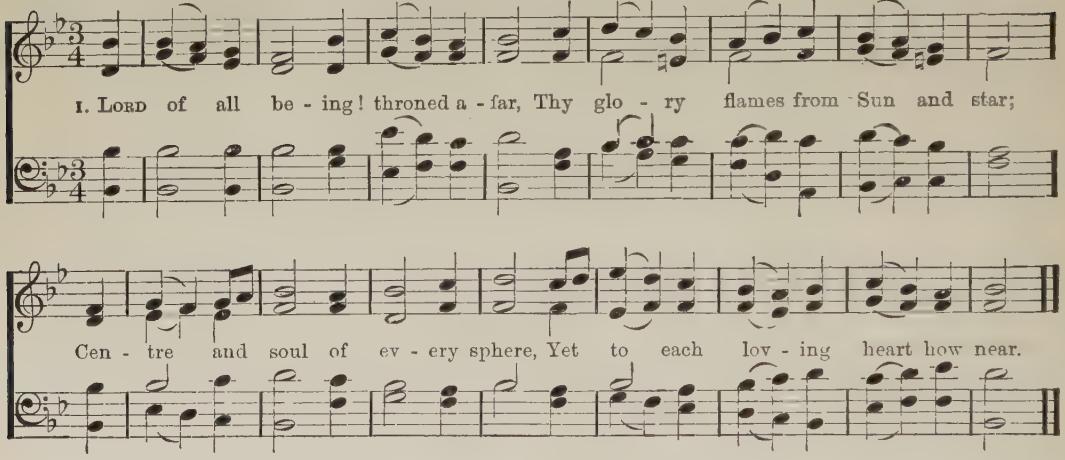
2 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light,
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

3 Frail children of dust
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail!
Thy mercies how tender,
How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer and Friend.

68 Lord of all being! throned afar.

L. M. "*How precious are Thy thoughts unto me, O God.*" **Wareham.**

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, 1848. WILLIAM KNAPP, 1738.


1. Lord of all be - ing! throned a - far, Thy glo - ry flames from Sun and star;
Cen - tre and soul of ev - ery sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near.

2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before Thine ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim,
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

69

1 No human eyes Thy face may see,
No human thought Thy form may know:
But all creation dwells in Thee
And Thy great life thro all doth flow!

2 And yet, oh strange and wondrous thought!
Thou art a God who hearest prayer
And every heart with sorrow fraught
To seek Thy present aid may dare.

3 Yet Thou wilt turn them not aside
Who cannot solve Thy life divine,
But would give up all reason's pride
To know their hearts approved by Thine.

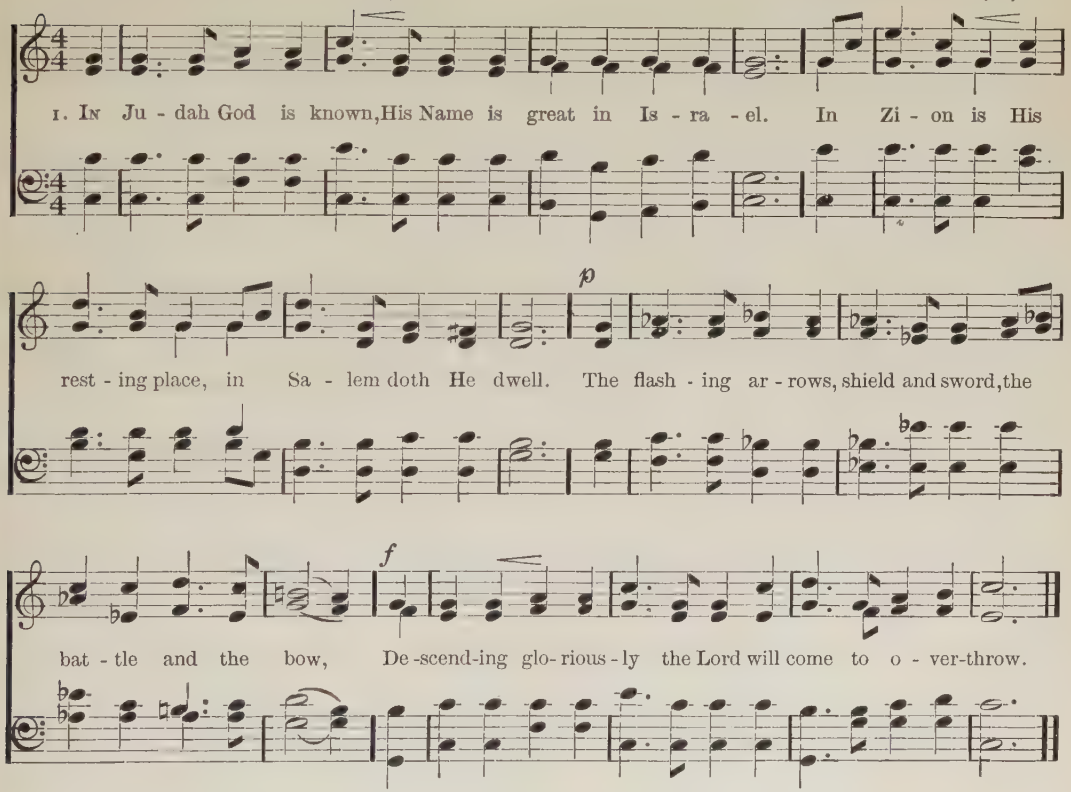
4 So tho we faint on life's dark hill
And thought grow weak and knowledge
Yet faith shall teach us courage still [flee,
And love shall guide us on to Thee.

THOMAS W. HIGGINSON, 1846.

70 In Judah God is known.

14.14.14.14. "*Captain of our salvation.*" **Midnight Cry.**

PSALM LXXVI., M. W. S., 1913. GEORGE A. MACFARREN, 1872.


1. In Ju - dah God is known, His Name is great in Is - ra - el. In Zi - on is His
rest - ing place, in Sa - lem doth He dwell. The flash - ing ar - rows, shield and sword, the
bat - tle and the bow, De - scend-ing glo - rious - ly the Lord will come to o - ver-throw.
p
f

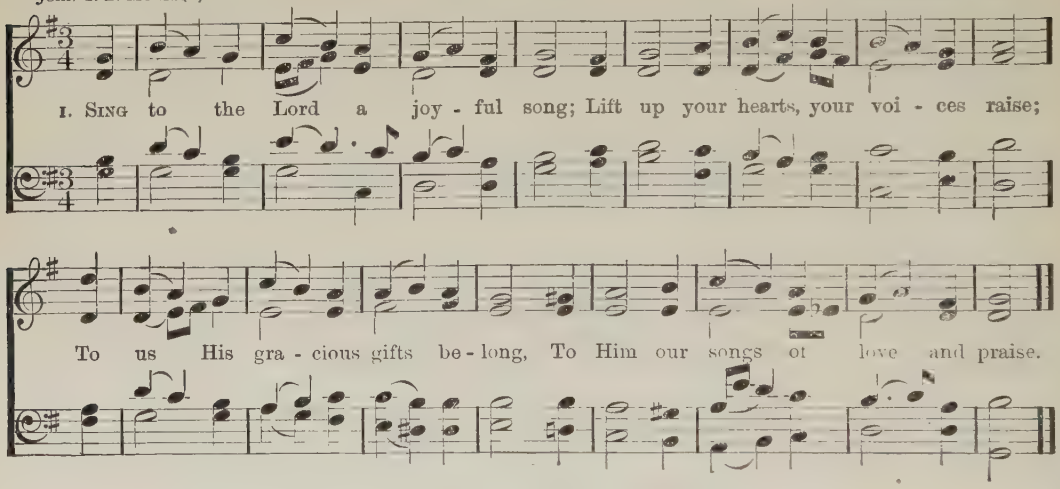
2 Stout hearts are spoiled, in sleep benumbed, their hands the valiant fail.
In stupor horse and chariot see Thy rebuke prevail.
Who can withstand Thine anger when from Heaven Thou dost speak?
The Earth was hushed when God arose to vindicate the meek.

3 The wrath of man shall praise Him! 't is the baldric of our God.
Pay unto that Jehovah all your vows, His name who laud,
While all who stand about Him everyone his tribute brings
To Him Who withereth princes and is terrible to kings.

71 Sing to the Lord a joyful song.

L. M. *"Let such as love Thy salvation say continually, the Lord be magnified."* **Intercession.**

JOHN S. B. MONSELL, 1862. *Arr.* JOHN B. DYKES, 1862.


1. Sing to the Lord a joy - ful song; Lift up your hearts, your voi - ces raise;
To us His gra - cious gifts be - long, To Him our songs of love and praise.

2 For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,
Sing to the Lord, for He is good,
And praise His Name, for it is fair.

3 For strength to those who on Him wait,
His truth to prove, His will to do,
Praise ye our God, for He is great,
Trust in His Name, for it is true.

4 For joys untold that daily move
Round those who love His sweet em-
Sing to our God, for He is love, [ploy,
Exalt His name, for it is joy.

5 For life below, with all its bliss,
And for that life, more pure and high,
That inner life, which over this
Shall ever shine and never die.

72

1 My God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath Thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

2 Up to the heavens I send my cry;
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends His angels from on high
And saves me from the threat'ning storm.

3 High o'er the Earth Thy mercy reigns
And reaches to the utmost sky;
Thy truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

4 Be Thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on Earth be known abroad,
And land to land Thy wonders tell.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. *Abr*

73

1 Lift up to God a great new song;
For things of marvel He hath done.
His holy arm and right hand strong
Salvation's victory have won.

2 He hath made His deliverance known
To all who on His goodness lean,
His faithfulness to Israel shown
And all the ends of Earth have seen.

3 Shout to Jehovah, sing, rejoice,
Break forth, thou Earth! with smiting chords,
Harp, trumpet, melody, psalm, voice,
Your hallel to the Lord of lords!

4 Let the sea roar and all its tracts,
The world and all therein that dwell;
Oh clap your hands, ye cataracts,
Ye hills, for joy the chorus swell!

5 Jehovah comes in holy state,
Tribune of all the Earth to be;
He will assign the world its fate
And show its tribes His equity.

Psalm xcviii. M. W. S., 1914.

74 Mighty God! while angels bless Thee.

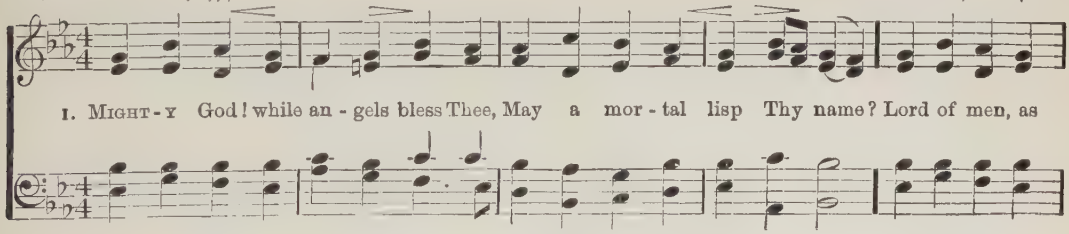
"Lo, these are but the outskirts of His ways, and how small a whisper do we hear of Him."

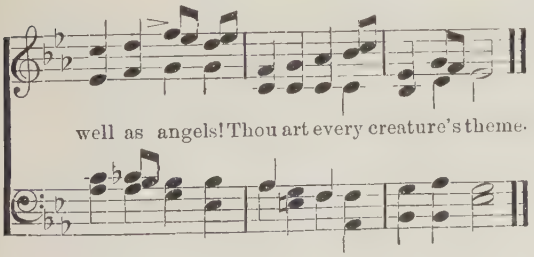
8.7.8.7.

Robert Robinson, 1774. *Abr.*

Stockholm.

P. U. Stenhammar, *d.* 1884.





2 Lord of every land and nation!
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded thro the wide creation—
Be Thy just and awful praise.

3 For the grandeur of Thy nature,—
Grand, beyond a seraph's thought;
For the wonders of creation,—
Works with skill and kindness wrought;

4 For Thy providence, that governs
Thro Thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;—
Blesséd be Thy gentle reign,

75 Before Jehovah's awful throne.

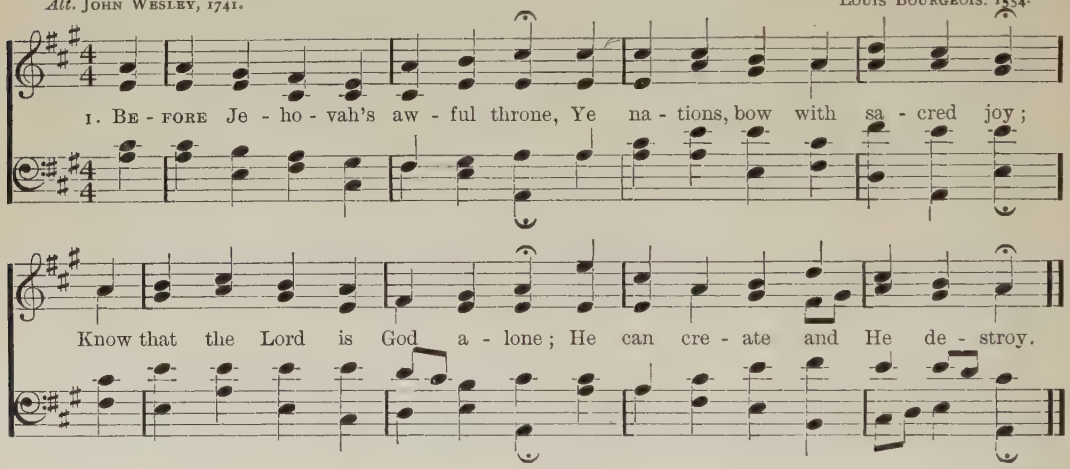
L. M.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. *Abr*
Alt. JOHN WESLEY, 1741.

"Thou hast avouched the Lord this day to be thy God."

Old Hundredth.

The Genevan Psalter.
LOUIS BOURGEOIS. 1554.



2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and formed us men
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy Name?

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise
And Earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

76

1 ALL people, that on Earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell.
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed
And for his sheep He doth us take.

3 Oh, enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto.
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always;
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? The Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure:
His truth at all times firmly stood
And shall from age to age endure.

WILLIAM KETHE, 1561.

77

1 O God! Thou art my God alone;
Early to Thee my soul shall cry;
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.

2 Yet thro this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on Thee, my God!
Thy hand unseen upholds my ways;
I safely tread where Thou hast trod.

3 Better than life itself Thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in Heaven above,
Or what on Earth, compared with Thee?

James Montgomery, 1822. *Abr.*

78

1 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

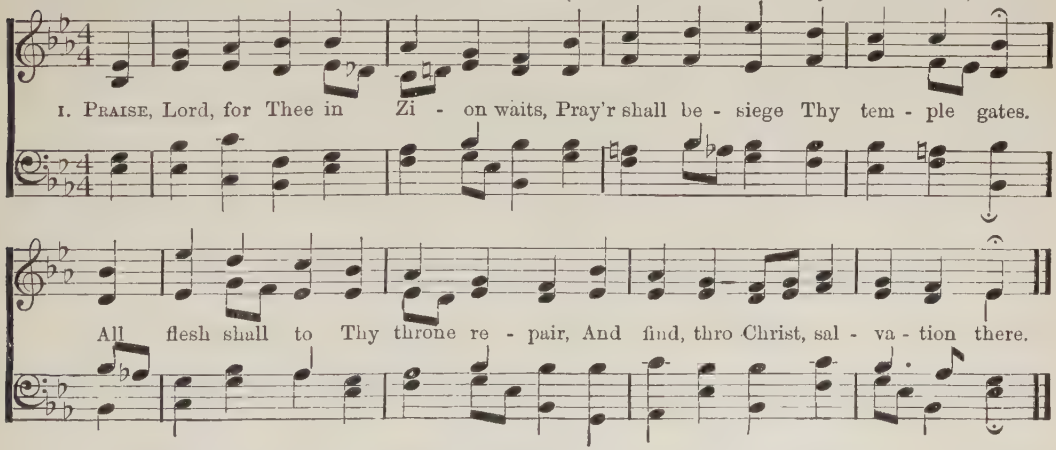
Thomas Ken, 1697.

79 Praise, Lord, for Thee in Zion waits.

"*Assemble the people, the men and the women and the little ones, and thy stranger that is within thy gates that they may hear and that they may learn and fear the Lord.*"

L. M. **Eisenach.**

Henry F. Lyte, 1834. *Abr.* Johann H. Schein, 1628.


1. Praise, Lord, for Thee in Zi - on waits, Pray'r shall be - siege Thy tem - ple gates.
All flesh shall to Thy throne re - pair, And find, thro Christ, sal - va - tion there.

2 How blest Thy saints! how safely led!
How surely kept! how richly fed!
Saviour of all in earth and sea,
How happy they who rest in Thee!

3 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills!
Evening and morning hymn Thy praise
And Earth Thy bounty wide displays.

4 The year is with Thy goodness crowned;
Thy clouds drop wealth the world around;
Thro Thee the deserts laugh and sing
And Nature smiles and owns her King.

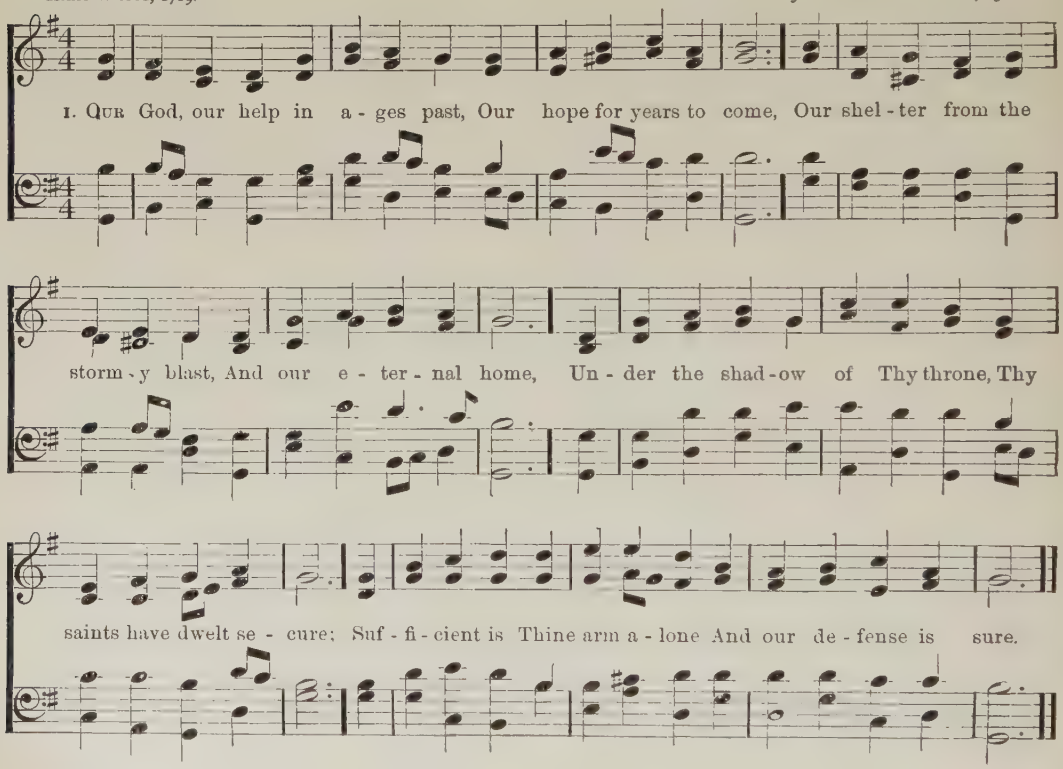
5 Lord, on our souls Thy Spirit pour.
The moral waste within restore.
Oh let Thy love our spring-tide be
And make us all bear fruit to Thee.

80 Our God, our help in ages past.

"Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us."

C. M. D.
Isaac Watts, 1719.

Norwich ("Old 137th.")
John Daye's Psalter, 1562.


1. Our God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come, Our shel - ter from the
storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home, Un - der the shad - ow of Thy throne, Thy
saints have dwelt se - cure; Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone And our de - fense is sure.

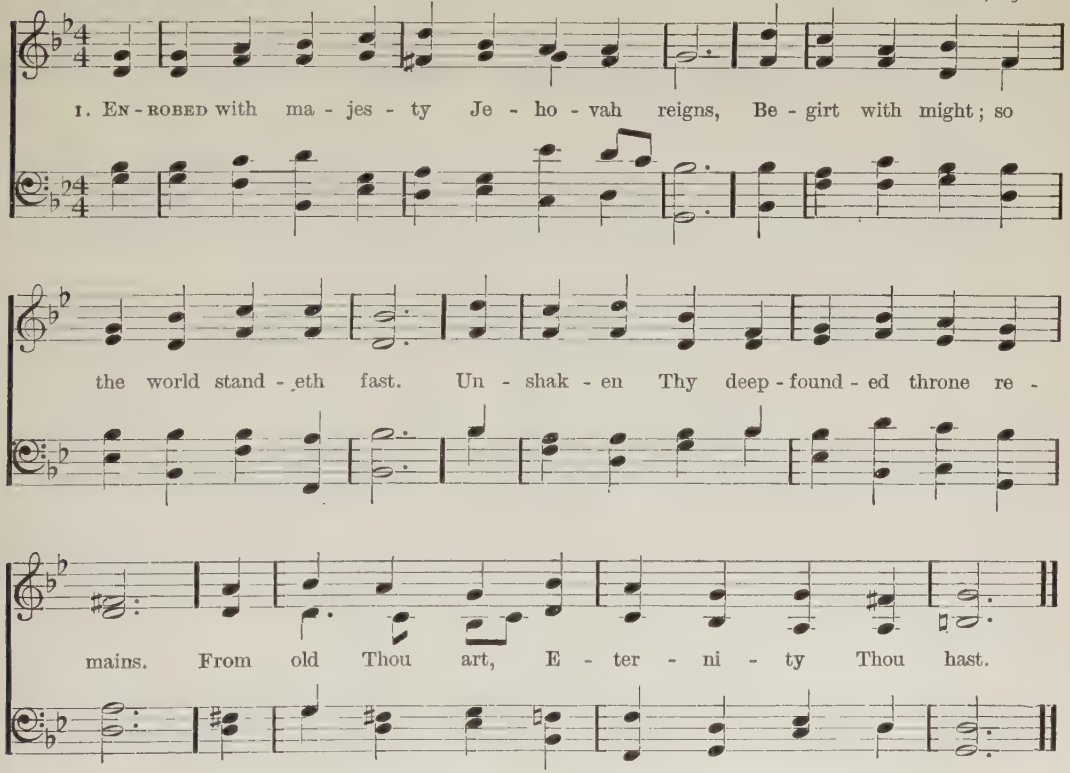
2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or Earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.
A thousand ages, in Thy sight,
Are like an evening gone,—
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising Sun.

3 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away.
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies, at the opening day.
Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guard while troubles last
And our eternal Home!

81 Enrobed with majesty Jehovah reigns.

10.10.10.10. *"How long shall the wicked triumph?"* **Langley.**

PSALM XCIII., M. W. S., 1913. FRED. A. G. OUSELEY, 1852.


1. EN - ROBED with ma - jes - ty Je - ho - vah reigns, Be - girt with might; so
the world stand - eth fast. Un - shak - en Thy deep - found - ed throne re -
mains. From old Thou art, E - ter - ni - ty Thou hast.

2 The floods have lifted up their voice, O Lord,
The bellowing storms have roughly challenged Thee;
Thou didst abash their tumult when they roared,
More mighty than the loud-resounding sea.

3 Than all the glorying breakers of the deep
More glorious is Jehovah! Them to quell,
Thy certain testimonies Thou wilt keep
And in Thy holy tabernacle dwell.

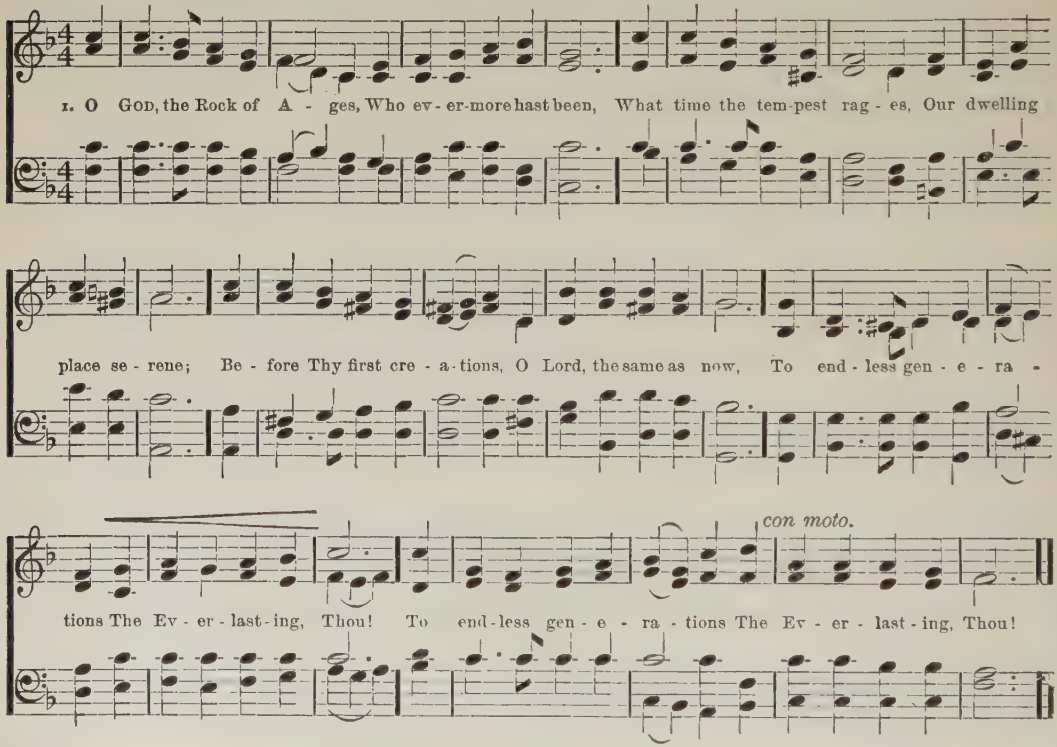
82 O God, the Rock of Ages.

*"O Lord, the Hope of Israel, all that forsake Thee shall be ashamed, * * * they have forsaken the Fountain of living waters."*

7s & 6s, D. **Revelation.**

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH, 1866, *Abr.*

GEORGE F. HANDEL, 1741.
Har. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1872.


1. O God, the Rock of A - ges, Who ev - er-more hast been, What time the tem-pest rag - es, Our dwelling
place se - rene; Be - fore Thy first cre - a-tions, O Lord, the same as now, To end - less gen - e - ra -
con moto.
tions The Ev - er - last - ing, Thou! To end-less gen - e - ra - tions The Ev - er - last - ing, Thou!

2 Our years are like the shadows
O'er sunny hills that fly,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die.—
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
‖: An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old. :‖

3 O Thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest
‖: And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blest. :‖

83 Should I not, in meek adoring.

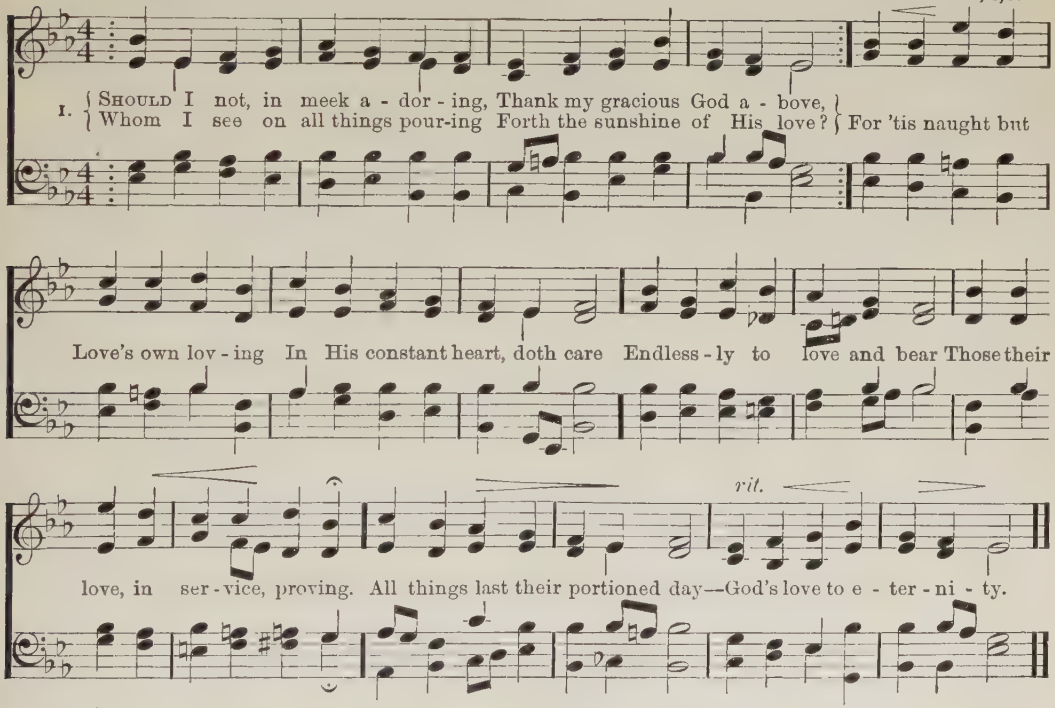
"We know and have believed the love which God hath."

8s & 7s, P.

Ger. Paul Gerhardt, 1656. *Abr.*
Tr. M. W. S., 1882.

"Sollt' ich meinem Gott nicht singen."

G. G. Bolze, 1788


1. Should I not, in meek a - dor - ing, Thank my gracious God a - bove,
Whom I see on all things pour-ing Forth the sunshine of His love? For 'tis naught but
Love's own lov - ing In His constant heart, doth care Endless - ly to love and bear Those their
rit.
love, in ser - vice, proving. All things last their portioned day—God's love to e - ter - ni - ty.

2 O'er her young the eagle hovers,
Spreading wide her wings' defence;
So, each day, my soul God covers
Under His omnipotence.
Out of naught began my living,
When the mighty Father bade
And the life that then He made
Still has shared His changeless giving.
All things last their portioned day—
God's love to eternity.

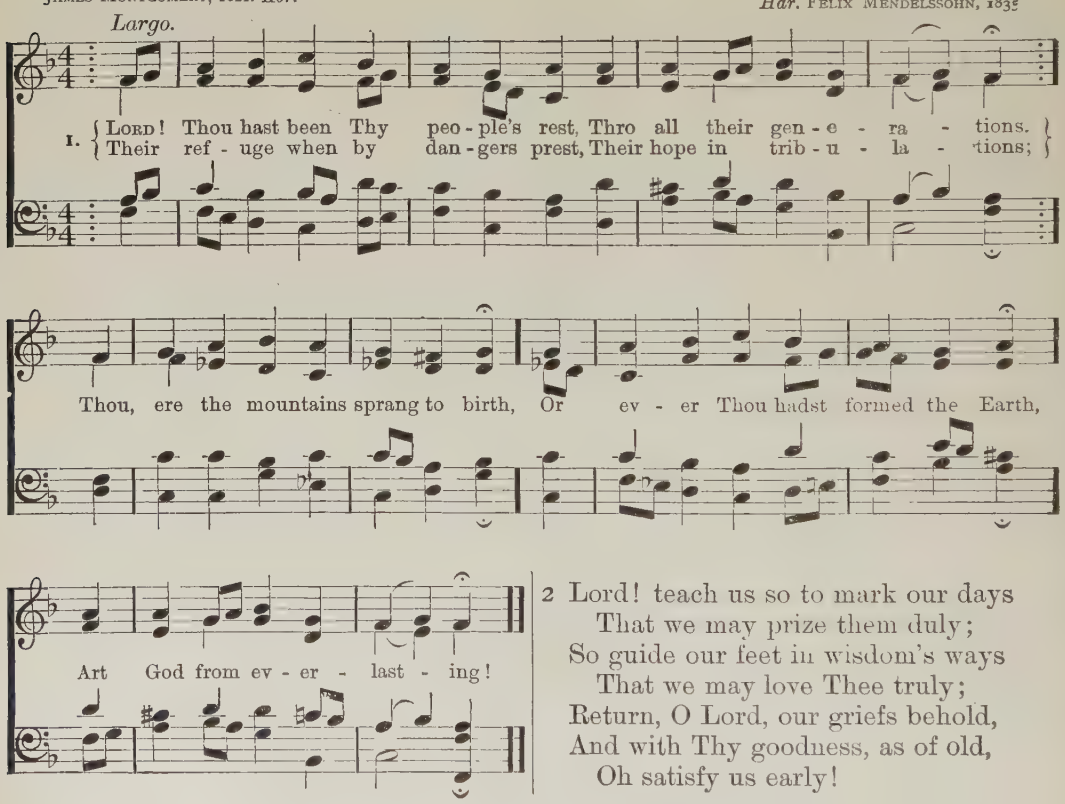
3 All-compassionate, the Father,
For us gave His dear Firstborn,
In that Life-gift aye to gather
Home the orphaned and forlorn.
O Thou vast immeasured Kindness!
Deep unfathomable Sea!
Who can bound Thy mystery?
Human wisdom owns her blindness.
All things last their portioned day–
God's love to eternity.

84 Lord! Thou hast been Thy people's rest.

"Thou art the same."

8.7.8.7.8.8.7. "Allein Gott in der Höh' sei Ehr."

James Montgomery, 1821. *Abr.* Nicholas Decius, 1539.
Har. Felix Mendelssohn, 1835


Largo.
1. Lord! Thou hast been Thy peo-ple's rest, Thro all their gen-e-ra-tions.
Their ref-uge when by dan-gers prest, Their hope in trib-u-la-tions;
Thou, ere the mountains sprang to birth, Or ev-er Thou hadst formed the Earth,
Art God from ev-er-last-ing!

2 Lord! teach us so to mark our days
That we may prize them duly;
So guide our feet in wisdom's ways
That we may love Thee truly;
Return, O Lord, our griefs behold,
And with Thy goodness, as of old,
Oh satisfy us early!

85

1 To God on high be thanks and praise,
For mercies none can sever,
Whereby no foe a hand can raise
And harm can reach us never.

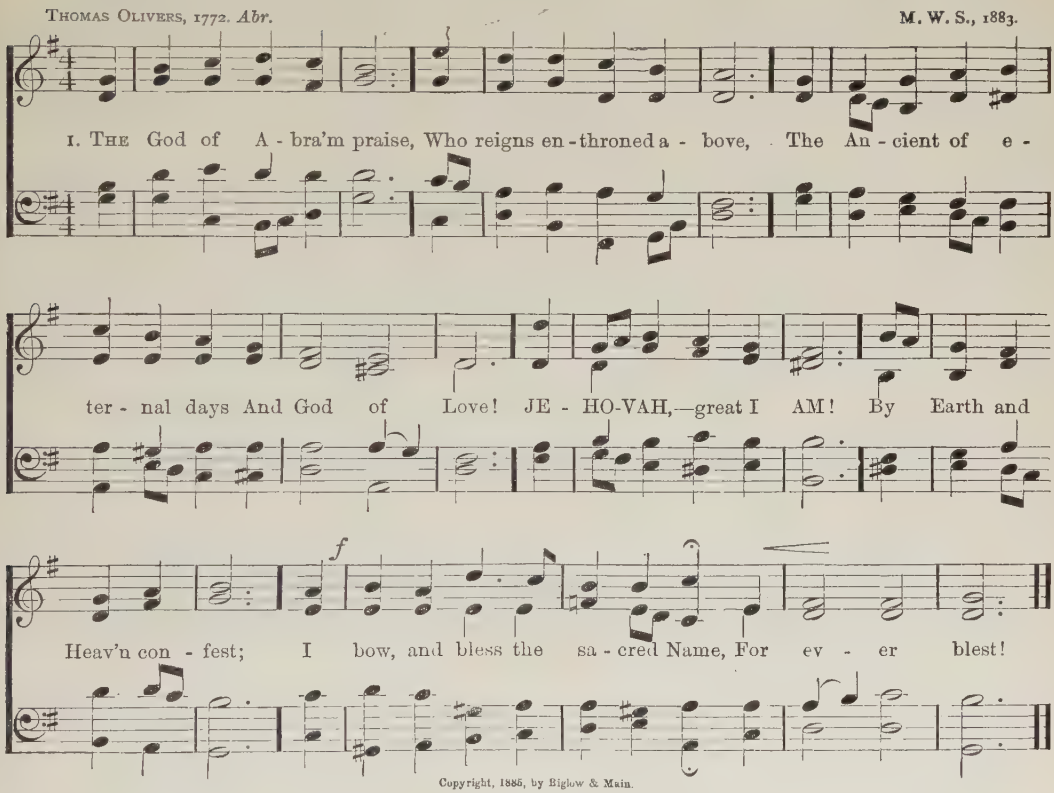
To Him with joy our hearts ascend,
The source of peace that knows no end,
Forever and forever!

From Nicholas Decius, 1529.

86 The God of Abraham praise.

6.6.8.4, D. *"If ye are Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed."* **Uriel.**

THOMAS OLIVERS, 1772. *Abr.* M. W. S., 1883.


1. The God of A - bra'm praise, Who reigns en - throned a - bove, The An - cient of e -
ter - nal days And God of Love! JE - HO-VAH,—great I AM! By Earth and
f
Heav'n con - fest; I bow, and bless the sa - cred Name, For ev - er blest!

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2 The God of Abra'm praise!
At whose supreme command
From Earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand.
I all on Earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And Him my only portion make,
My Shield and Tower.

3 He by Himself hath sworn;
I on His oath depend;
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To Heaven ascend.
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore
And sing the wonders of His grace
Forevermore!

87 The Lord is King! Lift up Thy voice.

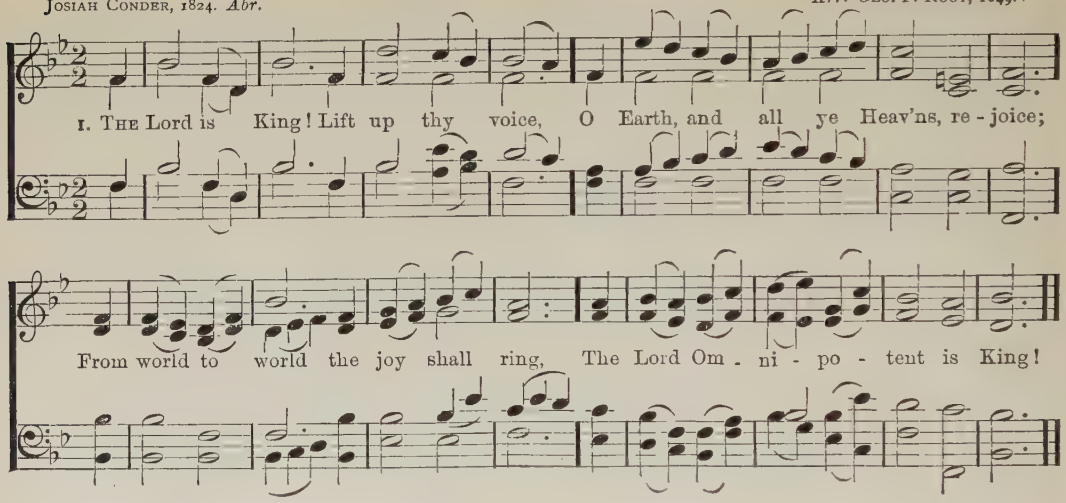
L. M.

JOSIAH CONDER, 1824. *Abr.*

"Who hath blessed us with every spiritual blessing."

Octavius.

L. VAN BEETHOVEN, 1813.
Arr. GEO. F. ROOT, 1849.


1. THE Lord is King! Lift up thy voice, O Earth, and all ye Heav'ns, re - joice;
From world to world the joy shall ring, The Lord Om - ni - po - tent is King!

2 Alike pervaded by His eye,
All parts of His dominion lie;
This world of ours and worlds unseen,—
There is no boundary between.

3 Oh, when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

88 O Holy, Heavenly Lord.

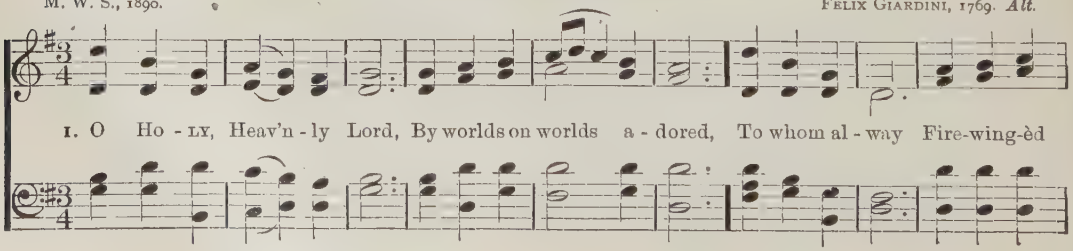
6s & 4s.

M. W. S., 1890.

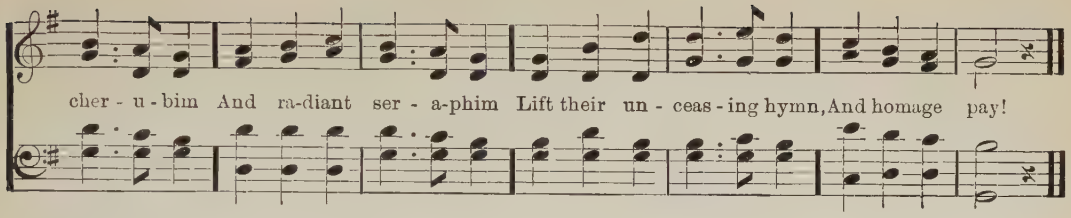
"Which was, and Which is, and Which is to come."

Italian Hymn.

FELIX GIARDINI, 1769. *Alt.*



Praise to God.



2 We too, Thou only King,
That chorus answering,
Would swell the strain,
Trumpet and cymbal tone
Sound to Thy burning throne,
With all the ransomed, own
Thy blessèd reign.

3 Oh, what a gathering,
When God's whole Church shall sing,
What raptures then!
For that bright symphony
Of immortality
May we all numbered be,
Thro Christ! *Amen.*

89

1 Come, Thou almighty King!
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father! all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days!

2 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend.
Come and Thy people bless
And give Thy Word success;
Spirit of Holiness,
On us descend.

3 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour.
Thou who Almighty art,
Now rule in every heart
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of Power.

4 To the great One in Three
Eternal praises be
Hence, evermore.
His Sovereign Majesty
May we in glory see
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Charles Wesley, 1757. *Abr.*

90

1 Thou, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light!

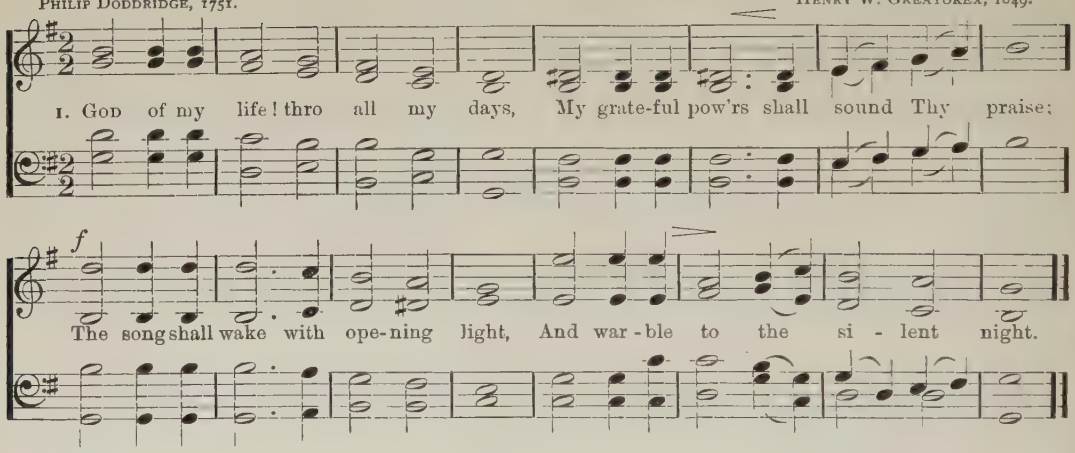
2 Thou! who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh! now to all mankind
Let there be light!

John Marriott, 1813. *Abr.*

91 God of my life! thro all my days.

L. M. "*Thou hast known my soul in adversities.*" Grostete.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1751. HENRY W. GREATOREX, 1849.


1. God of my life! thro all my days, My grate-ful pow'rs shall sound Thy praise:
The song shall wake with ope-ning light, And war-ble to the si-lent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

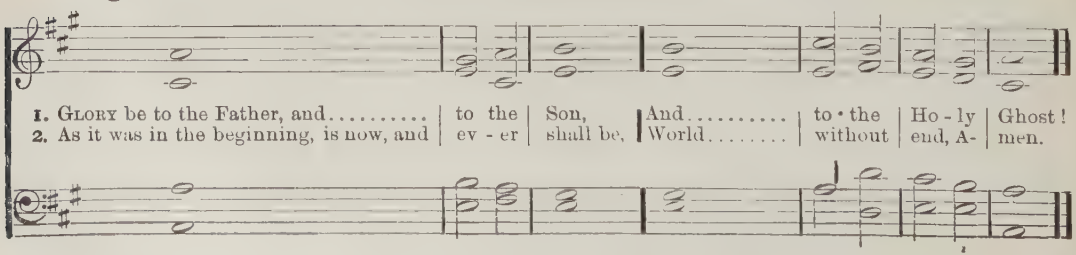
3 When death o'er nature shall prevail
And all her powers of language fail;
Joy thro my swimming eyes shall break
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But, oh! when that last conflict's o'er
And I am chained to flesh no more,—
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

5 The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul can live.
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity!

92 Glory be to the Father.

Single Chant. "*He hath set eternity in their heart.*" The Gloria Patri.


1. Glory be to the Father, and..... | to the | Son, | And..... | to · the | Ho - ly | Ghost!
2. As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev - er | shall be, | World..... | without | end, A- | men.

The Trinity.

(To Grostete)

93

1 O Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Bright in Thy deeds and in Thy Name,
For ever be Thy Name adored,
Thy glories let Thy worlds proclaim.

2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day.

3 O Holy Spirit from above,
In streams of light and glory given,
Thou source of ecstasy and love, [Heav'n.
Thy praises ring thro Earth and

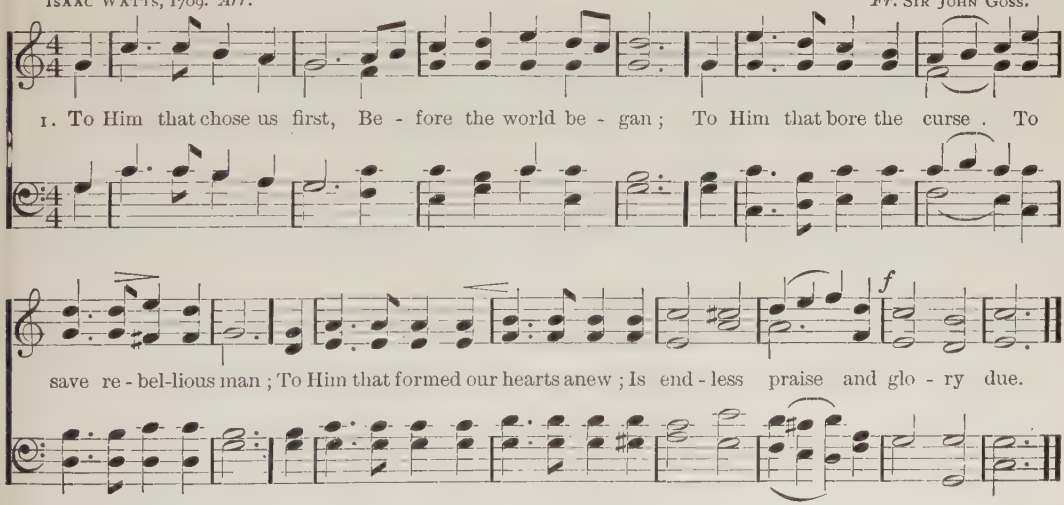
4 O God Triune, to Thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song;
So ever may Thy praises flow [tongue!
From saint and seraph's burning

James Wallis Eastburn, 1819.

94 To Him that chose us first.

6.6.6.6.8.8. "That we should be unto the praise of His glory." **Arthur's Seat.**

Isaac Watts, 1709. *Arr.* *Fr.* Sir John Goss.


1. To Him that chose us first, Be - fore the world be - gan; To Him that bore the curse. To
f
save re - bel-lious man; To Him that formed our hearts anew; Is end - less praise and glo - ry due.

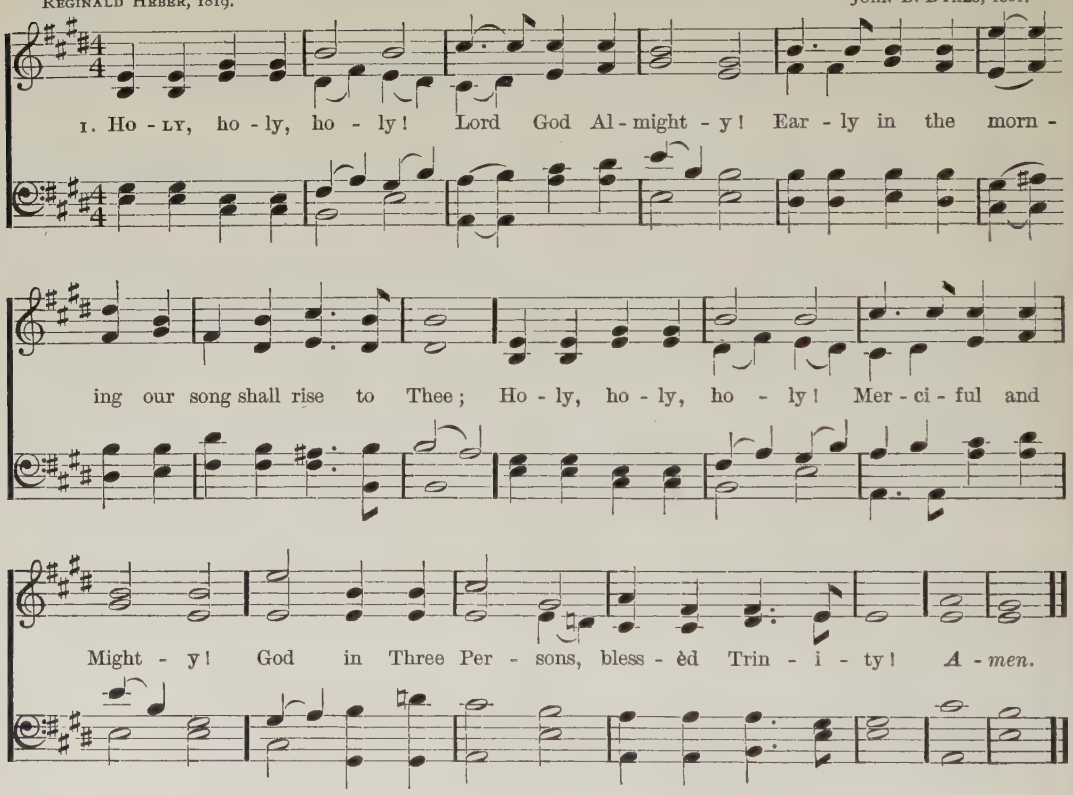
2 The Father's love shall run
Thro our immortal songs;
We bring to God, the Son,
Hosannas on our tongues;
Our lips address the Spirit's name,
With equal praise and zeal the same.

3 Almighty God! to Thee
Be endless honors done, —
The undivided Three,
The great, mysterious One!
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails and love adores.

95 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty.

12.12.12.10. *"Glorious in holiness, fearful in praises."* Nicœa.

Reginald Heber, 1819. John B. Dykes, 1861.


1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the morn -
ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and
Might - y! God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty! A - men.

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! tho the darkness hide Thee,
Tho the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see.
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in Earth, and sky, and sea.
Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

96 Praise we the Father with exulting voices.

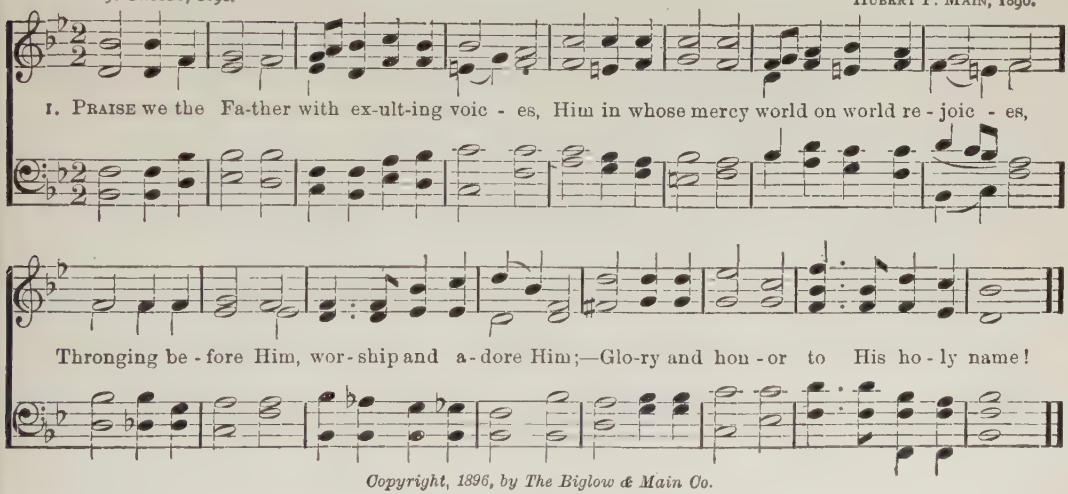
"Thine be the Kingdom, the power, and the glory forever, Amen."

II.II.II.10.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1896.

Carmen Eternitatis.

HUBERT P. MAIN, 1896.


1. PRAISE we the Fa-ther with ex-ult-ing voic - es, Him in whose mercy world on world re - joic - es,
Thronging be - fore Him, wor - ship and a - dore Him;—Glo-ry and hon - or to His ho - ly name!

Copyright, 1896, by The Biglow & Main Co.

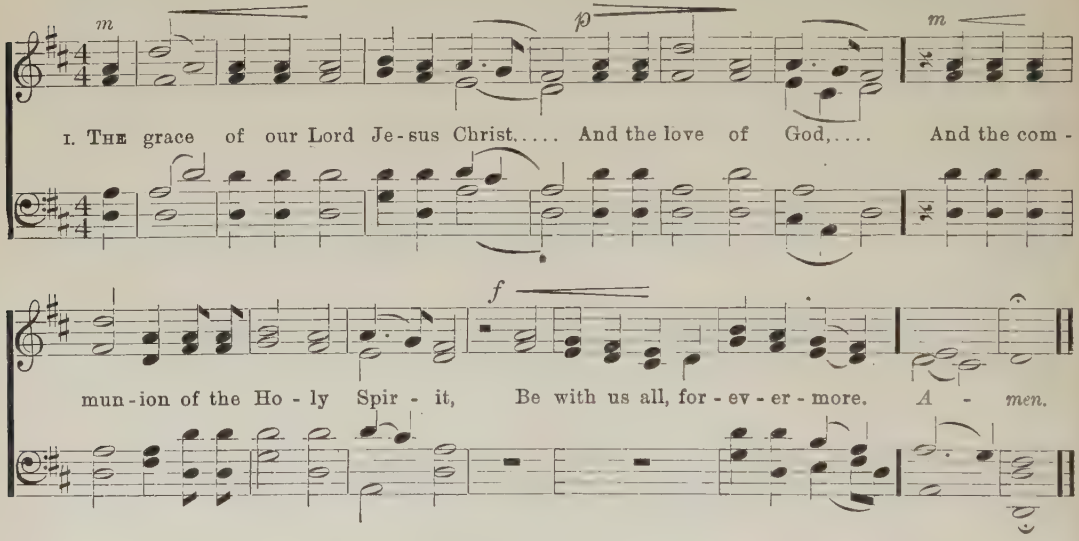
2 Praise we the Saviour. By that incarnation,
Lowly and mighty, — Love's own revelation,
Join we the raptured choral of Creation; —
Loud alleluias to His holy name!

3 Power of the Highest, all Thy pilgrims guiding,
In truth and beauty steadfastly presiding,
Kindly and gently in our hearts abiding,
Laud and thanksgiving to Thy holy name!

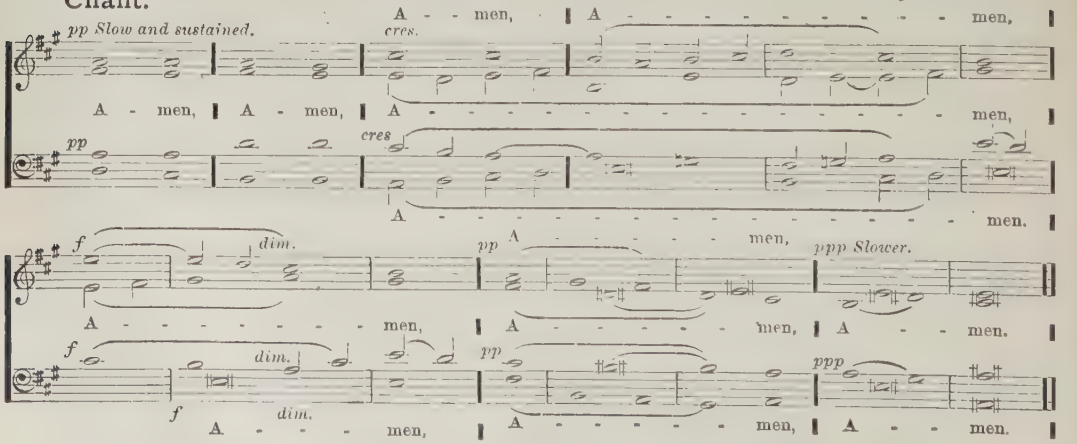
4 In Heaven's high music, all its floods upflinging
In one sweet storm, — all saints and angels singing,
Let us, unworthy, boundless anthems bringing,
Praise and forever bless Thy holy name.

97 The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

P. M. *"No one maketh it void or addeth thereto."* **Der Segen.**

II Corinthians, 13: 14. No. 228. Wurtemburg Gesangbuch.

m
p
m
1. The grace of our Lord Je-sus Christ..... And the love of God,..... And the com-
f
mun-ion of the Ho-ly Spir-it, Be with us all, for-ev-er-more. A-men.

98 Seven-fold Amen.

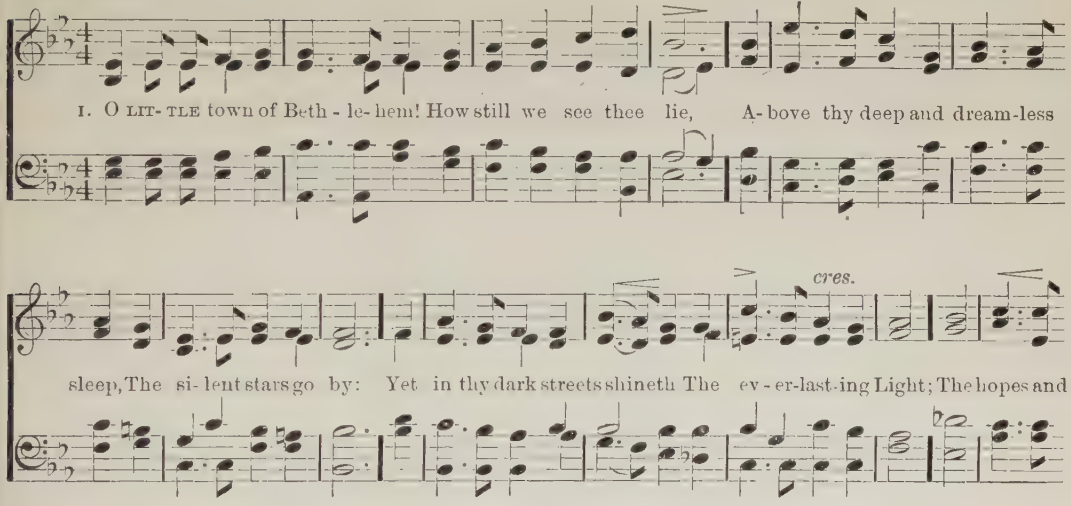
Chant. John Stainer.

pp Slow and sustained.
A - men, A - men,
cres.
A - - - - - - - - - - men,
pp
cres
A - - - - - - - - - - men.
f
dim.
pp
A - - - - men,
ppp Slower.
A - - - - men, A - - - men, A - - men.
f
dim.
pp
ppp
f
dim.
A - - - men, A - - - - - men, A - - men.

99 O little town of Bethlehem.

C. M. D. — PHILLIPS BROOKS, 1868.

"They are dead which sought the young Child's life.

St. Silvester. — JOSEPH BARNBY, 1867.


1. O LIT- TLE town of Beth - le- hem! How still we see thee lie, A- bove thy deep and dream-less
cres.
sleep, The si- lent stars go by: Yet in thy dark streets shineth The ev - er-last-ing Light; The hopes and
rit.
fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.

2 For Christ is born of Mary
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King
And peace to men on Earth!

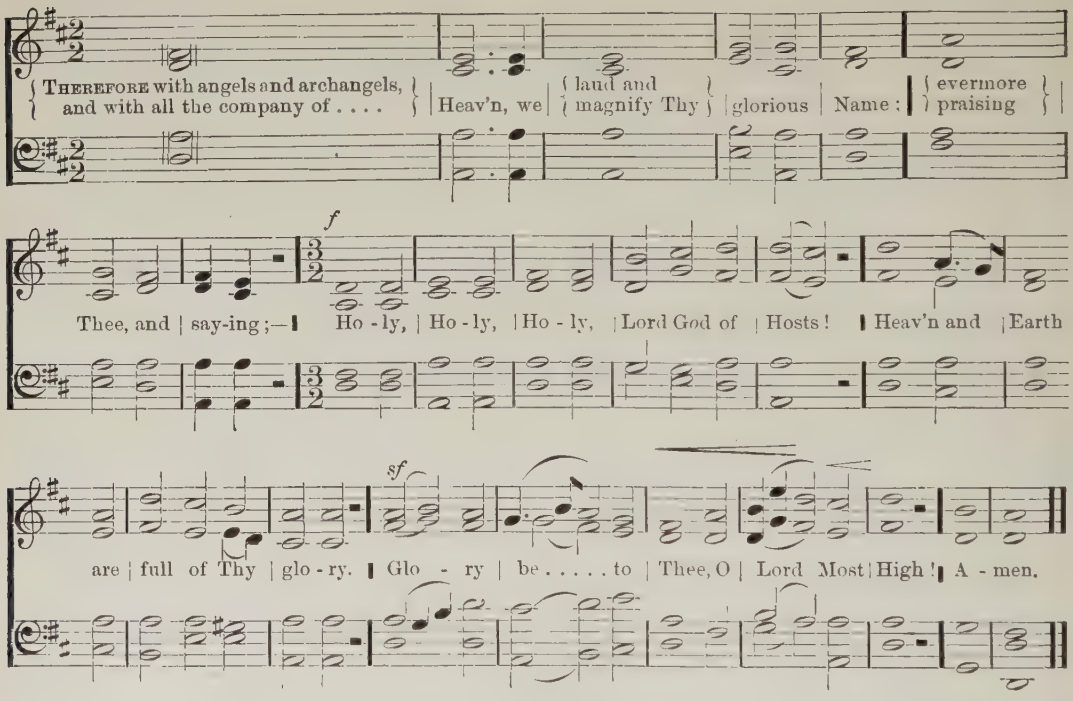
3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His Heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him, still
The dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray,
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day!
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

100 Therefore with angels and archangels.

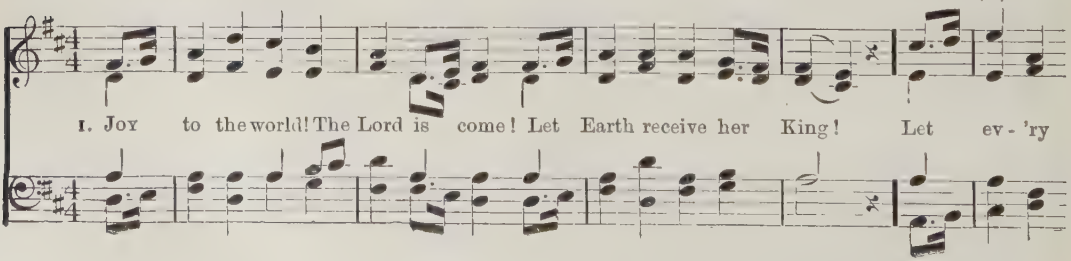
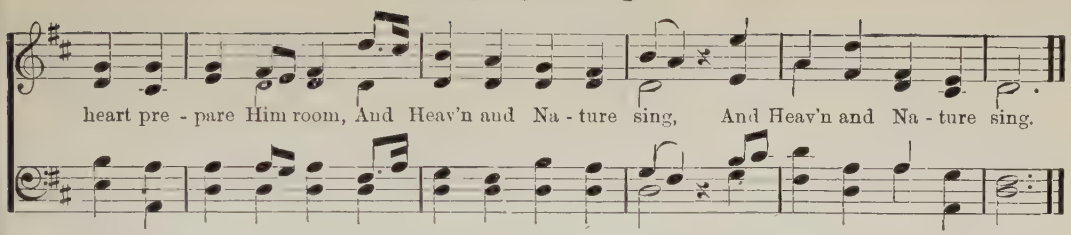
Chant. *"They shall abundantly utter the memory of Thy great goodness."* **The Trisagion.**

THE THIRD CENTURY, A. D. JOHN CAMIDGE


THEREFORE with angels and archangels, and with all the company of . . . . | Heav'n, we | laud and magnify Thy | glorious | Name: | evermore praising
f
Thee, and | say-ing;— | Ho - ly, | Ho - ly, | Ho - ly, | Lord God of | Hosts! | Heav'n and | Earth
sf
are | full of Thy | glo - ry. | Glo - ry | be . . . . . to | Thee, O | Lord Most | High! | A - men.

101 Joy to the world! The Lord is come!

C. M. *"This is the Heir."* **Christmas.**

ISAAC WATTS, 1709. *Abr.* GEORGE F. HANDEL, 1728.



2 Joy to the Earth! The Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

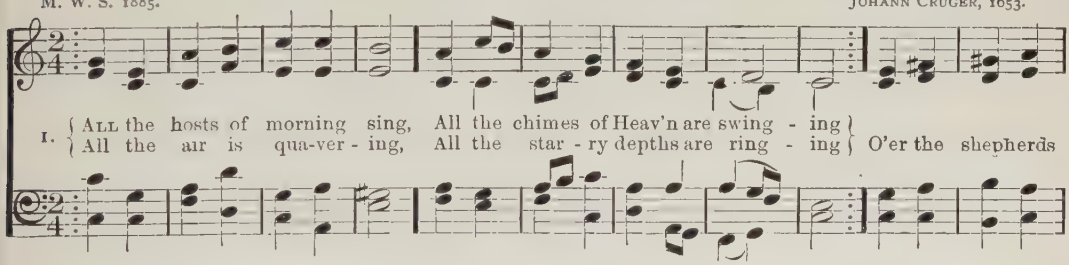
3 He rules the world with truth and grace
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness
And wonders of His love.

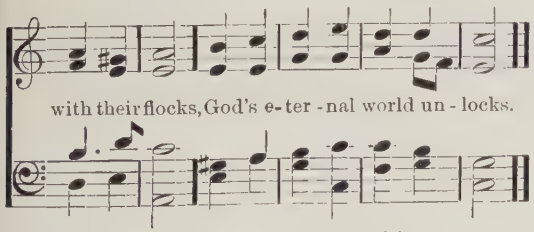
102 All the hosts of morning sing.

7.8.7.8.7.
M. W. S. 1885.

"A little child shall lead them."

Zuversicht.
Johann Cruger, 1653.


1. All the hosts of morning sing, All the chimes of Heav'n are swing - ing
All the air is qua-ver - ing, All the star - ry depths are ring - ing O'er the shepherds



2 Swiftly down the lustrous skies
Angels troop with salutation,—
'Mid unearthly minstrelsies,
Tell the Saviour's incarnation.
"Fear no longer, He is come,
Judah's heir, in David's home!"

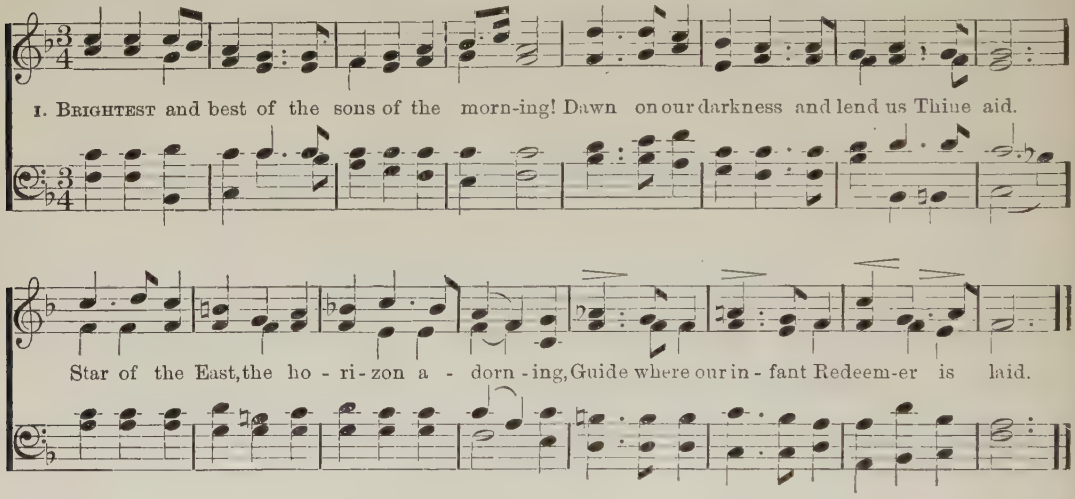
3 Birth-night of the Son of Man,
Virgin's Child, yet Lord Almighty!
Still toward Bethlehem's crowded khan
Sings the world its glad *Venite!*
Star-led where the Christ-babe lies,
Throng with gifts the heavenly wise.

4 Who His humble vigils keep
Christ doth bless with new evangels
They who feed the Saviour's sheep
Oft shall hear the song of angels.
God's high glory yet fulfills
Peace, to men of gentle wills.

103 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning.

11.10.11.10. "*Mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.*" St. Laura.

Reginald Heber, 1811. William Alex. Barrett, 1850.


1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morn-ing! Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid.
Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Redeem-er is laid.

2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall:
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems from the mountain and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

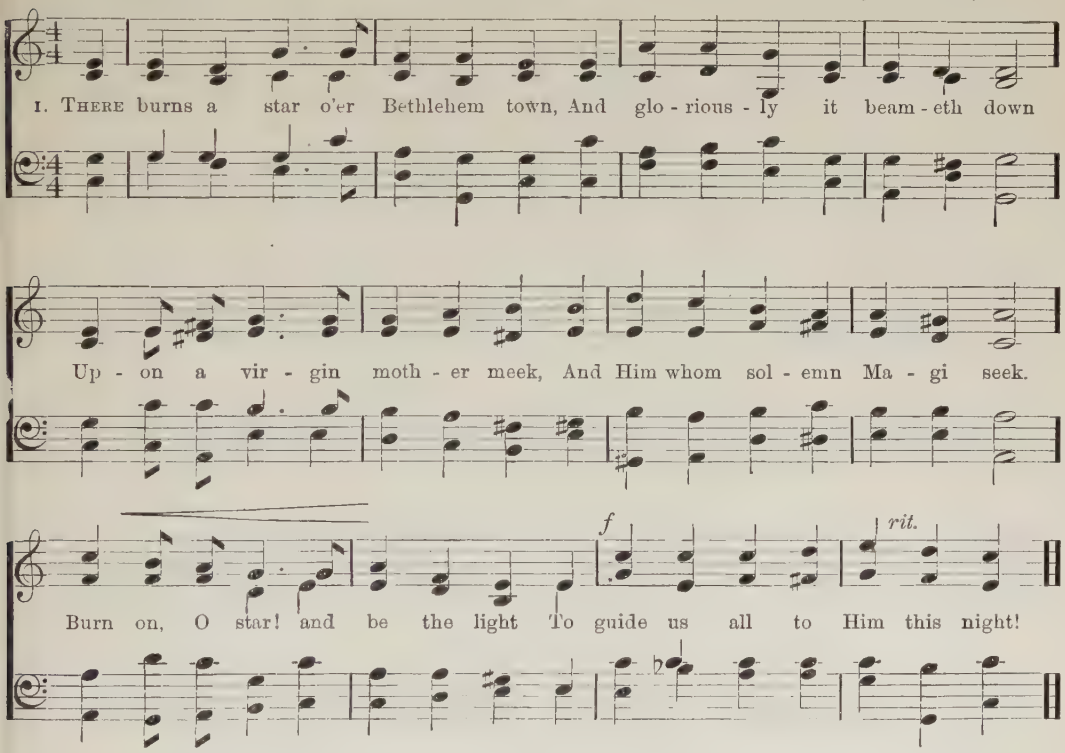
4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would His favor secure:
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid.
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

104 There burns a star o'er Bethlehem town.

8.8.8.8.8.8. *"Where is the way to the dwelling of Light?"* **Peniel.**

Eugene Field, 1889. Josiah Booth, 1888.


1. There burns a star o'er Bethlehem town, And glo - rious - ly it beam - eth down
Up - on a vir - gin moth - er meek, And Him whom sol - emn Ma - gi seek.
f
rit.
Burn on, O star! and be the light To guide us all to Him this night!

2 The angels walk in Bethlehem town,—
The angels come and bring a crown
To Him, our Saviour and our King
And sweetly all this night they sing.
Sing on in rapture, angel throng!
That we may learn that heavenly song!

3 Near Bethlehem town there blooms a tree,
And it shall stand on Calvary!
But from the shade thereof we turn
Unto the star that still shall burn,
When Christ is dead and risen again,
To mind us that He died for men.

4 There is a cry in Bethlehem town!
'T is of the Babe that wears the crown.
It telleth us that man is free,—
That He redeemeth all and me!
The night is sped—behold the morn!
Sing, O my soul, the Christ is born!

105 O come, all ye faithful.

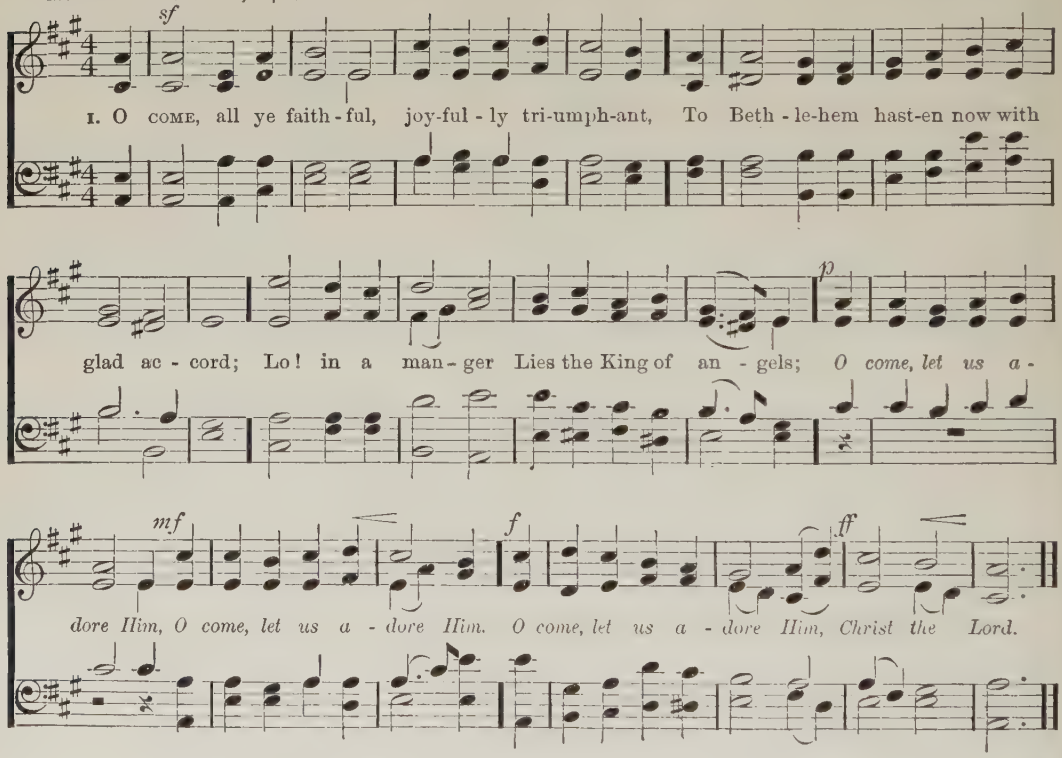
P. M.

"To guide our feet into the way of peace."

Adeste Fideles.

Latin, 15th or 16th Century.
Tr. Frederick Oakeley, 1841. *Abr. & Alt.*

Unknown, 1753.


sf
1. O come, all ye faith-ful, joy-ful-ly tri-umph-ant, To Beth-le-hem hast-en now with
glad ac-cord; Lo! in a man-ger Lies the King of an-gels; O come, let us a-
p
mf
dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him. O come, let us a-dore Him, Christ the Lord.
f
ff

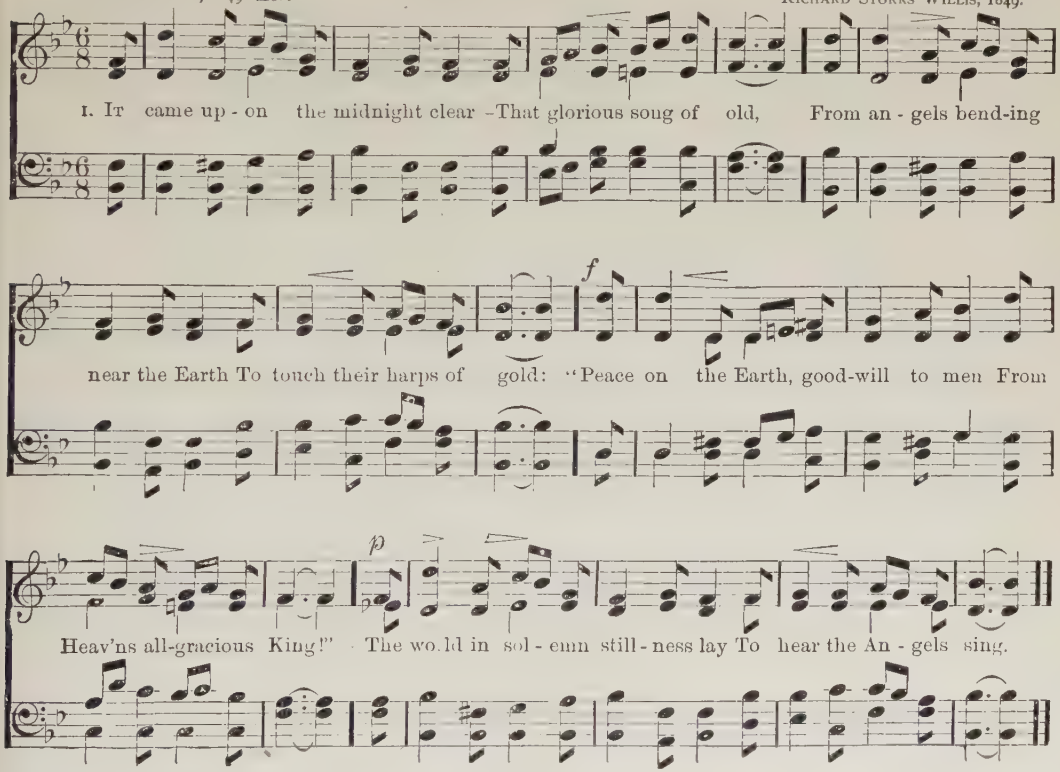
2 Sing forth, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
Thro Heaven's highest arches be your praises poured!
Now to our God be glory in the highest!—
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

3 Amen! Lord we bless Thee, born for our salvation,—
O Jesus, forever be Thy Name adored!
Word of the Father, now for man Incarnate;—
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

106 It came upon the midnight clear.

C. M. D. *"When the kindness of God our Saviour, and His love toward man appeared."* Carol.

Edmund H. Sears, 1849. *Abr.* Richard Storrs Willis, 1849.


1. It came up - on the midnight clear - That glorious song of old, From an - gels bend-ing
near the Earth To touch their harps of gold: "Peace on the Earth, good-will to men From
Heav'ns all-gracious King!" The wo.ld in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the An - gels sing.

2 Still thro the cloven skies they came,
With peaceful wings unfurled
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hov'ring wing
And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

3 Yet, with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
Oh! hush the noise, ye men of strife
And hear the angels sing!

107 A music that is like the light.

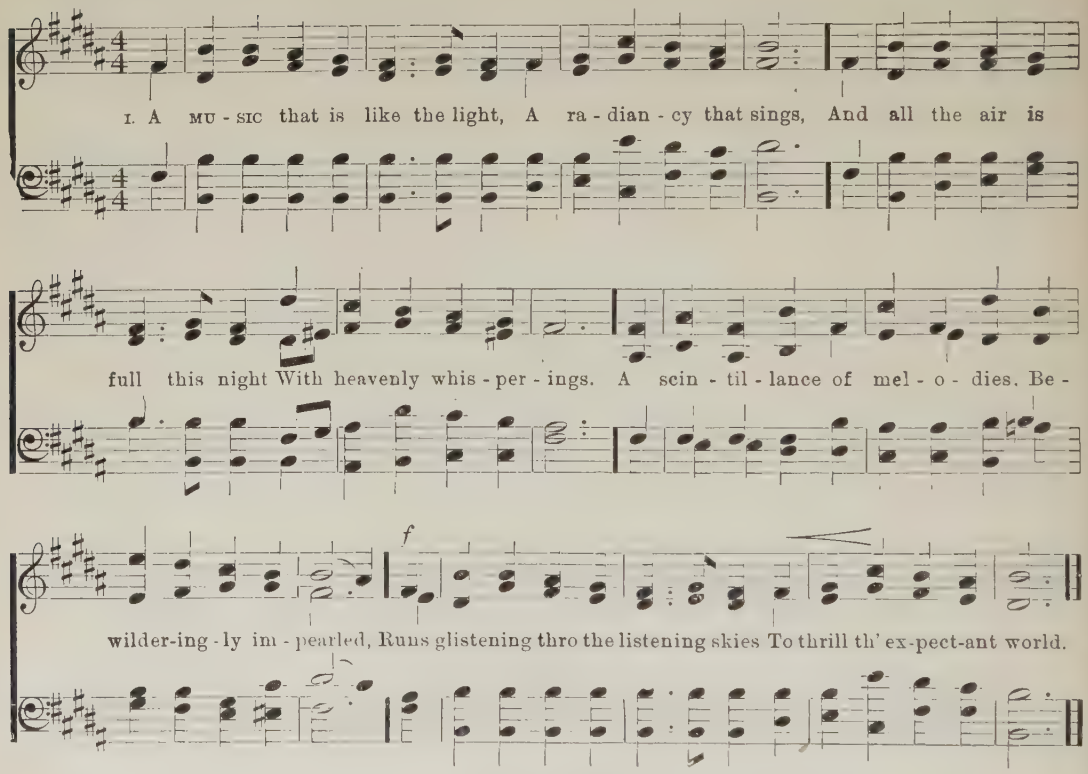
C. M. D.

M. W. S., 1898. *Abr.*

"The glory of My people, Israel."

Bethlehem.

G. W. Fink.


1. A mu - sic that is like the light, A ra - dian - cy that sings, And all the air is
full this night With heavenly whis - per - ings. A scin - til - lance of mel - o - dies. Be -
f
wilder-ing - ly im - pearled, Runs glistening thro the listening skies To thrill th' ex-pect-ant world.

2 The gates of sapphire sudden yield
To that celestial throng
And raptured over Bethlehem's field
Breaks multitudinous song.
As once with starry shout of old,
Now canticled again
The glories of the Highest hold
With peace to kindly men.

3 Oh, wonderful and holy sight!
Oh, sweet and solemn mirth!
Thy tide of tune shall break in might
Across the dreaming Earth.
Now, God be praiséd in the height,
Good will to men alway,
Thro Him Who came that blesséd night
To bring eternal day.

The Nativity.

108

"He shall feed His flock."

1 While shepherds watched their flocks
All seated on the ground, [by night,
The angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around.
"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

2 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord; —
And this shall be the sign:
The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All humbly wrapped in swathing bands
And in a manger laid.

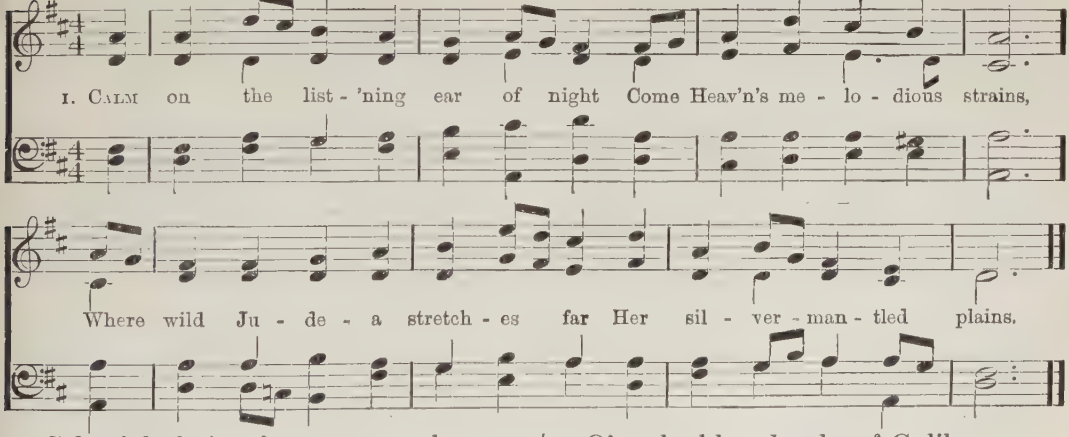
3 Thus spake the seraph. Then forth-
Appeared a shining throng [with
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song; —
"All glory be to God on high
And to the Earth be peace; [men,
Good-will, henceforth, from Heaven to
Begin and never cease!"

Nahum Tate, 1703.

109 Calm on the listening ear of night.

C. M. *"The Desire of all nations."* Lanarkshire.

Edmund H. Sears, 1834. *Abr.* Mitchison's Harmony, Glasgow, 1849.


1. Calm on the list - 'ning ear of night Come Heav'n's me - lo - dious strains,
Where wild Ju - de - a stretch - es far Her sil - ver - man - tled plains.

2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.

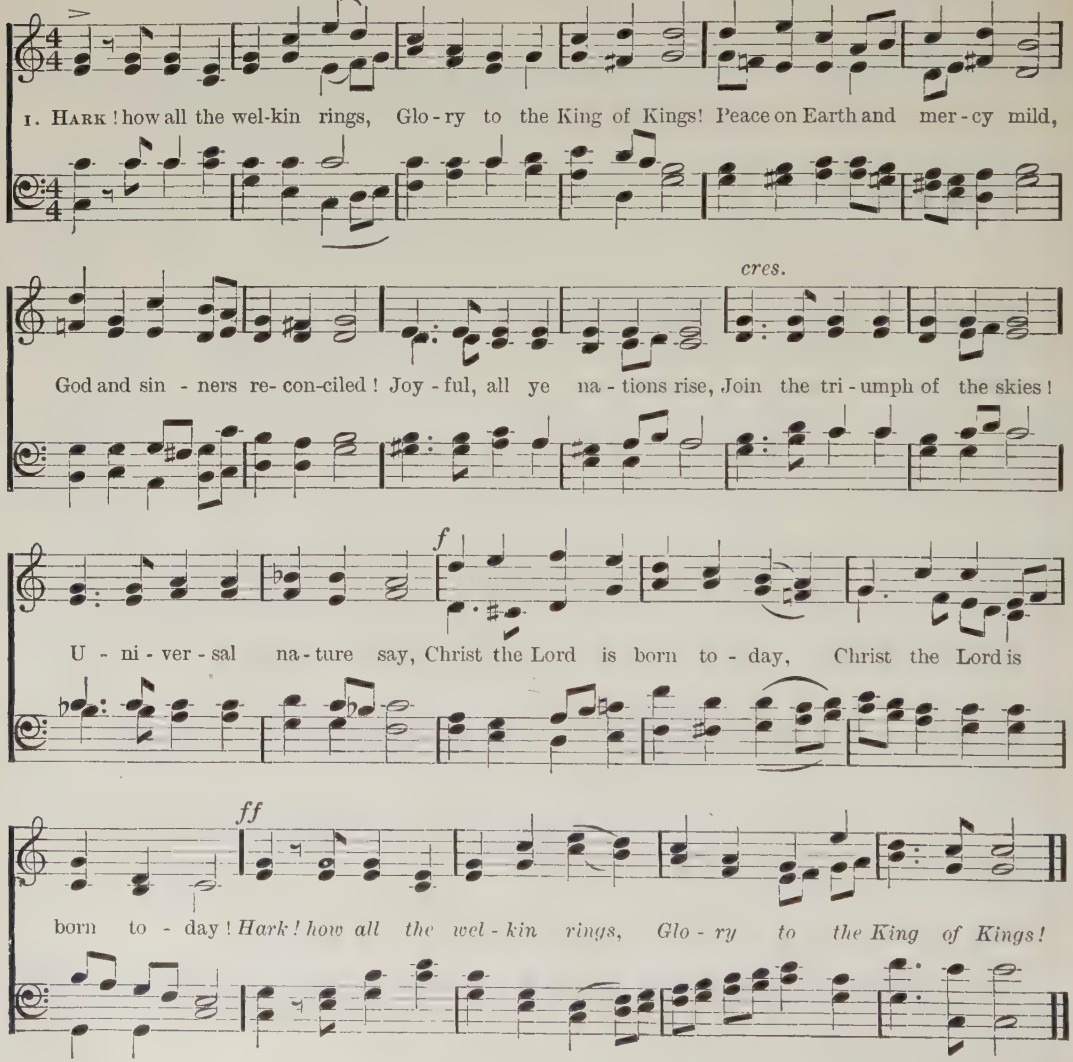
4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

5 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born [plains,
And bright, on Bethlehem's joyous
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

110 Hark! how all the welkin rings.

7s, D. "*Unto Him shall the gathering of the people be.*" **Good Tidings.**

CHARLES WESLEY, 1739. *Abr.* JOHN B. DYKES, 1867.

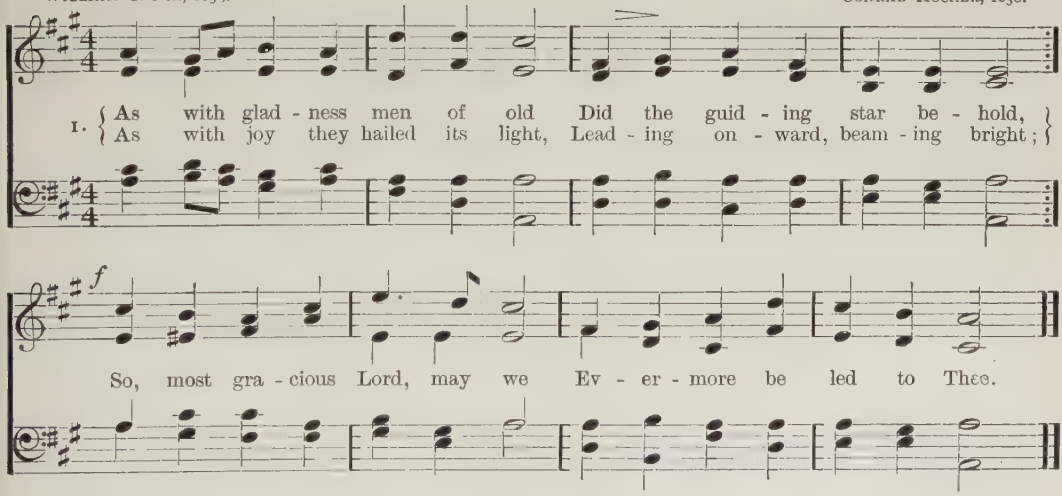

1. HARK! how all the wel-kin rings, Glo-ry to the King of Kings! Peace on Earth and mer-cy mild,
cres.
God and sin-ners re-con-ciled! Joy-ful, all ye na-tions rise, Join the tri-umph of the skies!
f
U-ni-ver-sal na-ture say, Christ the Lord is born to-day, Christ the Lord is
ff
born to-day! *Hark! how all the wel-kin rings, Glo-ry to the King of Kings!*

2 Hail, the heavenly Prince of Peace,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of Earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark!

3 Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home.
Rise, the Woman's conquering Seed,
Bruise in us the Serpent's head.
Now display Thy saving power,
Ruined nature now restore,
Now in mystic union join
Thine to ours and ours to Thine.
Hark!

111 As with gladness, men of old.

7.7.7.7.7.7. *"There shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel."* **Dix.**

WILLIAM C. DIX, 1859. *Abr.* CONRAD KOCHER, 1838.

1. As with glad - ness men of old Did the guid - ing star be - hold,
As with joy they hailed its light, Lead - ing on - ward, beam - ing bright;
f
So, most gra - cious Lord, may we Ev - er - more be led to Thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed;
There to bend the knee before
Him Whom Heaven and Earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

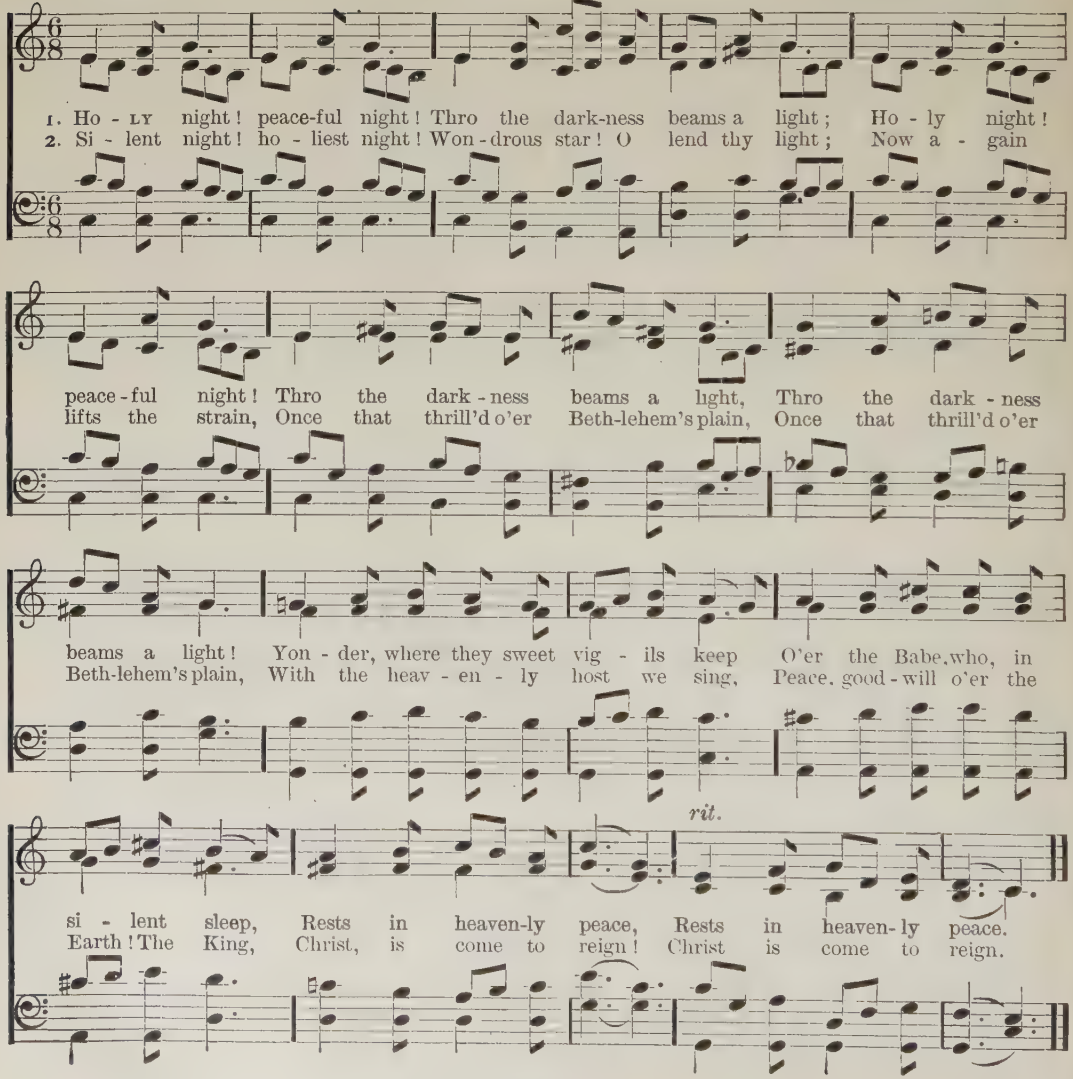
3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we, with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ! to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way
And when earthly things are past
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

112 Holy night! peaceful night!

P. M. *"To shine upon them that sit in darkness."* **Salzburg.**

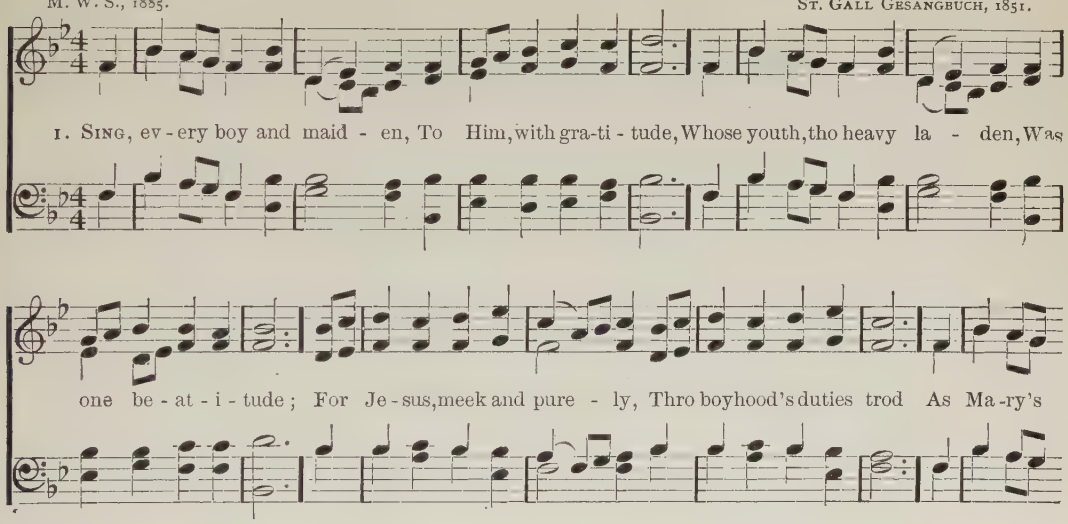
Joseph Mohr, 1818. *Tran.* 1863. Joseph Barnby, 1868.


1. Ho - ly night! peace-ful night! Thro the dark-ness beams a light; Ho - ly night!
2. Si - lent night! ho - liest night! Won-drous star! O lend thy light; Now a - gain
peace-ful night! Thro the dark-ness beams a light, Thro the dark-ness
lifts the strain, Once that thrill'd o'er Beth-lehem's plain, Once that thrill'd o'er
beams a light! Yon-der, where they sweet vig-ils keep O'er the Babe, who, in
Beth-lehem's plain, With the heav-en-ly host we sing, Peace, good-will o'er the
rit.
si-lent sleep, Rests in heaven-ly peace, Rests in heaven-ly peace.
Earth! The King, Christ, is come to reign! Christ is come to reign.

113 Sing, every boy and maiden.

7s & 6s, D. *"He was subject."* **Ellacombe.**

M. W. S., 1885. St. Gall Gesangbuch, 1851.


1. Sing, ev - ery boy and maid - en, To Him, with gra-ti - tude, Whose youth, tho heavy la - den, Was
one be - at - i - tude; For Je - sus, meek and pure - ly, Thro boyhood's duties trod As Ma - ry's
child, tho sure - ly The ve - ry Son of God.

2 The helper of His mother,
A faithful Hebrew lad,
For sister and for brother
Christ wrought with spirit glad.
He made that cottage lowly,
That work-bench by the door,
A labor-lesson holy
To love forevermore.

3 All reverently obeying,
He bore His daily part
Toward her who kept each saying
Safe in her wondering heart.
Along the ways where nature
Spake low, by hill and glen,
He grew in wisdom, stature
And grace with God and men.

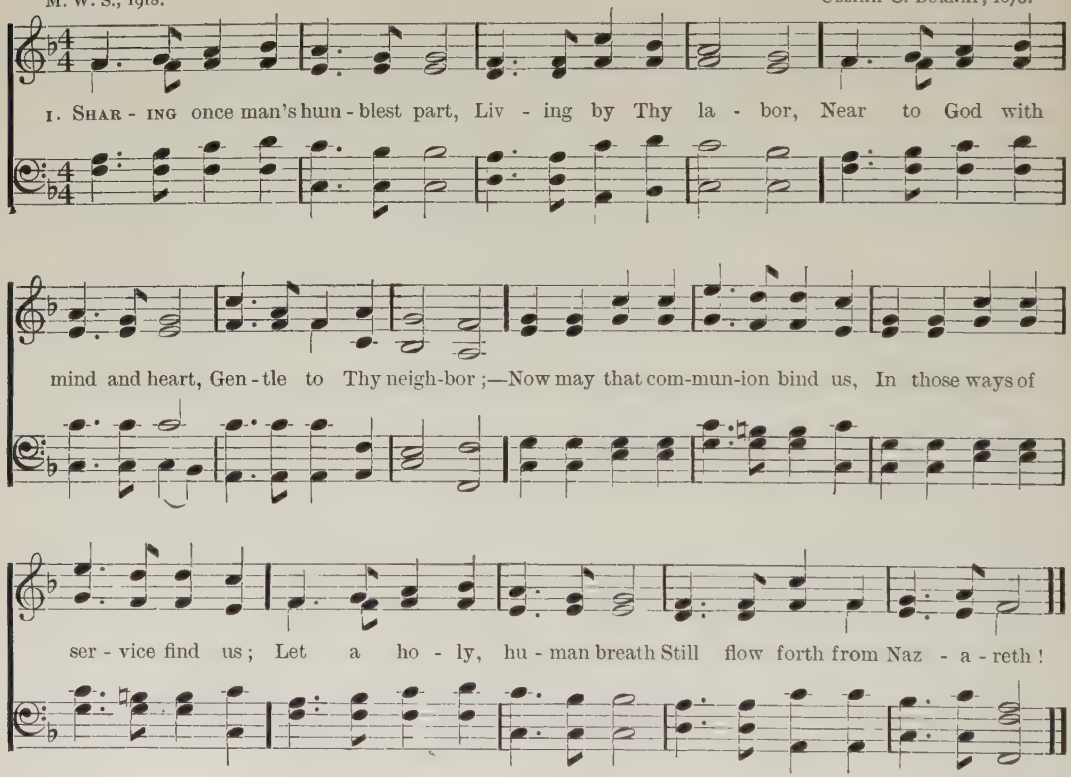
4 Oh sing, ye tired and tearful,
What this sweet story saith;
For all that's brave and cheerful
Comes out of Nazareth!
Let serving hands fly faster,
New years new burdens bring;
Enough! if like our Master,
The Carpenter and King!

114 Sharing once man's humblest part.

"Holy, guileless, undefiled, separated from sinners, and made higher than the heavens."

7s, 6s & 8s. **Castello.**

M. W. S., 1918. Uzziah C. Burnap, 1870.


1. Shar - ing once man's hum - blest part, Liv - ing by Thy la - bor, Near to God with
mind and heart, Gen - tle to Thy neigh-bor;—Now may that com-mun-ion bind us, In those ways of
ser - vice find us; Let a ho - ly, hu - man breath Still flow forth from Naz - a - reth!

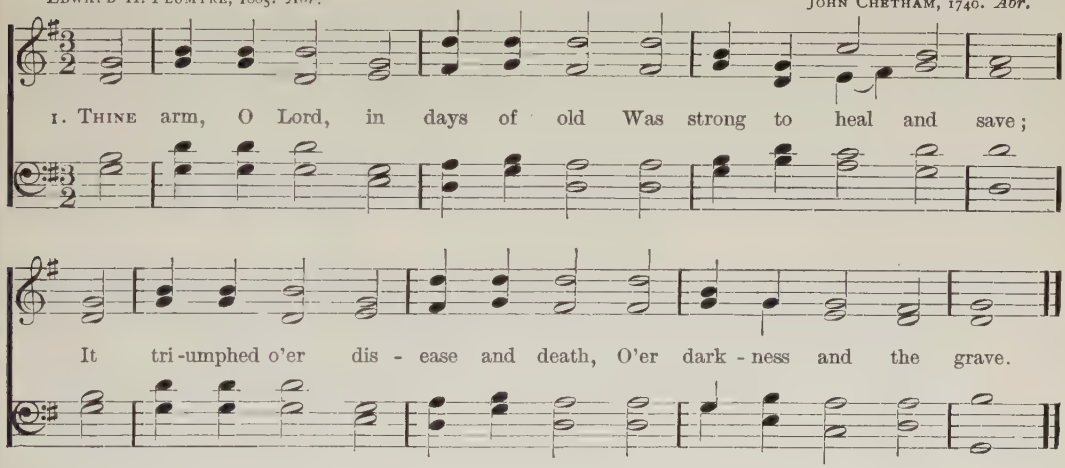
2 Thou for all who toil dost care,
Meeting hardship's query,
Bidding Thine own rest to share
All the poor and weary.
When the task so sorely frets them,
There is One who ne'er forgets them,
Their souls finding great release
As they learn Thy perfect peace.

3 Thus ennobling faithful work,
That supreme example
Shame the tyrant or the shirk
Who Thy precept trample!
All the hungry-hearted blessing,
Every bitter wrong redressing,
Wield Thy tools, till all is wrought
Once that there Thy firmness taught.

115 Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old.

C. M. "*This kind goeth not out but by prayer.*" **Marlow.**

EDWARD H. PLUMTRE, 1865. *Abr.* JOHN CHETHAM, 1740. *Abr.*



2 And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.

3 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
With Thine almighty breath.

4 Yea, come to heal the sick man's soul,
To cleanse the leprous taint;
Give joy and peace where all is strife,
Give strength where all is faint.

5 To hands that work and eyes that see
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick and weak and strong
May praise Thee evermore.

116

1 COME, Thou, with purifying fire
And swift-dividing sword,
Thou of all nations the Desire,
Earth waits Thy cleansing word.

2 Struck by the lightning of Thy glance,
Let old oppressions die;
Before Thy cloudless countenance
Let fear and falsehood fly.

3 Anoint our eyes with healing grace,
To see, as not before,
Our Father in our brother's face,
Our Maker in His poor.

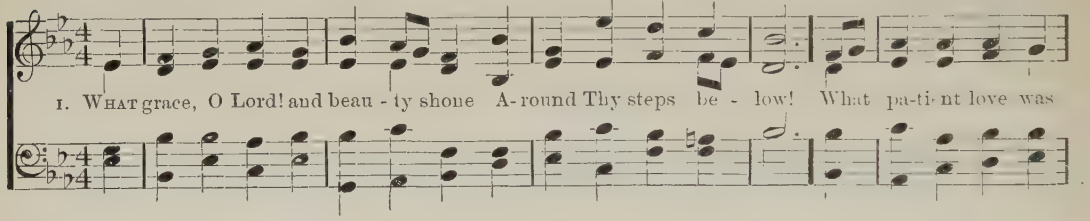
4 How late Thy bright and awful brow
Breaks thro these clouds of sin;
Hail, Truth divine! we know Thee *now*,
Angel of God, come in!

ELIZA SCUDDER, 1860. *Abr.*

117 What grace, O Lord! and beauty shone.

C. M. — *"Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is My brother."* — Horsley.

Edward Denny, 1839. — William Horsley, 1815.



2 Forever on Thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

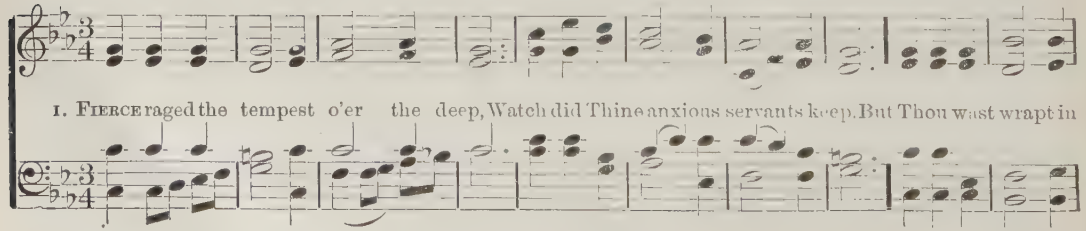
4 Oh give us hearts to love like Thee,
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins than all
The wrongs that we receive.

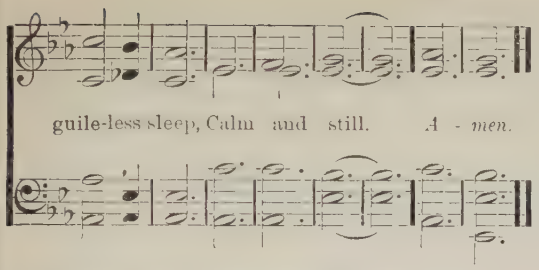
5 One with Thyself, may every eye
In us, Thy brethren, see
The gentleness and grace that springs
From union, Lord, with Thee.

118 Fierce raged the tempest.

8.8.8.3. — *"Why are ye fearful? Have ye not yet faith?"* — St. Aelred.

Godfrey Thring, 1858. — John B. Dykes, 1862.





2 "Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry,
"O save us in our agony!"
Thy word above the storm rose high.
"Peace, be still."

3 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
The sullen billows cease to leap,
At Thy will.

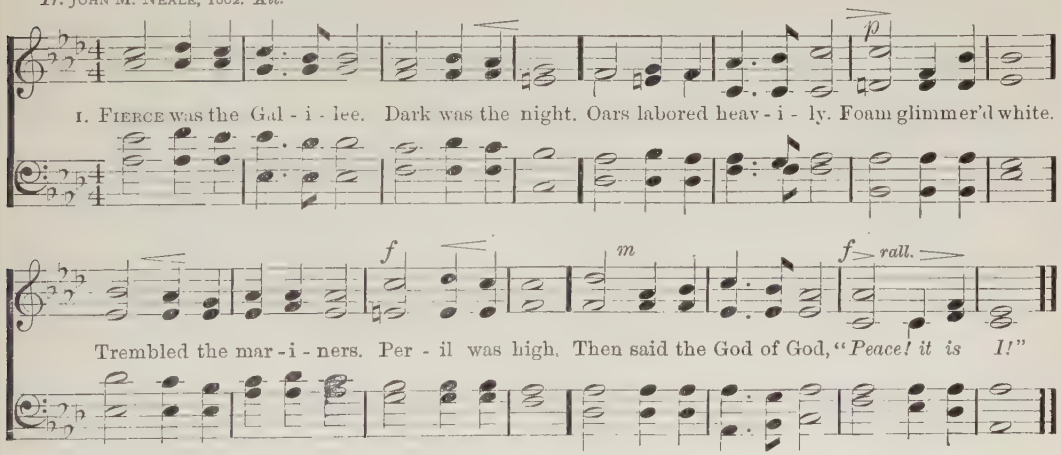
4 So, when our life is clouded o'er
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
"Peace, be still." *Amen.*

119 Fierce was the Galilee.

6s & 4s, D. *"Who then is this, that even the wind and the sea obey Him?"* **Faith.**

Gk. Anatolius, 458.
Tr. John M. Neale, 1862. *Alt.*

James Flint, 1873.


p
1. Fierce was the Gal - i - lee. Dark was the night. Oars labored heav - i - ly. Foam glimmer'd white.
f
m
f rall.
Trembled the mar - i - ners. Per - il was high. Then said the God of God, "Peace! it is I!"

2 Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest!
Wail of Euraquilo,
Be thou at rest!
Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of light,
m. *"Peace! it is I!"*

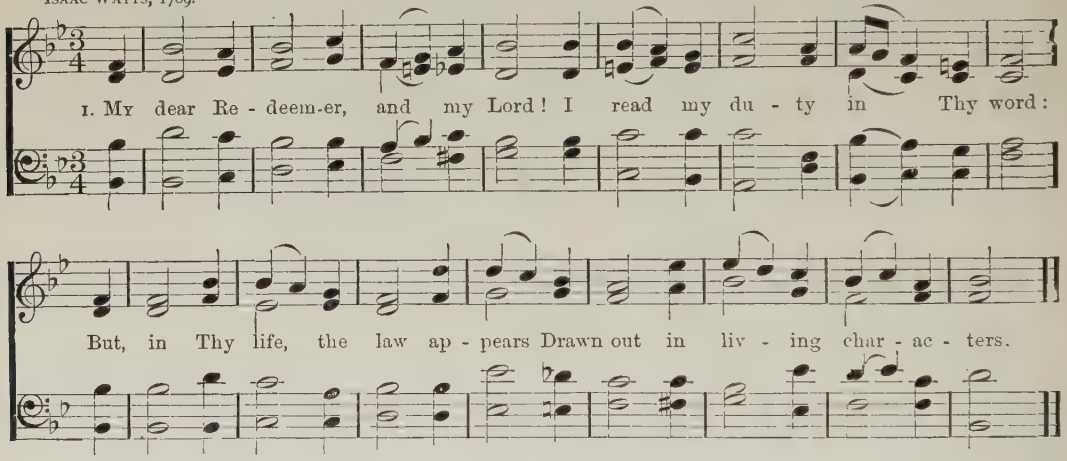
3 Jesus, Deliverer,
Come Thou to me.
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea.
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, Thou Truth of truth,
p. *"Peace! it is I!"*

120 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord!

L. M. — Isaac Watts, 1709.

"All wondered at the words of grace which proceeded out of His mouth."

Symphony. — Ludwig van Beethoven, 1825. *Arr.*



2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory, too.

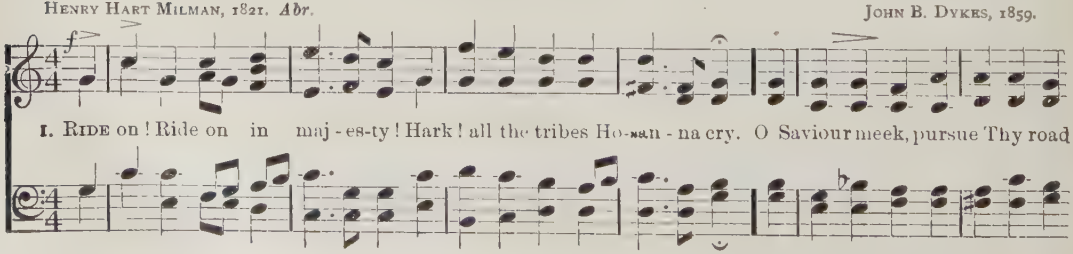
4 Be Thou my pattern. Make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

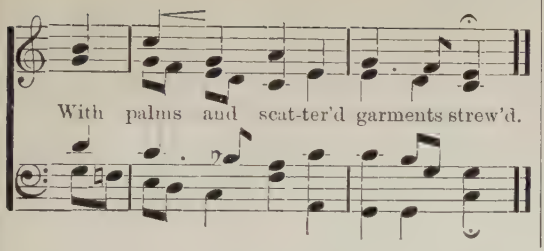
121 Ride on! Ride on in majesty!

L. M. — Henry Hart Milman, 1821. *Abr.*

"This is Jesus the King."

Drostane. — John B. Dykes, 1859.





2 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see th'approaching sacrifice.

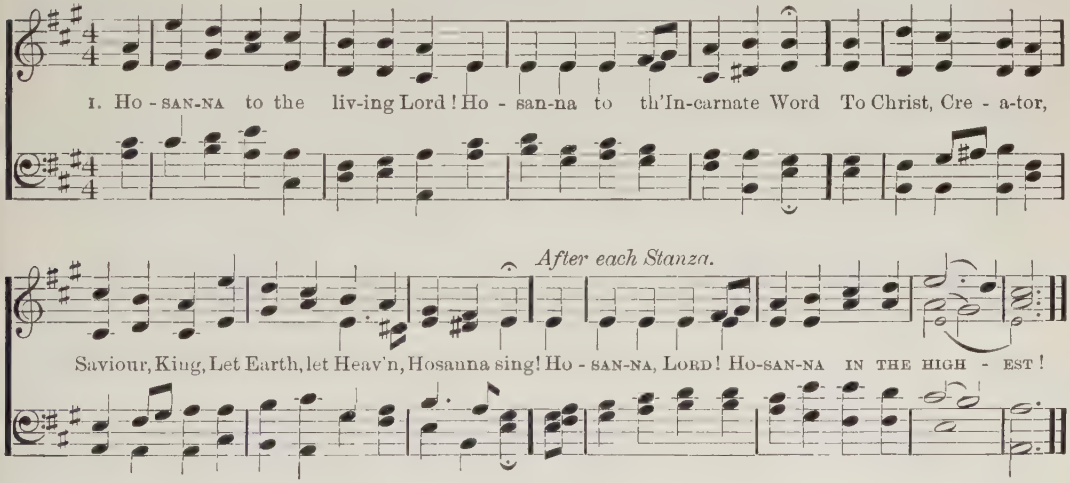
3 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp, ride on to die.
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

122 Hosanna to the Living Lord!

8.8.8.8.11. REGINALD HEBER, 1811.

"If these shall hold their peace, the stones will cry out."

Hosanna. JOHN B. DYKES, 1876.


1. Ho - SAN-NA to the liv-ing Lord! Ho - san-na to th'In-carnate Word To Christ, Cre - a-tor,
After each Stanza.
Saviour, King, Let Earth, let Heav'n, Hosanna sing! Ho - SAN-NA, LORD! HO-SAN-NA IN THE HIGH - EST!

2 Hosanna, Lord, Thine angels cry.
Hosanna, Lord, Thy saints reply.
Above, beneath us and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.

3 O Saviour, with protecting care,
Return to this Thy house of prayer,
Assembled in Thy sacred name.
Here we Thy parting promise claim.

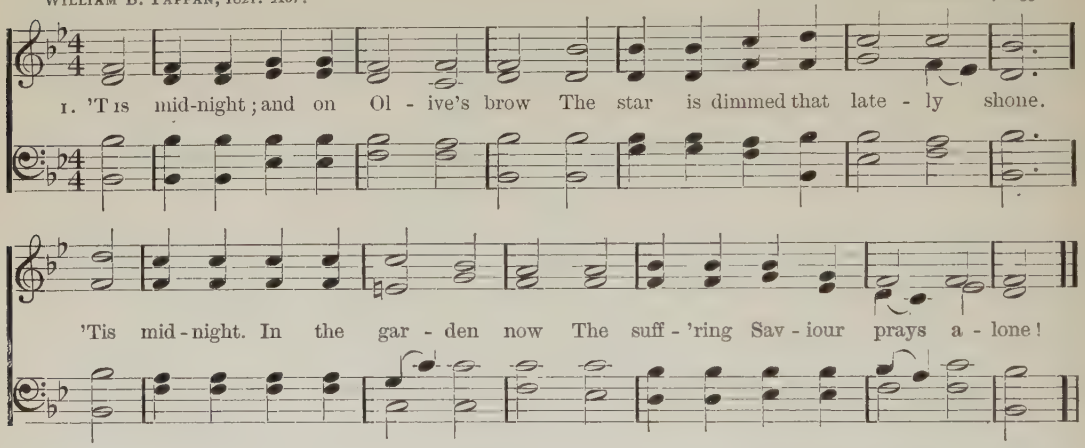
4 But chiefest in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal, bid Thy Spirit rest
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure and worthy Thee!

5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When Earth and Heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again

123 'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow.

L. M. *"That by the grace of God, He should taste death for every man."* **Olive's Brow.**

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN, 1821. *Abr.* WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1853.


1. 'Tis mid-night; and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimmed that late - ly shone.
'Tis mid-night. In the gar - den now The suff - 'ring Sav - iour prays a - lone!

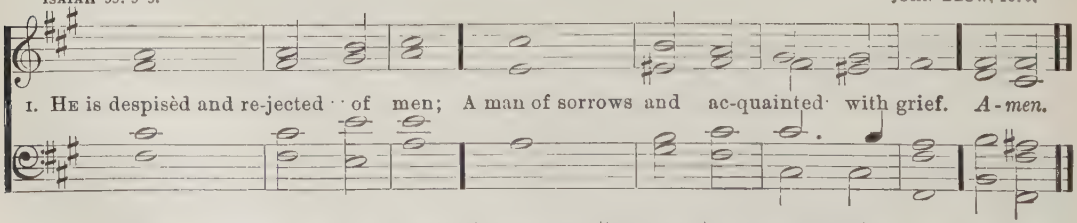
2 'T is midnight; and from all removed
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
E'en that disciple whom He loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'T is midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood:
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

124 He is despisèd and rejected of men.

Single Chant. *"God will provide a Lamb."* **Blow's Chant.**

ISAIAH 53: 3–5. JOHN BLOW, 1670.



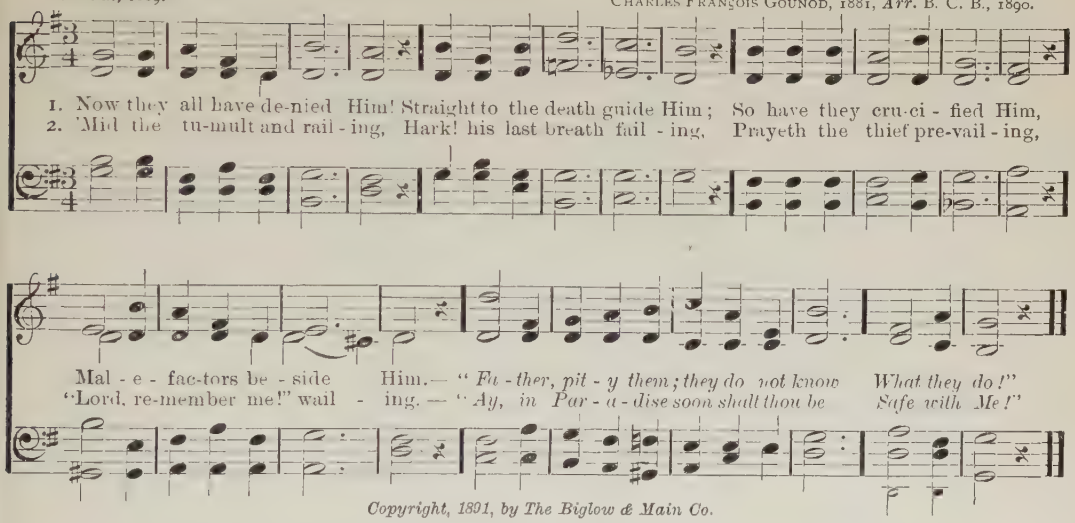
2 But He was wounded for | our trans- | gressions, || He was | bruised · · for | our in- | iquities; ||
3 The chastisement of our | peace · · was up- | on Him; || and with | His stripes | we are | healed. || *Amen.* ||

125 Now they all have denied Him.

7.6.7.7.9.3.
M. W. S., 1889.

"Behoved it not the Christ to suffer these things?."

Stabat Mater.
Charles François Gounod, 1881, *Arr.* B. C. B., 1890.


1. Now they all have de-nied Him! Straight to the death guide Him; So have they cru-ci - fied Him,
2. 'Mid the tu-mult and rail - ing, Hark! his last breath fail - ing, Prayeth the thief pre-vail - ing,
Mal - e - fac-tors be - side Him.— "Fa - ther, pit - y them; they do not know What they do!"
"Lord, re-member me!" wail - ing.— "Ay, in Par - a - dise soon shalt thou be Safe with Me!"

Copyright, 1891, by The Biglow & Main Co.

3 While death's shadow is creeping, There by the Cross, weeping,
Mary her watch is keeping, Torn by anguish unsleeping.
"*Lo, thy mother!*" He saith unto John; — "*Lo, thy son!*"

4 Deeper darkness is falling, Even the Christ thralling.
Listen! that cry appalling; From what depths it is calling!
"*Ah, My God, why forsakest Thou Me! Eloi!*"

5 Under our condemnation, Such is The King's station!
Bearing man's accusation, Opening wells of salvation.
Hear! This Holy One, our guilt accurst, moans — "*I thirst!*"

6 Bowed His head to sin's wages, Hatred in vain rages,
Cleft is the Rock of Ages, Answered prophecy's pages.
"*Finished!*" Finished, the agony done. Life is won!

7 Now, that final word taking, Rent is the veil! quaking
Earth with the throe is breaking, Saints from slumber awaking
"*Father, My spirit into Thy hand I commend!*"

126 O sacred Head, now wounded.

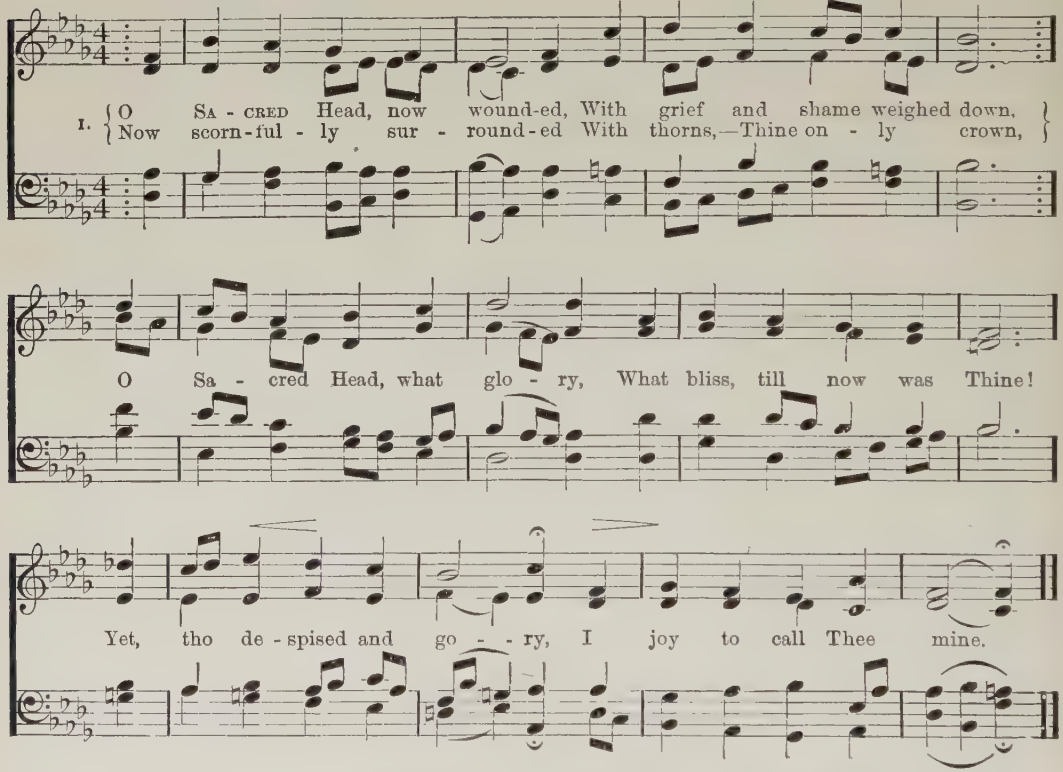
"This is My blood of the covenant which is shed for many unto remission of sins."

7s & 6s, D.

Ger. (a trans. from the Latin) PAUL GERHARDT, 1656.
Tr. JAMES W. ALEXANDER, 1829, *Abr.*

Passion Chorale.

JOHANN LEONARD HASLER, 1601.
Har. JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, 1729.


1. O Sa - cred Head, now wound-ed, With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scorn-ful - ly sur - round-ed With thorns,—Thine on - ly crown,
O Sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now was Thine!
Yet, tho de - spised and go - - ry, I joy to call Thee mine.

2 What Thou, my Lord! hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo! here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place.
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

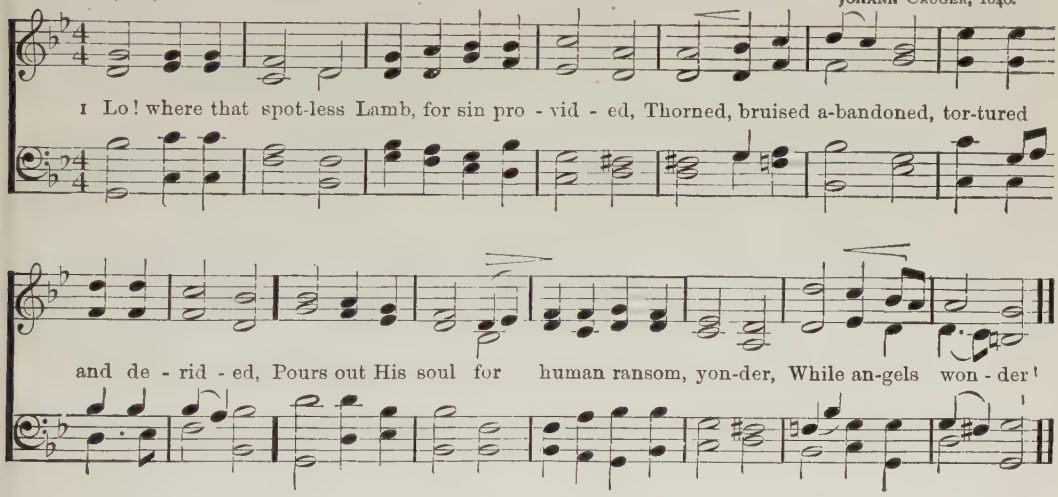
3 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend!
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!
Oh! make me Thine for ever;
And, should I fainting be,
Lord! let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee!

127 Lo! where that spotless Lamb.

"Behoved it not the Christ to suffer these things, and to enter into His glory?"

II.II.II.5.
M. W. S., 1884.

"Herzliebster Jesu."
JOHANN CRUGER, 1640.


1 Lo! where that spot-less Lamb, for sin pro - vid - ed, Thorned, bruised a-bandoned, tor-tured
and de - rid - ed, Pours out His soul for human ransom, yon-der, While an-gels won - der!

2 Jesus, what woe Thy love for us hath won Thee!
For God hath laid our chastisement upon Thee,
From our deep guilt Thy death its anguish borrows—
Thou Man of Sorrows!

3 Crucified Saviour, by Thy mortal passion,
By the dark travail that hath wrought salvation,
Hear, Lord, a sinner, all his shame deploring,
Thy grace adoring!

4 Christ, I have wronged Thee! penitent, heart-broken,
Justly condemned;—yet be Thy mercy spoken!
O Prince of Life, let this Thy strange enthronement
Be mine atonement!

5 Glories undimmed are Thine, Thou King of Ages,
Whose name Thy Church in thankful hymns engages.
To God, thro Thee, in constant sacrifices,
Her praise uprises!

128 When I survey the wondrous Cross.

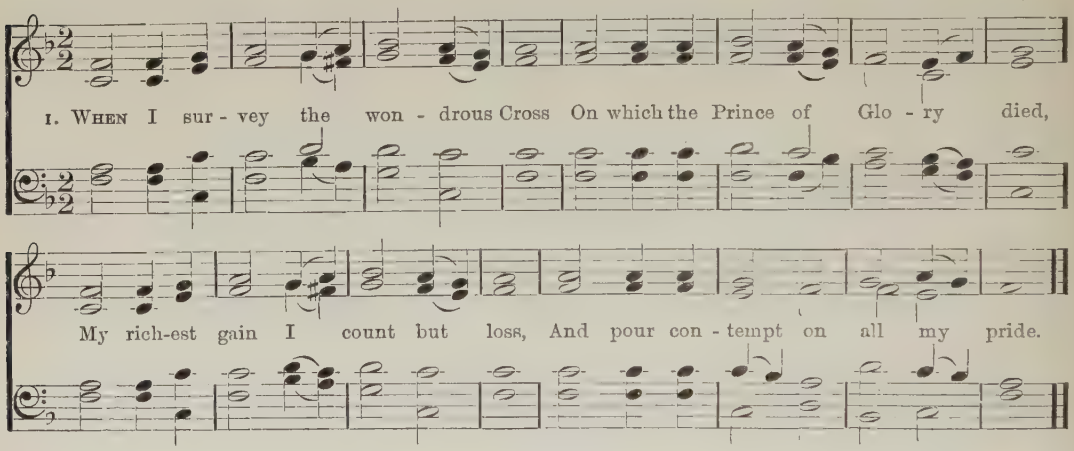
"That a death having taken place for the redemption of the transgressions that were under the first covenant, they that have been called may receive the promise of the eternal inheritance."

L. M.

Isaac Watts, 1709. *Arr.*

Hamburg.

First Gregorian Tone, A. D. 590.
Arr. Lowell Mason, 1824.


1. When I sur - vey the won - drous Cross On which the Prince of Glo - ry died,
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love such sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Oh, the sweet wonders of that Cross,
Where God the Saviour loved and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From His dear wounds and bleeding side.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, mine all!

129

1 Lord Jesus, when we stand afar
And gaze upon Thy holy Cross,
In love of Thee and scorn of self,
Oh, may we count the world as loss!

2 When we behold Thy bleeding wounds
And the rough way that Thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.

3 O holy Lord! uplifted high,
With outstretch'd arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing in Thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below!

4 Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see
And in the mystery of Thy death
Draw us and all men after Thee!

William W. How, 1854.

130 Rock of Ages, cleft for me.

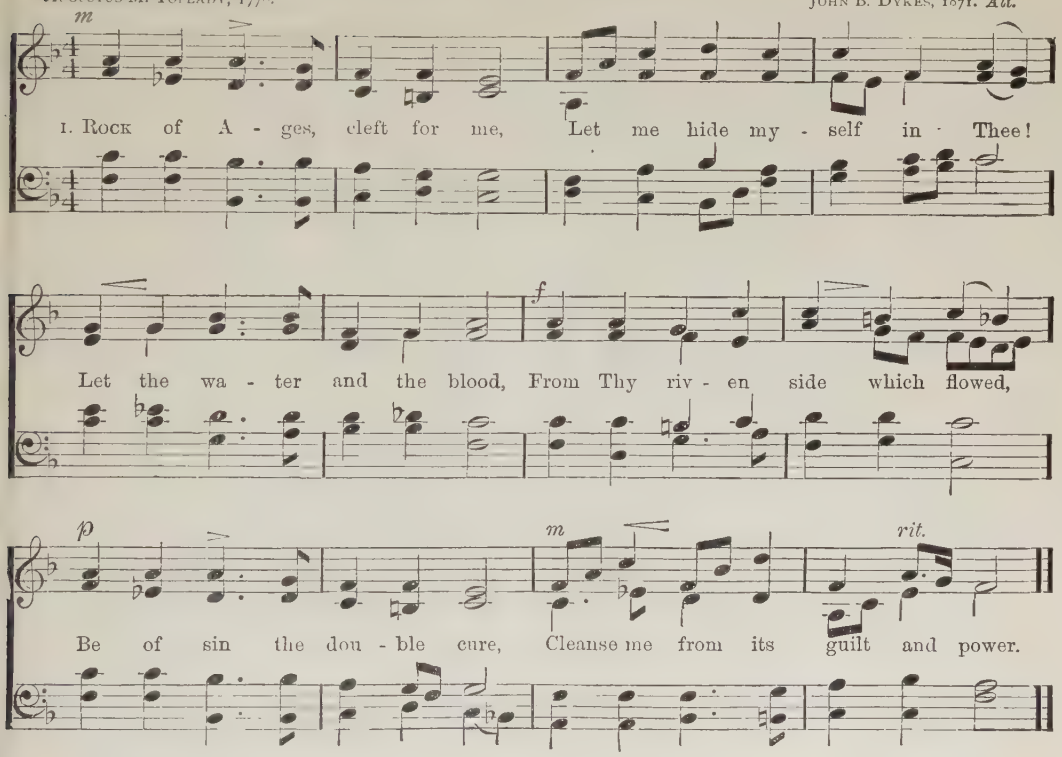
7.7.7.7.7.7.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1776.

"I have laid help upon One that is mighty."

Rock of Ages.

John B. Dykes, 1871. *Alt.*


m
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee!
f
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
p
m
rit.
Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,—
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone!

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour! or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar thro realms unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

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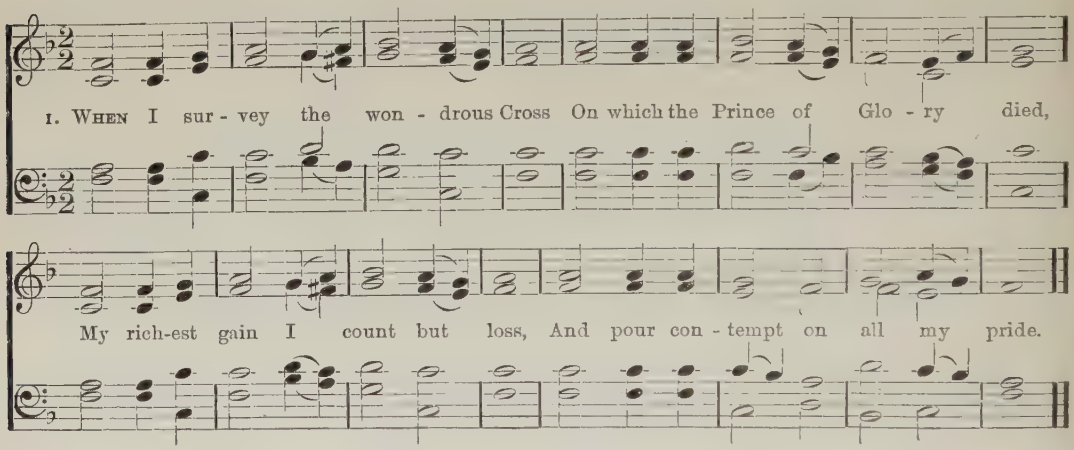
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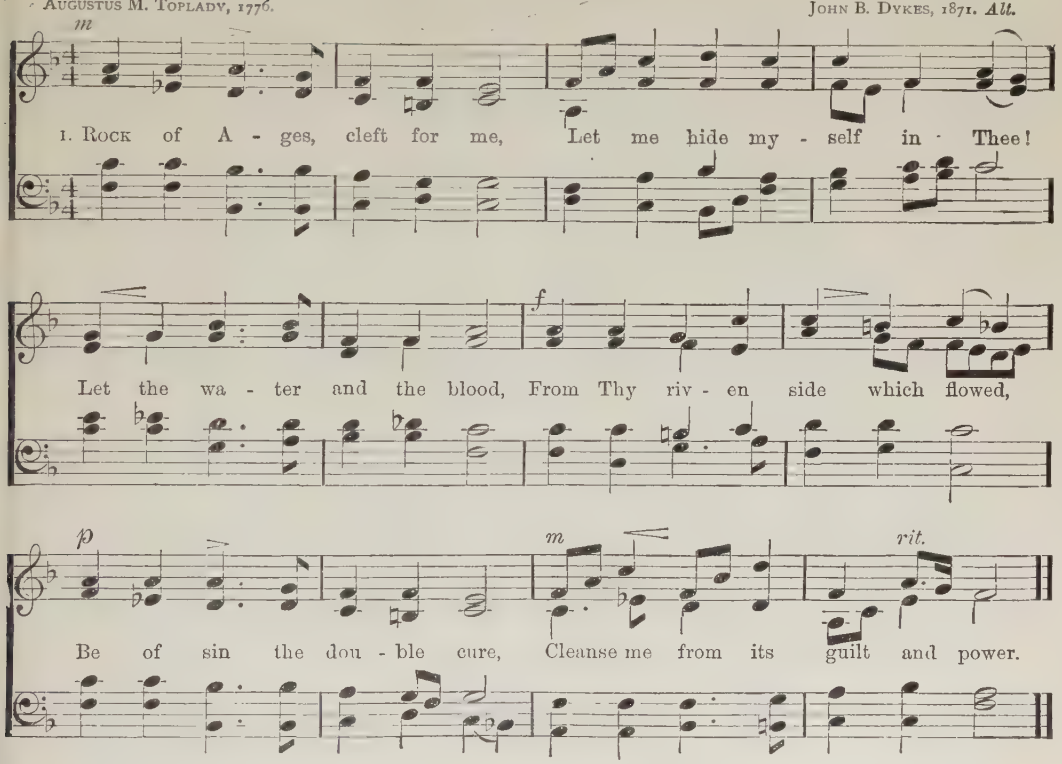
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Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour! or I die.

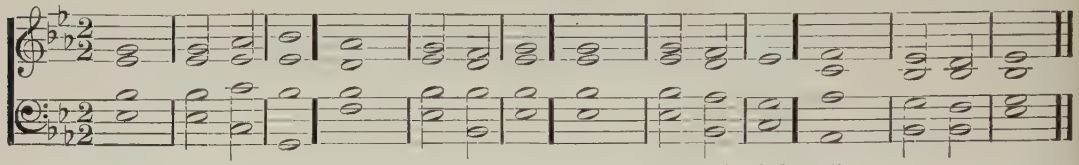
4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar thro realms unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

131 I bore with thee long weary days and nights.

Chant.
CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI, 1856.

"The love of Christ which passeth knowledge."

Troyte's Chant.
Arr. ARTHUR H. D. TROYTE, 1857.



1 I BORE with thee long weary | days and | nights, ||
Thro many pangs of heart, thro | many | tears, ||
I bore with thee, thy hardness, | coldness, | slights, ||
For three and | thirty | years. ||

2 Who else had dared for thee what | I have | dared? ||
I plunged the depth most deep from | bliss a- | bove;
I not My flesh, I not My | spirit | spared; ||
Give thou Me | love for | love! ||

3 For thee I thirsted in the | daily | drouth, ||
For thee I trembled in the | nightly | frost. ||
Much sweeter thou than | honey " to My | mouth;
Why wilt thou | still be | lost? ||

4 I bore thee on My shoulders, | and re- | joiced. ||
Men only marked upon My | shoulders | borne ||
The branding Cross, and | shouted hungry- | voiced, ||
Or wagged their | heads in | scorn. ||

5 Thee did nails grave upon My | hands. Thy | name ||
Did thorns for frontlets stamp be- | tween Mine | eyes. ||
I, Holy One, put on thy | guilt and | shame;— ||
I, God, Priest, | Sacri- | fice. ||

6 A thief upon My right hand | and My | left. ||
Six hours alone, athirst, in | mise- | ry,— ||
At length in death one smote My | heart, and | cleft ||
A hiding- | place for | thee!

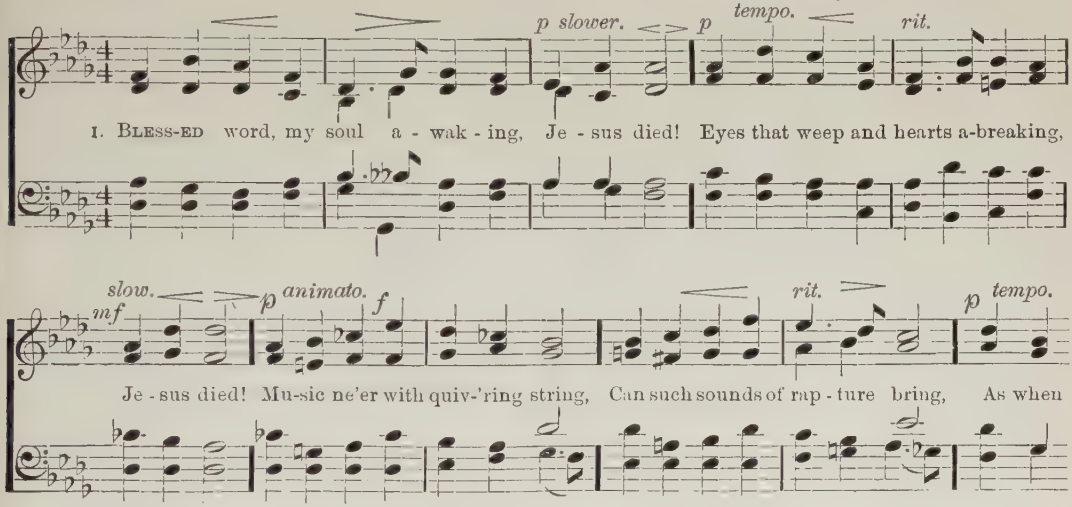
7 Nailed to the racking Cross, than | bed of | down ||
More dear, whereon to stretch My- | self and | sleep, ||
So did I win a Kingdom— | share My | crown! ||
A harvest— | come and | reap! ||

132 Blessèd word, my soul awaking.

"*As many as shall walk by this rule, peace be upon them, and mercy, and upon the Israel of God.*"

8s. 7s. & 3s. P. **Paradox.**

M. W. S., 1890. BENJAMIN C. BLODGETT, 1890.



Copyright, 1891, by The Biglow & Main Co.

2 Fear we naught of wrath infernal,
Jesus died!
He hath power of life eternal,
Jesus died!
Son of God and Son of Man,
Light of Life ere time began,
Mercy is Thy mighty plan!
Jesus died!

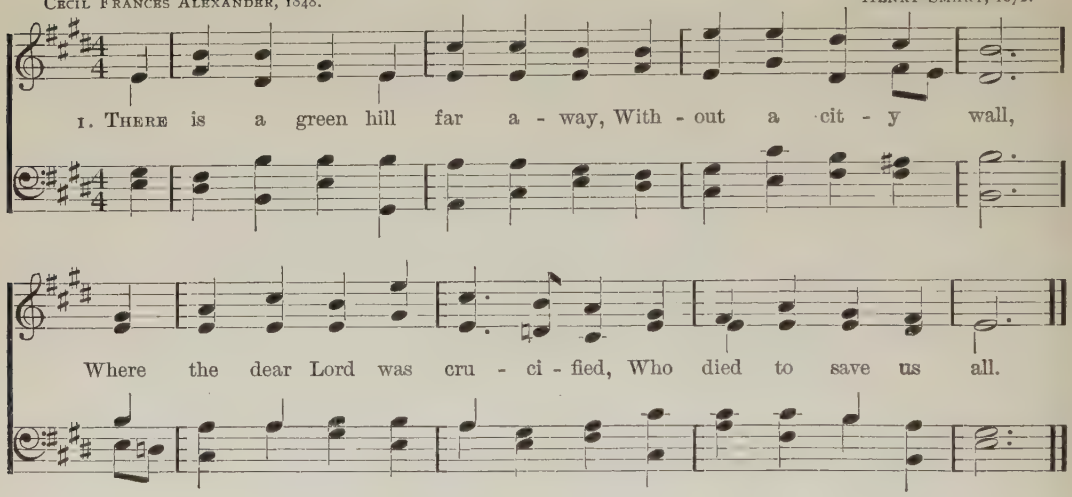
3 Christ is still with them that love Him,—
Jesus died!
Still doth work with them that prove
Jesus died! [Him,—
Still He heareth them that pray,
Still He taketh sins away,
Turneth night to beauteous day,
Jesus died!

4 When at last the veil is rending,—
Jesus died!
Stars are falling, skies are bending;
Jesus died!
Then with boldness this shall be
All my trust and all my plea,—
Lord, that day remember me!—
Jesus died!

133 There is a green hill far away.

C. M. "*They shall look on Him whom they pierced.*" **Blackburn.**

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1848. HENRY SMART, 1872.



2 We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to Heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of Heaven and let us in.

5 Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved
And we must love Him too
And trust in His redeeming blood
And try His works to do.

134

1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with Him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful Cross
And carried all my grief.

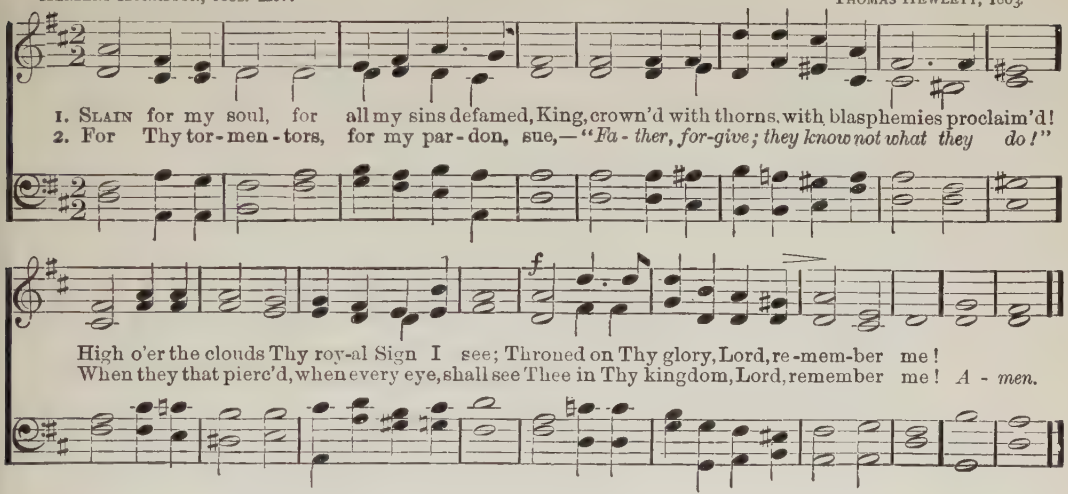
4 Since from Thy bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine!

SAMUEL STENNETT, 1787. *Abr*

135 Slain for my soul, for all my sins defamed.

10.10.10.10. "*Thou shalt be with Me.*" **Dalkeith.**

HERBERT KYNASTON, 1862. *Abr.* THOMAS HEWLETT, 1863.

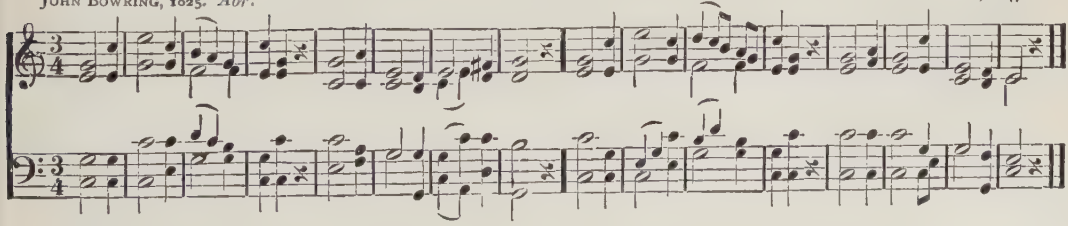

1. Slain for my soul, for all my sins defamed, King, crown'd with thorns, with blasphemies proclaim'd!
2. For Thy tor-men-tors, for my par-don, sue,—"Fa-ther, for-give; they know not what they do!"
High o'er the clouds Thy roy-al Sign I see; Throned on Thy glory, Lord, re-mem-ber me!
When they that pierc'd, when every eye, shall see Thee in Thy kingdom, Lord, remember me! A-men.

3 Mid all the thronging of Thy ransomed dead,
With all the Book of Life before Thee spread,
Toss'd, like a waif, upon the living sea
By angels parted, Lord, remember me! *Amen.*

136 In the Cross of Christ I glory.

8.7.8.7. "*Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.*" **Rathbun.**

JOHN BOWRING, 1825. *Abr.* ITHAMAR CONKEY, 1847.



IN the Cross of Christ I glory,
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

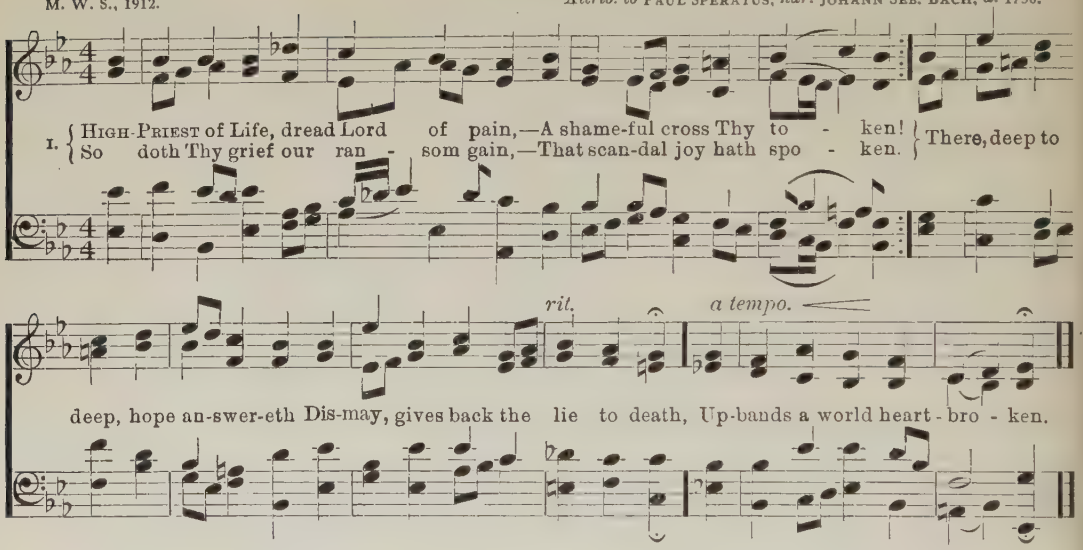
2 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the Cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that thro all time abide.

137 High-Priest of Life.

8.7.8.7.8.8.7. *"Making peace thro the blood of His cross."* **"Es ist das Heil."**

M. W. S., 1912.

Mel. 1478. The Book of Eight Hymns, Wittenberg, 1524.
Attrib. to Paul Speratus, *har.* Johann Seb. Bach, *d.* 1750.


1. High-Priest of Life, dread Lord of pain,—A shame-ful cross Thy to - ken!
So doth Thy grief our ran - som gain,—That scan-dal joy hath spo - ken.
There, deep to
rit.
a tempo.
deep, hope an-swer-eth Dis-may, gives back the lie to death, Up-bands a world heart-bro - ken.

2 Oh cruel, black, appalling day,
To rue Thee and despise Thee!
Forgiveness lights Thy royal way,
While rigid hate denies Thee.
Stern love and lonely agony
Becrown that good and evil tree
Where *my* sin crucifies Thee!

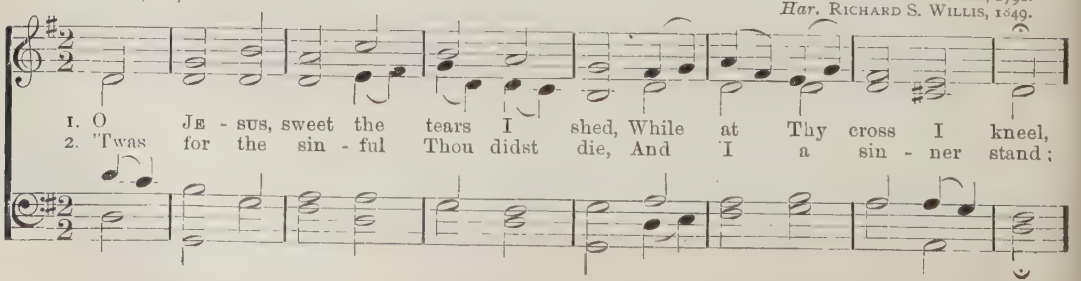
3 Inhuman, fell, triumphant hour,—
Time's brand and vindication!
Sheer sunburst of the Godhead's power
O'er guilt and desolation.
By Calvary's awful cost and thrift,
All longing souls to Thee uplift,
Great Captain of Salvation!

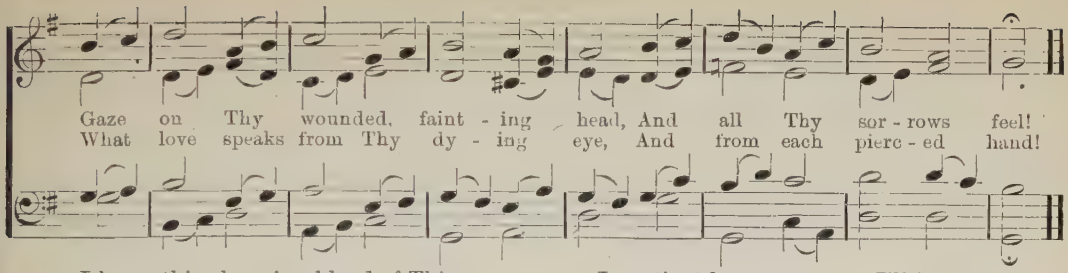
138 O Jesus, sweet the tears I shed.

C. M. *"Our great God and Saviour, Jesus Christ."* **Medfield.**

Ray Palmer, 1867. *Abr.*

William Mather, 1790.
Har. Richard S. Willis, 1849.





3 I know this cleansing blood of Thine
Was shed, dear Lord, for me,—
For me, for all, O grace divine!
Who look by faith on Thee.

4 In patient hope, my cross I'll bear,
Thine arm shall be my stay;
And Thou, enthroned, my soul shalt spare,
On Thy great judgment-day.

139 O Lamb of God, unspotted.

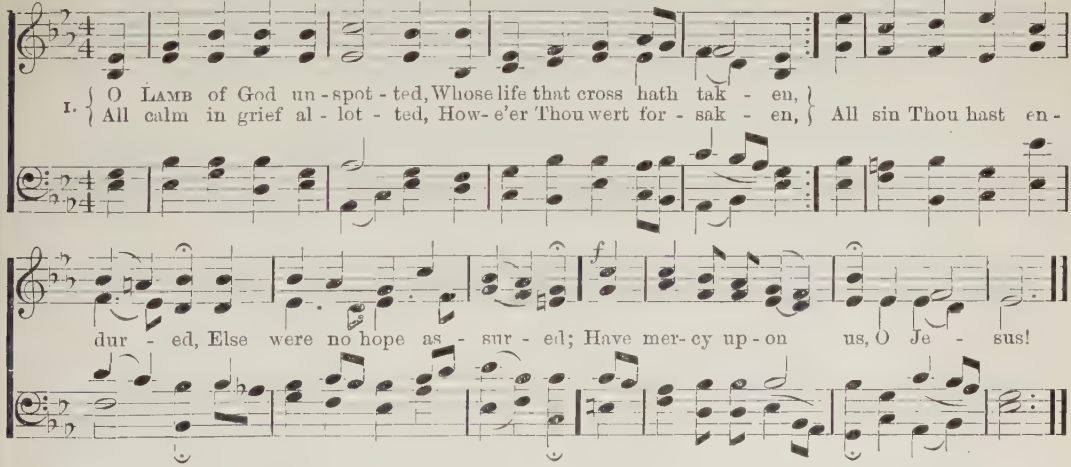
"Him who knew no sin, He made to be sin on our behalf; that we might become the righteousness of God in Him."

7s & 9, P.

Ger. Nicolaus Decius, 1523 *Tr.* M. W. S., 1884.

Agnus Dei.

Nicolaus Decius, 1541.


1. O Lamb of God un - spot - ted, Whose life that cross hath tak - en,
All calm in grief al - lot - ted, How - e'er Thou wert for - sak - en, All sin Thou hast en -
dur - ed, Else were no hope as - sur - ed; Have mer - cy up - on us, O Je - sus!

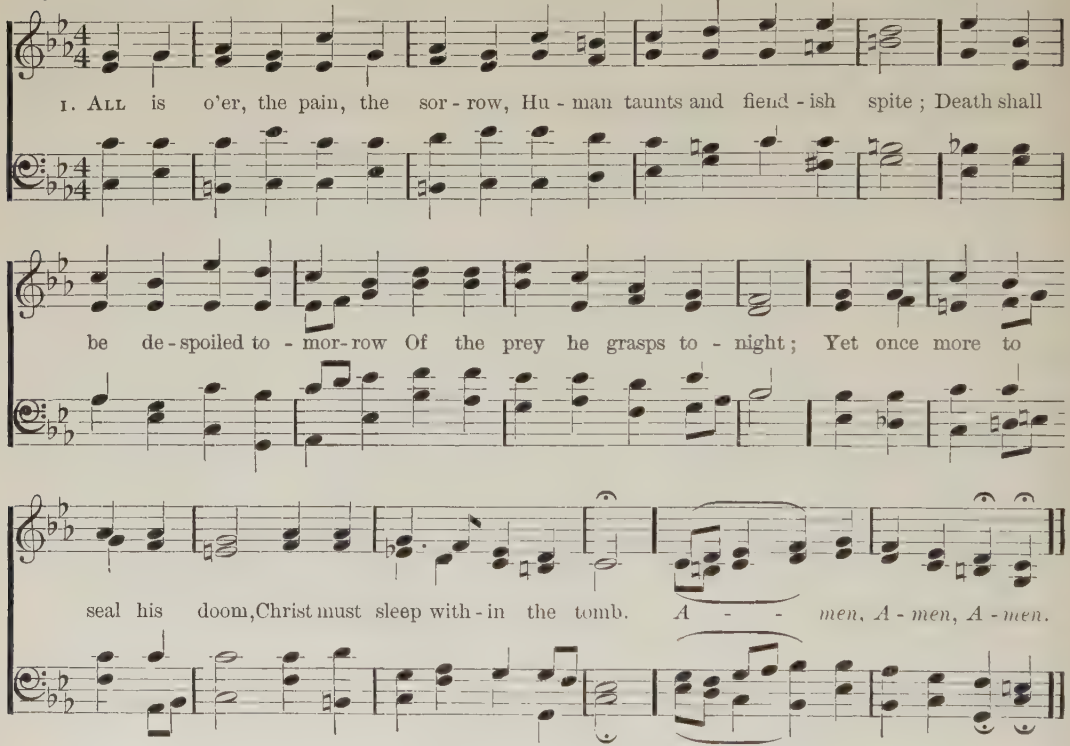
2 Thy name the full heart blesses,
That Thou relief so thoro
Hast wrought for our distresses.
Give us a godly sorrow,
That we our sins may vanquish,
Remembering Thine anguish;
Have mercy upon us, O Jesus.

3 Our confidence embolden
Thro Thy vicarious grieving,
That, steadfastly upholden
And ne'er Thy presence leaving,
We die at last unshaken
And safe in Heaven awaken;
Grant unto us Thy peace, O Jesus!

140 All is o'er; the pain, the sorrow.

8.7.8.7.7.7. *"Make it as sure as ye can!"* **Dresden.**

JOHN MOULTRIE, 1836. *Abr.* GERMAN, 1767.


1. All is o'er, the pain, the sor - row, Hu - man taunts and fiend - ish spite; Death shall
be de - spoiled to - mor - row Of the prey he grasps to - night; Yet once more to
seal his doom, Christ must sleep with - in the tomb. A - - - men, A - men, A - men.

2 Close and still the cell that holds Him,
While in brief repose He lies;
Deep the slumber that enfolds Him,
Veiled awhile from mortal eyes;
Slumber such as needs must be
After hard-won victory.

3 Fierce and deadly was the anguish,
Which on yonder cross He bore;
How did soul and body languish,
Till the toil of death was o'er!
But that toil, so fierce and dread,
Bruised and crushed the Serpent's head.

4 All night long, with plaintive voicing,
Chant His requiem soft and low;
Loftier strain of loud rejoicing
From to-morrow's harps shall flow.
"Death and Hell at length are slain,
Christ hath triumphed, Christ doth reign." *Amen.*

141 Near the tomb where Christ hath been.

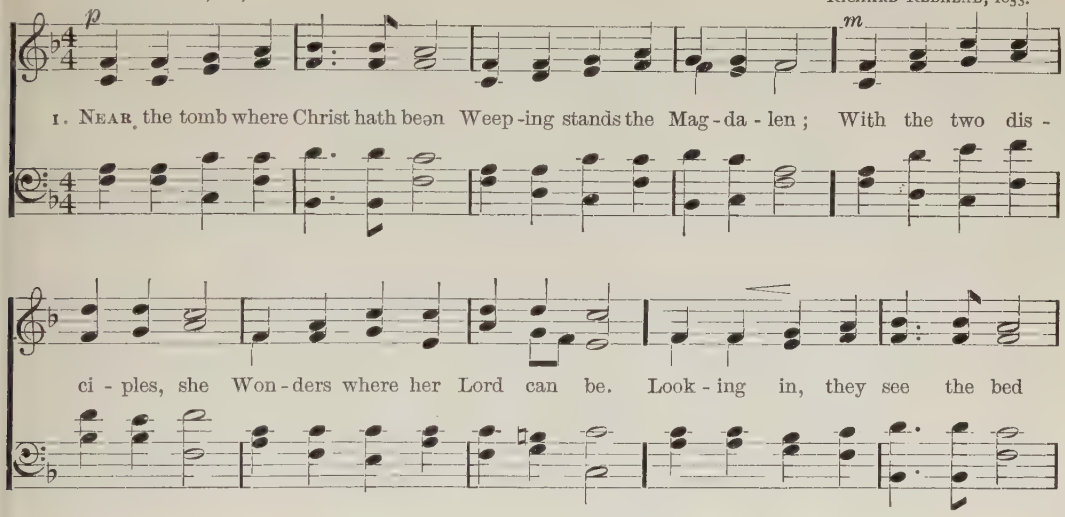
7·7·7·7·7·7·

"*My soul doth wait, and in His word do I hope.*"

Gethsemane.

GERARD MOULTRIE, 1867. *Alt.*

RICHARD REDHEAD, 1853.


1. NEAR the tomb where Christ hath been Weep-ing stands the Mag-da-len; With the two dis-
ci-ples, she Won-ders where her Lord can be. Look-ing in, they see the bed
Where the Lord hath laid His head.

2 Stooping down they see no more
Than the clothes which wrapp'd Him o'er,
Clothes which wound His feet, His brow,
Death's white vestments, useless now.
Two depart: but love and faith
Stronger are than sight, — than death!

3 He was here; then she will wait,
Watching early, watching late.
Where her Jesus last was seen,
There will wait the Magdalen.
Looking in with streaming eyes,
Angels twain she there espies.

4 Hark, with glad accord they cry,
Jesus lives, no more to die!
Thy dear Lord abides not here:
He is risen; do not fear.
Mary, wipe thy tears away,
See the place where Jesus lay.

5 Turning round she sees Him stand
In the garden close at hand.
"*Mary!*" 'tis His accent now.
"Master! It is Thou, 'tis Thou!"
We, with her, O Christ, adore,
Lord and Master, evermore!

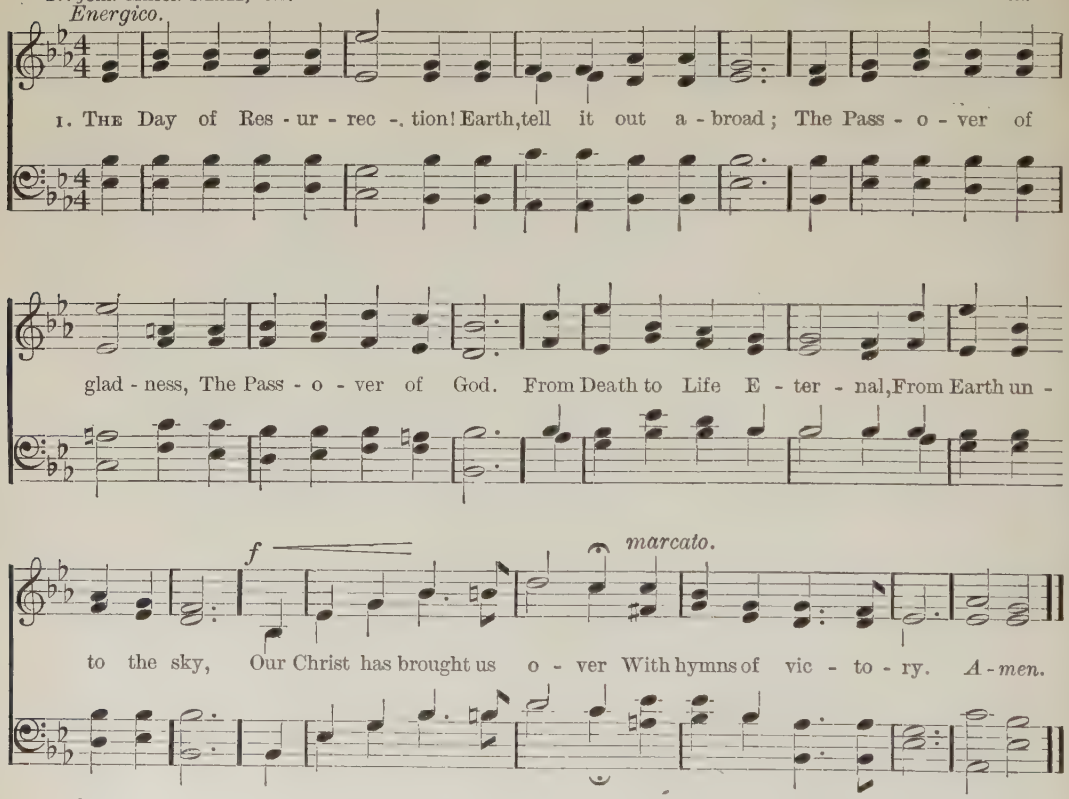
142 The Day of Resurrection.

"*Which was turned unto them from sororw to joy, and from mourning into a good day.*"

7s & 6s, D. **Petros.**

Gk. John of Damascus, *cir.* 780.
Tr. John Mason Neale, 1862.

The Lausanne Psalter.


Energico.
1. The Day of Res - ur - rec - tion! Earth, tell it out a - broad; The Pass - o - ver of
glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God. From Death to Life E - ter - nal, From Earth un -
f
marcato.
to the sky, Our Christ has brought us o - ver With hymns of vic - to - ry. A - men.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "*All hail!*" and hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.

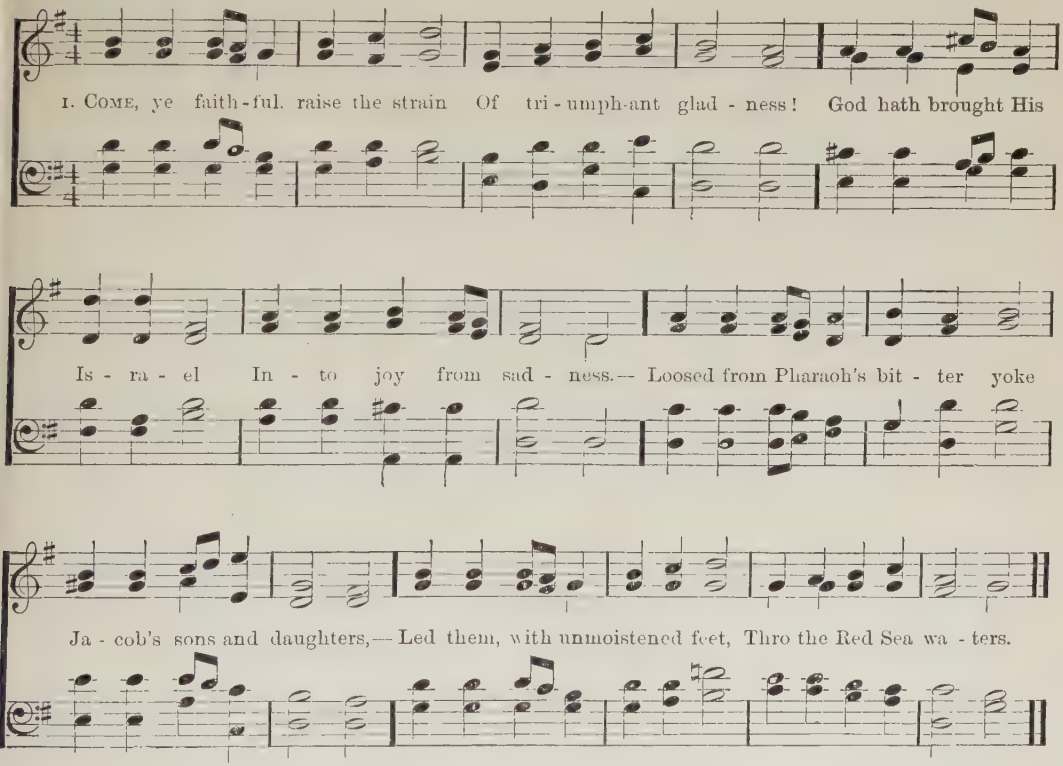
3 Now let the Heavens be joyful;
Let Earth her song begin;
Let the round world keep triumph
And all that is therein.
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend;
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our Joy that hath no end!

143 Come, ye faithful, raise the strain.

7s & 6s, D. "*In Him is the Yea; wherefore also thro Him is the Amen.*" **St. Kevin.**

Gk. John of Damascus, *cir.* 780.
Tr, John M. Neale, 1862, *Abr.*

Arthur S. Sullivan, 1872.


1. Come, ye faith-ful, raise the strain Of tri-umph-ant glad-ness! God hath brought His
Is-ra-el In-to joy from sad-ness.— Loosed from Pharaoh's bit-ter yoke
Ja-cob's sons and daughters,— Led them, with unmoistened feet, Thro the Red Sea wa-ters.

2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day;
Christ hath burst His prison
And from three days sleep in death
As the Sun hath risen.
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

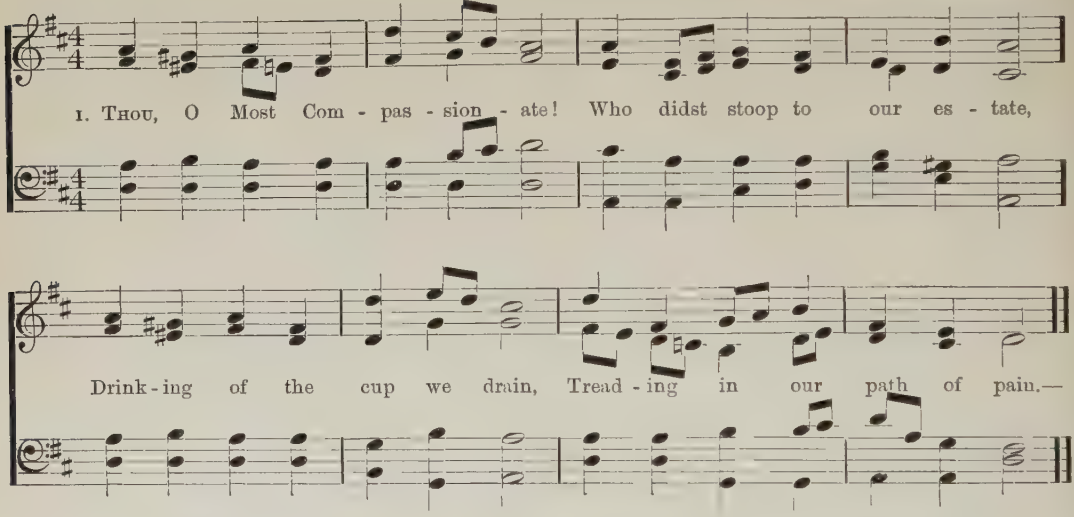
3 Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal:
But to-day amidst the Twelve
Thou didst stand, bestowing
Thine own peace, which evermore
Passeth human knowing.

144 Thou, O Most Compassionate!

7.7.7.7.
John G. Whittier, 1855. *Abr.*

"*Make it as sure as ye can.*"

Solitude.
Lewis T. Downes, 1850.



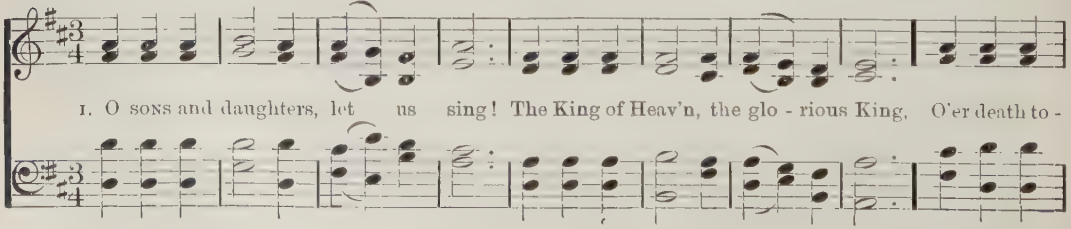
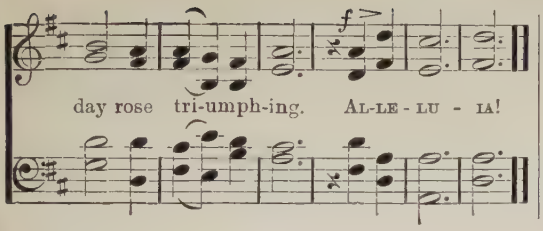
2 Thro the doubt and mystery,
Grant to us Thy steps to see
And the grace to draw from thence
Larger hope and confidence.

3 Show Thy vacant tomb and let,
As of old, the angels yet
Whisper by its open door,—
"Fear not! He hath gone before!"

145 O sons and daughters, let us sing!

8.8.8.4.
Lat. Twelfth Century.
Tr. John M. Neale, 1861. *Abr.*

"*Open Thou mine eyes.*"

Victory.
Giovanni Palestrina, 1545.

The Resurrection.

2 When Thomas first the tidings heard,
He doubted if it were his Lord,
Until He came and spake that word.

3 How blest are they who do not see!
And yet whose faith is firm in Thee;
For they shall live eternally.

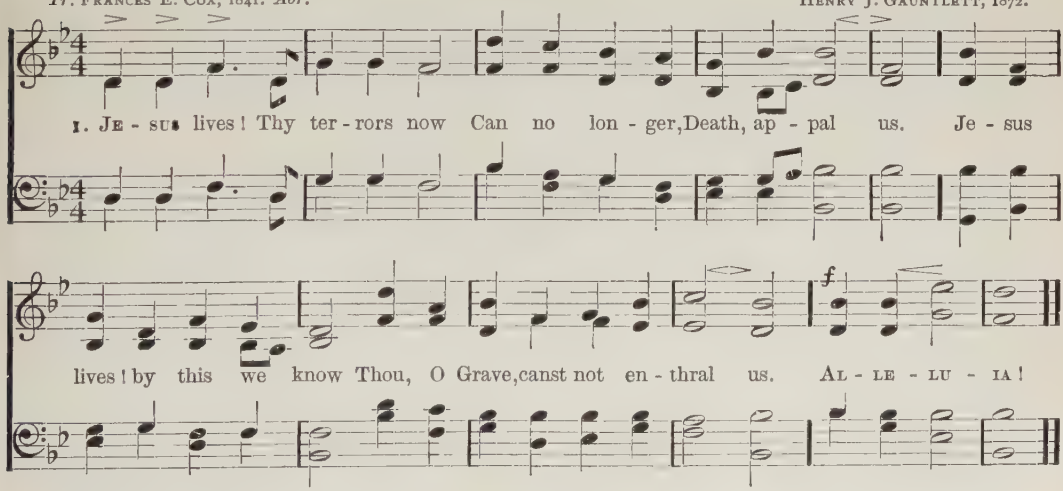
4 On this most holy day of days,
To Thee our heart and voice we raise
In laud and jubilee and praise.

146 Jesus lives! Thy terrors now.

7.8.7.8.4. *"It was turned to the contrary."* **St. Albinus.**

Ger. CHRISTIAN F. GELLERT, 1740.
Tr. FRANCES E. COX, 1841. *Abr.*

HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1872.


1. JE-SUS lives! Thy ter-rors now Can no lon-ger, Death, ap-pal us. Je-sus
lives! by this we know Thou, O Grave, canst not en-thral us. AL-LE-LU-IA!

2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass that gloomy portal.

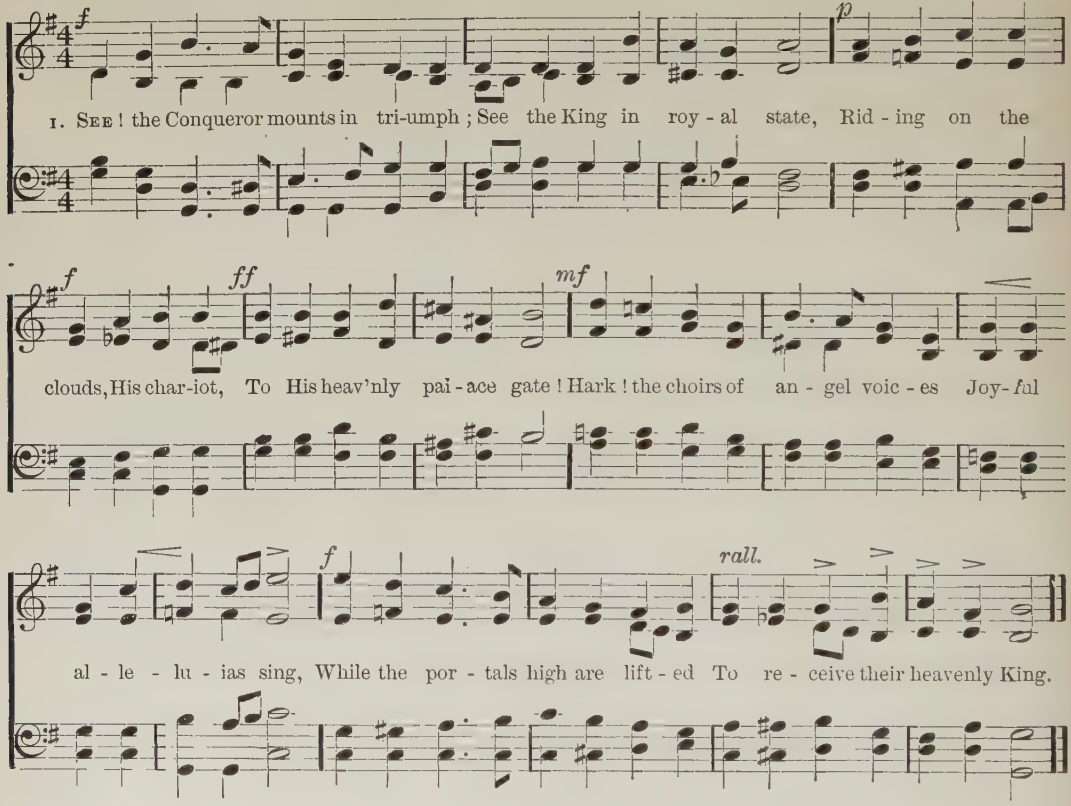
3 Jesus lives! for us He died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.

4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Naught from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of Hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.

147 See! the Conqueror mounts in triumph.

8s & 7s, D. *"This same Jesus shall so come."* Sanctuary.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1863. JOHN B. DYKES, 1867.


f
p
1. SEE! the Conqueror mounts in tri-umph; See the King in roy-al state, Rid-ing on the
f
ff
mf
clouds, His char-iot, To His heav'nly pal-ace gate! Hark! the choirs of an-gel voic-es Joy-ful
f
rall.
al-le-lu-ias sing, While the por-tals high are lift-ed To re-ceive their heavenly King.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He hath gained the victory!
He who on the cross did suffer,
He who from the grave arose,
He hath vanquished sin and Satan;
He by death hath spoiled His foes.

3 While He raised His hands in blessing,
He was parted from His friends;
While their eager eyes behold Him,
He upon the clouds ascends. [Him,
He who walked with God and pleased
Preaching truth and doom to come,
He, our Enoch, is translated
To His everlasting home.

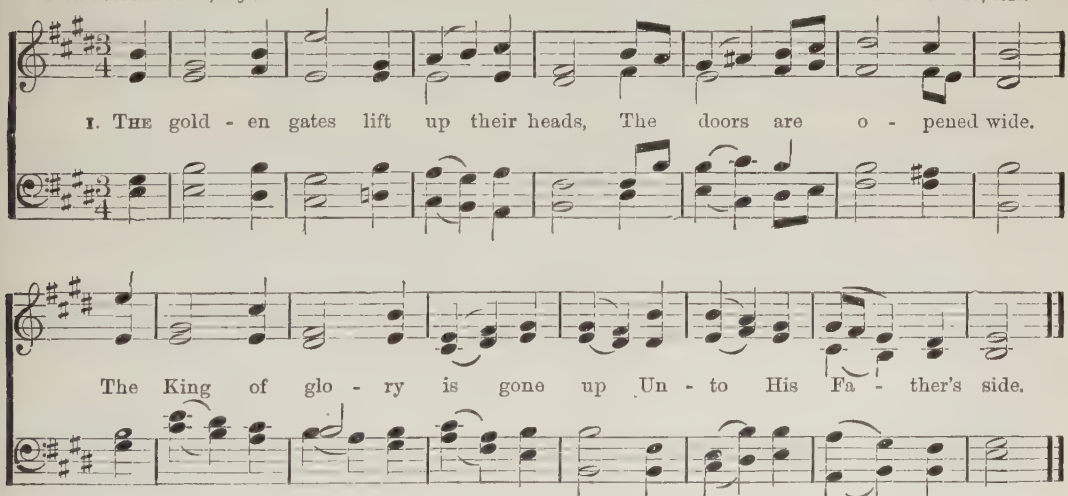
4 Now our heavenly Aaron enters,
With His blood, within the veil.
Joshua now is come to Canaan
And the kings before Him quail;
Now He plants the tribes of Israel
In their promised resting-place.
Now our great Elijah offers
Double portion of His grace.

5 Thou hast raised our human nature
On the clouds to God's right hand;
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with Thee in glory stand.
Jesus reigns adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension
We by faith behold our own.

148 The golden gates lift up their heads.

C. M. *"If it be of God ye cannot overthrow it."* **Belgrave.**

CECIL F. ALEXANDER, 1858. WILLIAM HORSLEY, 1828.



2 Thou art gone in before us, Lord,
Thou hast prepared a place,
That we may be where now Thou art
And look upon Thy face.

3 And ever on Thine earthly path
A gleam of glory lies,
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veils Thee from our eyes.

4 Lift up our thoughts, lift up our songs
And let Thy grace be given,
That while we linger yet below
Our hearts may be in Heaven,—

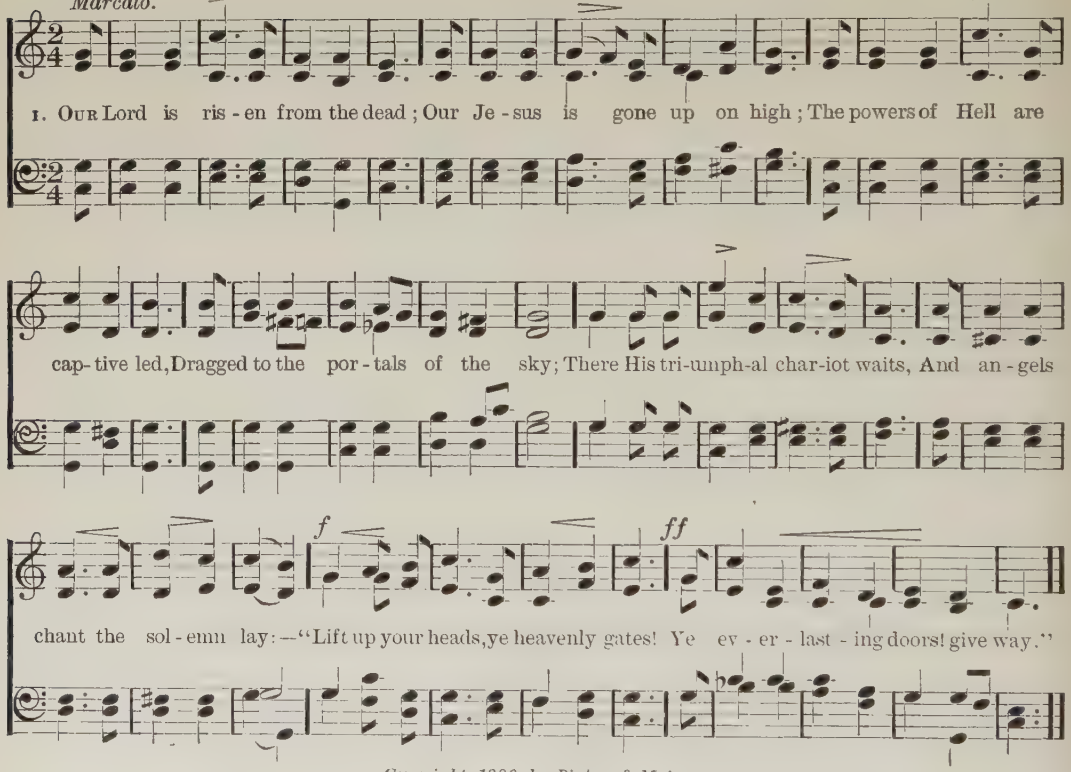
5 That where Thou art at God's right hand
Our hope, our love may be;
Dwell in us now, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee.

149 Our Lord is risen from the dead.

L. M. D. *"The Lion of the tribe of Judah hath prevailed."* **Ascension.**

CHARLES WESLEY, 1741. MAX PIUTTI, 1880.

Marcato.


1. Our Lord is ris - en from the dead; Our Je - sus is gone up on high; The powers of Hell are
cap- tive led, Dragged to the por - tals of the sky; There His tri-umph-al char-iot waits, And an - gels
f
ff
chant the sol - emn lay: — "Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates! Ye ev - er - last - ing doors! give way."

Copyright, 1880, by Biglow & Main.

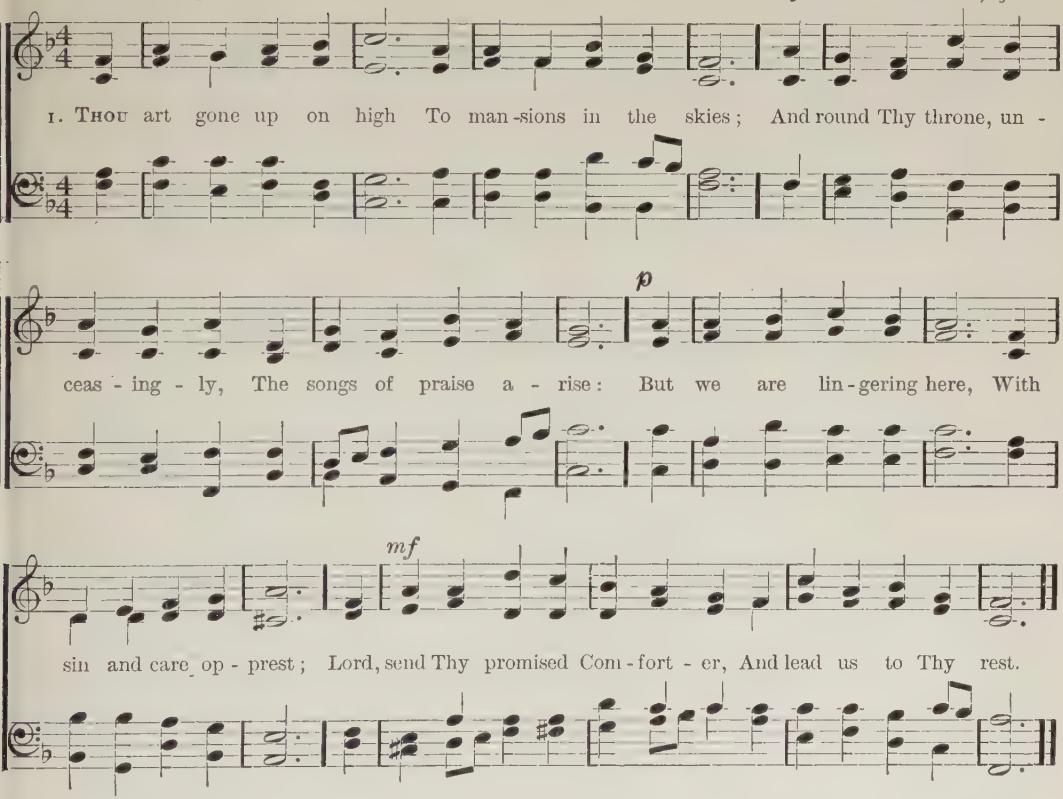
2 "Loose all your bars of massy light
And wide unfold th'ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as His right;
Receive the King of glory in."
"Who is the King of glory? — who?"
"The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame,
World, sin and death and Hell o'erthrew
And JESUS is the Conqueror's name."

3 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits
And angels chant the solemn lay: —
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors! give way."
"Who is the King of glory? — who?" —
"The Lord, of glorious power possest,
King of all saints and angels too,
God over all for ever blest."

150 Thou art gone up on high.

S. M. D. — "While He blest them, He parted from them." — "Old 25th."

Emma L. Toke, 1851. — John Daye's Psalter, 1562.


1. Thou art gone up on high To man-sions in the skies; And round Thy throne, un-
p
ceas-ing-ly, The songs of praise a-rise: But we are lin-gering here, With
mf
sin and care op-prest; Lord, send Thy promised Com-fort-er, And lead us to Thy rest.

2 Thou art gone up on high:
  But Thou didst first come down,
Thro Earth's most bitter agony
  To pass unto Thy crown;
And girt with griefs and fears
  Our onward course must be:
But only let that path of tears
  Lead us at last to Thee.

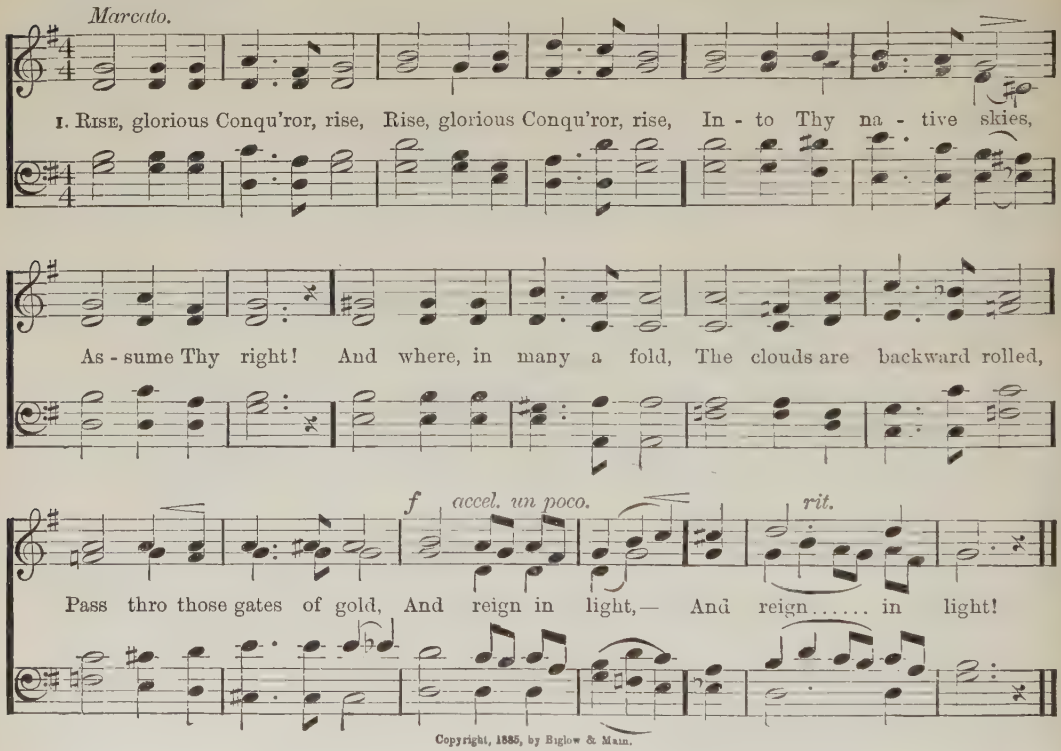
3 Thou art gone up on high:
  But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
  Attendant in Thy train.
Oh, by Thy saving power,
  So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
  At Thy right hand on high!

151 Rise, glorious Conqueror.

"Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power, in the beauties of holiness from the womb of the morning. Thou hast the dew of thy youth."

6s & 4s, P. **Pittsfield.**

MATTHEW BRIDGES, 1848. *Abr.* ERNEST JULIUS OTTO. *Arr. by* B. C. B.


Marcato.
1. RISE, glorious Conqu'ror, rise, Rise, glorious Conqu'ror, rise, In - to Thy na - tive skies,
As - sume Thy right! And where, in many a fold, The clouds are backward rolled,
f accel. un poco.
rit.
Pass thro those gates of gold, And reign in light,— And reign..... in light!

Copyright, 1885, by Biglow & Main.

2 Enter, Incarnate God!
Enter, Incarnate God!
No feet but Thine have trod
The Serpent down.
Blow the full trumpets, blow!
Wider yon portals throw!
Saviour, triumphant go,
And take Thy crown!
And take Thy crown!

3 Lion of Judah! hail!
Lion of Judah! hail!
And let Thy name prevail
From age to age.
Lord of the rolling years,
Claim for Thine own the spheres;
For Thou hast bought with tears
Thine heritage.
Amen! Amen!

152 Head of the Church triumphant.

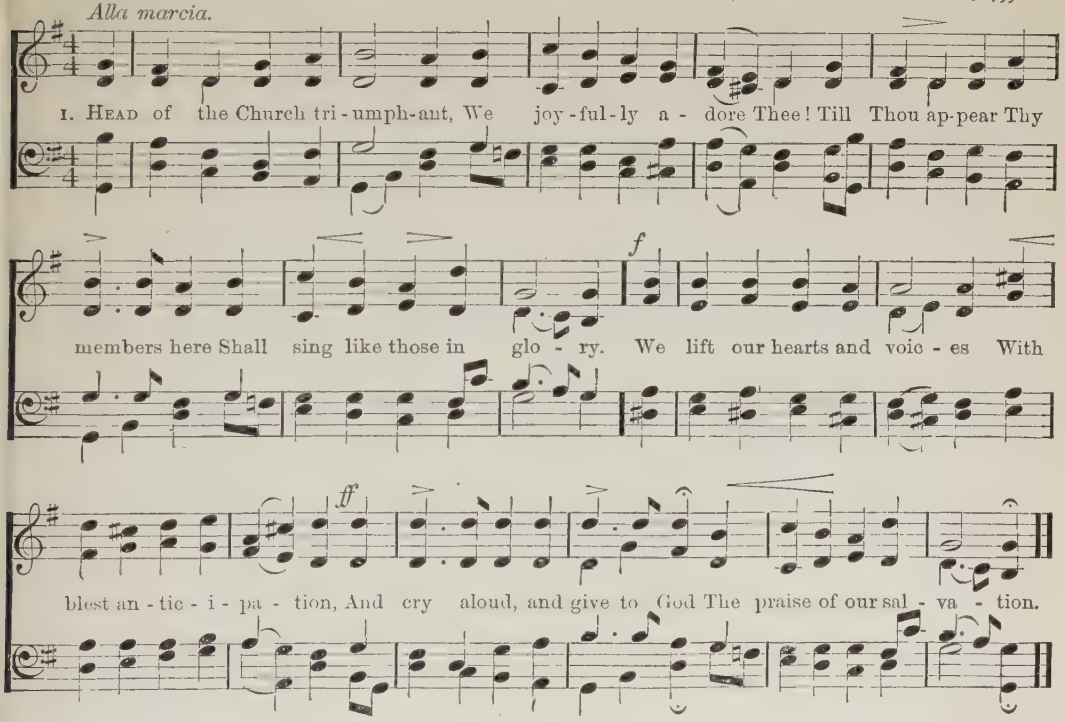
"Till Thy people pass over, O Lord, till the people pass over which Thou hast purchased."

7.7.8.7, D.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1745. *Abr.*

Septuor.

Arr. from LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, 1799.


Alla marcia.
1. Head of the Church tri-umph-ant, We joy-ful-ly a-dore Thee! Till Thou ap-pear Thy
members here Shall sing like those in glo-ry. We lift our hearts and voic-es With
blest an-tic-i-pa-tion, And cry aloud, and give to God The praise of our sal-va-tion.

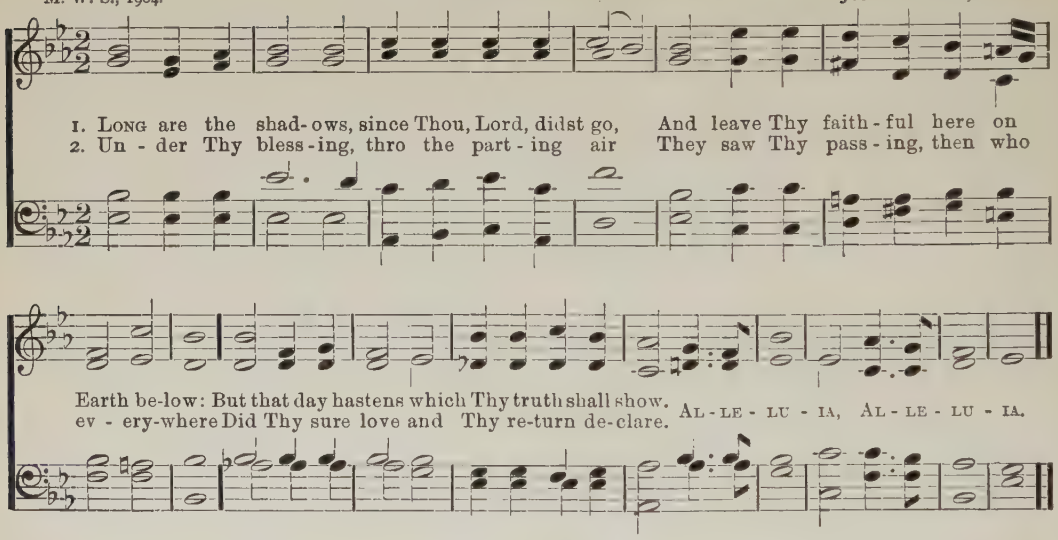
2 Thou dost conduct Thy people
Thro torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear,
While Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.
We clap our hands exulting
In Thine almighty favor;
Thy love divine
That makes us Thine,
Shall keep us Thine forever!

3 By faith we see the glory
To which Thou shalt restore us,
The world despise
For that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us;
And if Thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see Thee stand
At God's right hand
To take us up to Heaven!

153 Long are the shadows.

10.10.10.8. *"Thou wilt bring that day that Thou hast provided."* Sarum.

M. W. S., 1904. Joseph Barnby, 1868.


1. Long are the shad-ows, since Thou, Lord, didst go, And leave Thy faith-ful here on
2. Un-der Thy bless-ing, thro the part-ing air They saw Thy pass-ing, then who
Earth be-low: But that day hastens which Thy truth shall show.
ev-ery-where Did Thy sure love and Thy re-turn de-clare.
Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia.

3 "Lo, I am with you alway!"—That farewell
Holds all our hearts while still we boldly tell,—
Sorrow and sin Thine advent shall dispel.

4 Thy kingdom marches; tho not yet is shown
What times and seasons make Thy welcome known,
Yet we believe Thou wilt reclaim Thine own.

5 By all who wearing to the death Thy name,
They who endured the cross, despised the shame,
Suffered and conquered,—by their endless fame,—

6 May we forever tread in their bright train,
With steadfast will to front the world's disdain,
Till the King cometh to His own again.

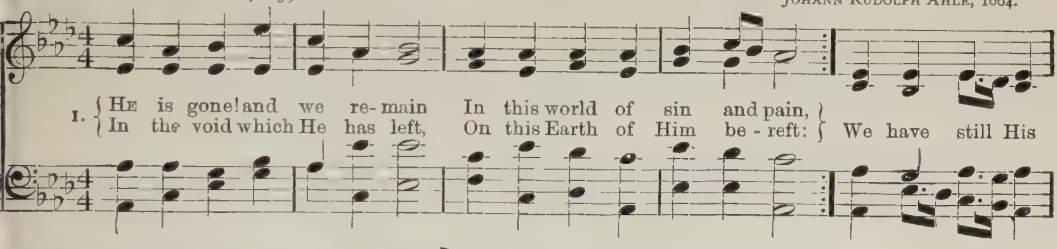
7 So now awaiting Thee we watch and pray:
In Thy full wisdom hides the breaking day,
When all who love shall be with Thee for aye.

154 He is gone! and we remain.

7.7.7.7.
ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, 1859. *Abr.*

"It is expedient for you that I go away.

Nuremburg.
JOHANN RUDOLPH AHLE, 1664.


1. He is gone! and we re-main In this world of sin and pain,
In the void which He has left, On this Earth of Him be-reft: We have still His
work to do, We can still His path pursue.

2 He is gone! unto their goal
World and Church must onward roll;
Far behind we leave the past;
Forward all our glances cast;
Still His words before us range
Thro the ages, as they change.

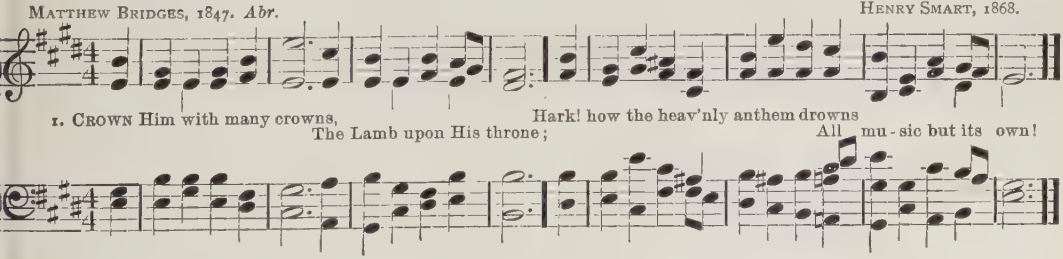
3 He is gone! but we once more
Shall behold Him as before,
In the Heaven of heavens the same
As on Earth He went and came.
In that world, unseen, unknown,
He and we shall yet be one!

155 Crown Him with many Crowns.

S. M.
MATTHEW BRIDGES, 1847. *Abr.*

"Let all the angels of God worship Him."

Sunderland.
HENRY SMART, 1868.



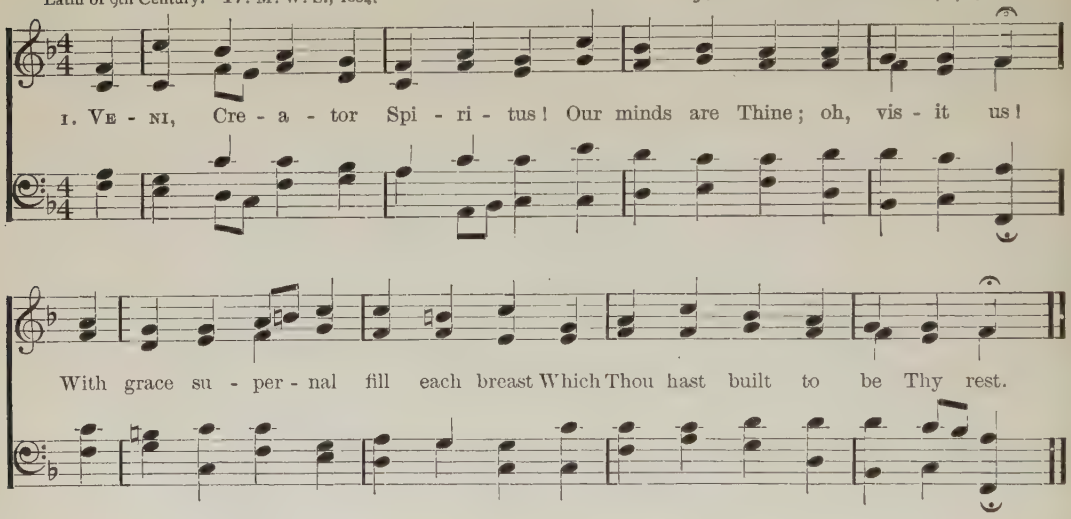
2 Crown Him the Son of God
Before the worlds began,
And ye who tread where He hath trod,
Crown Him the Son of Man.

3 The church His glory sings
Who died and rose on high,
Eternal life the Lord Christ brings,
Who lives that death may die.

156 Veni, Creator Spiritus.

L. M. *"As many as are led by the Spirit of God, these are the sons of God."* **Anastasius.**

Latin of 9th Century. *Tr.* M. W. S., 1884. JOHANN A. FREYLINGHAUSEN, 1704. *Abr.*


1. VE - NI, Cre - a - tor Spi - ri - tus! Our minds are Thine; oh, vis - it us!
With grace su - per - nal fill each breast Which Thou hast built to be Thy rest.

2 Thou named the holy Paraclete,
The Gift of God Most High, the heat
Of love, the font of life, impart
Thine unction to our inmost heart.

3 God's seven-fold Bounty, Thou dost stand
The finger of His own right hand.
Thou Promise of the Father, now
Our speech Thy rich word doth endow.

4 Thy flame in all our senses burn,
Inflood with love these hearts that yearn
And all our impotence of flesh
With Thy perpetual strength refresh.

5 Afar repel the bitter foe,
Right soon Thy generous peace bestow;
So, if Thou art our Vanguard, will
We safely shun each deadly ill.

6 Thy full rewards of joy find place
And all the abundant helps of grace,
The bondages of strife decrease,
Bind close our federated peace.

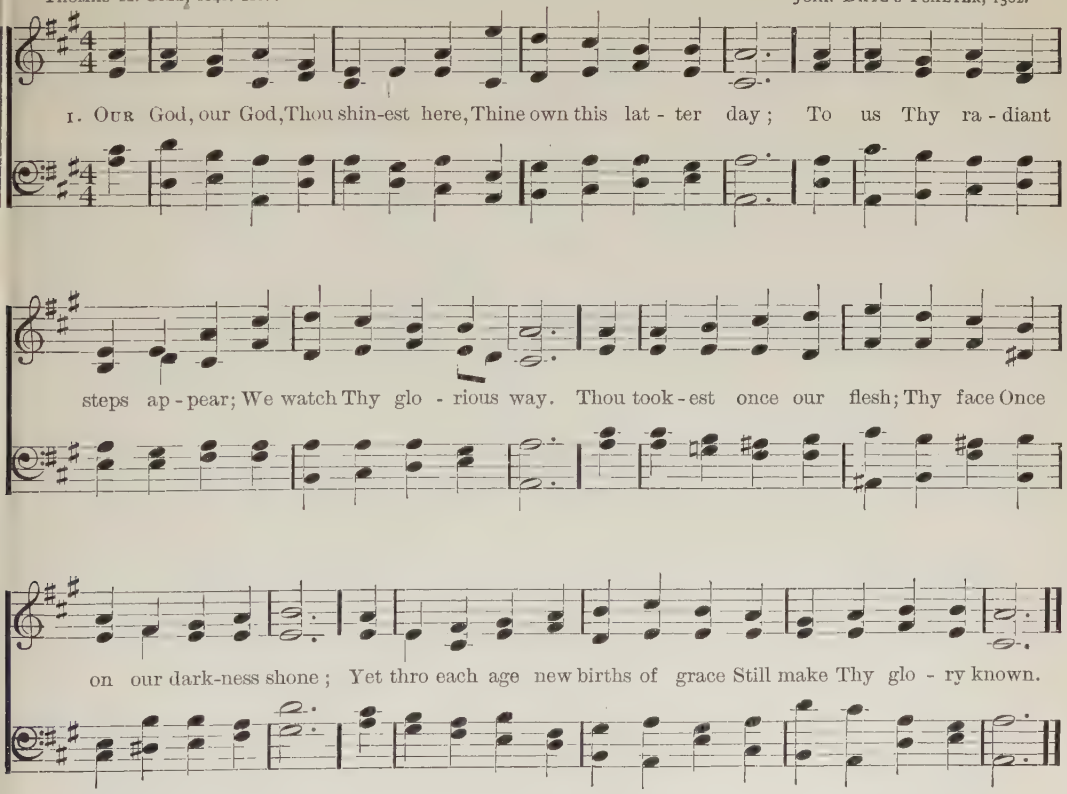
7 Let us the Father know by Thee
And so the Son revealèd be;
Each in Thee, Spirit, we receive
And thro all time will thus believe.

8 Praise be to Father and His Son
And Paraclete, forever One!
So may Thy comfort still abide
With us, eternal Guest and Guide.

157 Our God, our God, Thou shinest here.

C. M. D. "*Come from the four winds, O Breath!*" "Old 44th."

THOMAS H. GILL, 1846. *Abr.* JOHN DAYE'S PSALTER, 1562.


1. Our God, our God, Thou shin-est here, Thine own this lat - ter day; To us Thy ra - diant
steps ap - pear; We watch Thy glo - rious way. Thou took - est once our flesh; Thy face Once
on our dark-ness shone; Yet thro each age new births of grace Still make Thy glo - ry known.

2 Not only olden ages felt
The presence of the Lord;
Not only with the fathers dwelt
Thy Spirit and Thy word.
Doth not the Spirit still descend
And bring the heavenly fire?
Doth not He still the Church extend,
And waiting souls inspire?

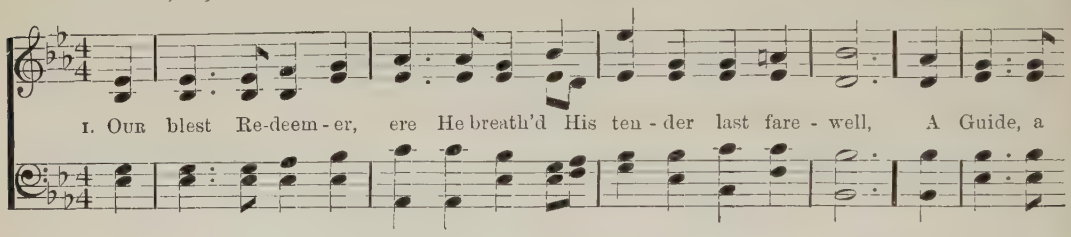
3 Come, Holy Ghost, in us arise;
Be This Thy mighty hour
And make Thy willing people wise
To know Thy day of power!
Pour down Thy fire in us to glow,
Thy might in us to dwell,
Again Thy works of wonder show,
Thy blessed secrets tell!

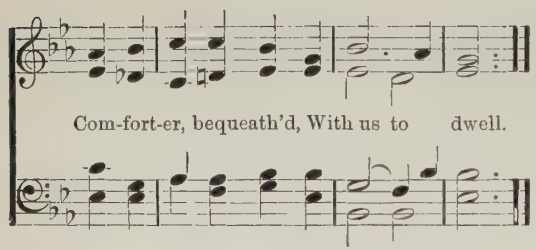
158 Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed.

8.6.8.4.
HARRIET AUBER, 1829. *Abr.*

"I will not leave you orphans."

St. Cuthbert.
JOHN B. DYKES, 1860.





2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, calms every fear
And speaks of Heav'n.

4 And every virtue we possess
And every conquest won
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

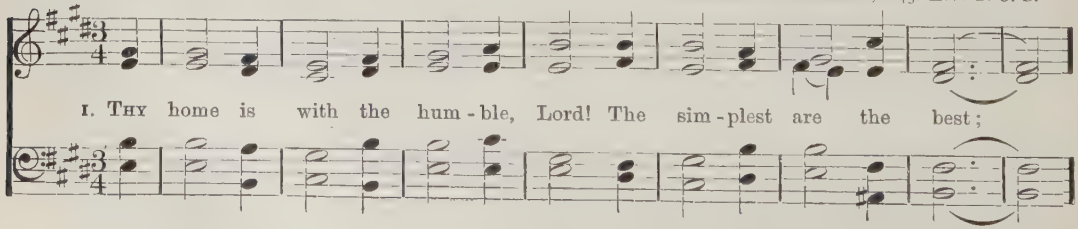
5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling-place
And worthier Thee.

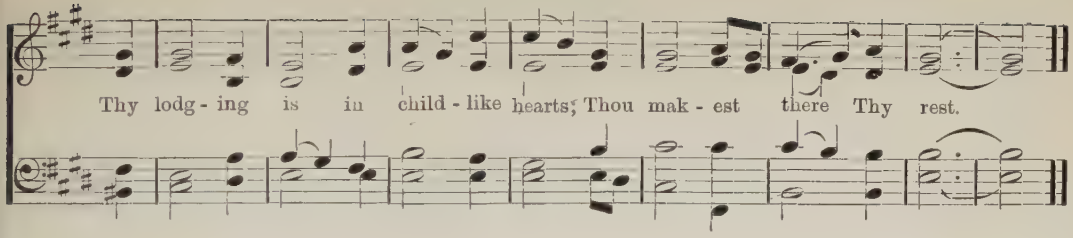
159 Thy home is with the humble, Lord!

C. M.
FREDERICK W. FABER, 1849. *Abr.*

"The Lord is that Spirit."

Meditation.
SAMUEL P. TUCKERMAN, 1843. *Arr.* B. C. B.



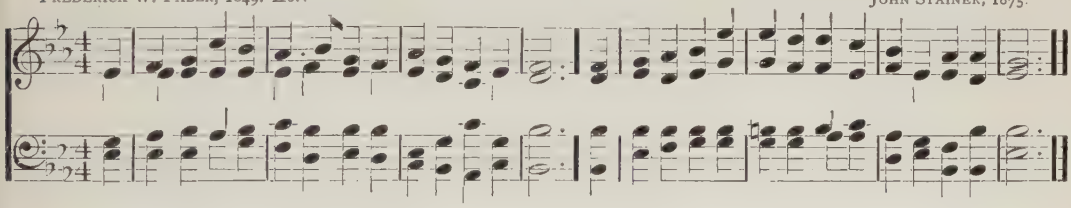


2 Dear Comforter! Eternal Love!
If Thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways,
I'll build a house for Thee.

3 Who made this breathing heart of mine
But Thou, my heavenly Guest?
Let no one have it then but Thee
And let it be Thy rest!

160 Fountain of Love! Thyself true God!

C. M. "*My sighing is not hid from Thee.*" **Xavier.**

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1849. *Abr.* JOHN STAINER, 1875.

1 FOUNTAIN of Love! Thyself true God!
Who thro eternal days
From Father and from Son hast flowed
In uncreated ways!

2 Fixt in the Godhead's awful light
Thy fiery Breath doth move.
Thou art a wonder by Thyself,
To worship and to love.

3 Ocean, wide-flowing Ocean Thou,
Of uncreated Love!
I tremble as within my soul
I feel Thy waters move.

4 Thou art a Sea without a shore,
Awful, immense, Thou art,
A Sea which can contract itself
Within my narrow heart.

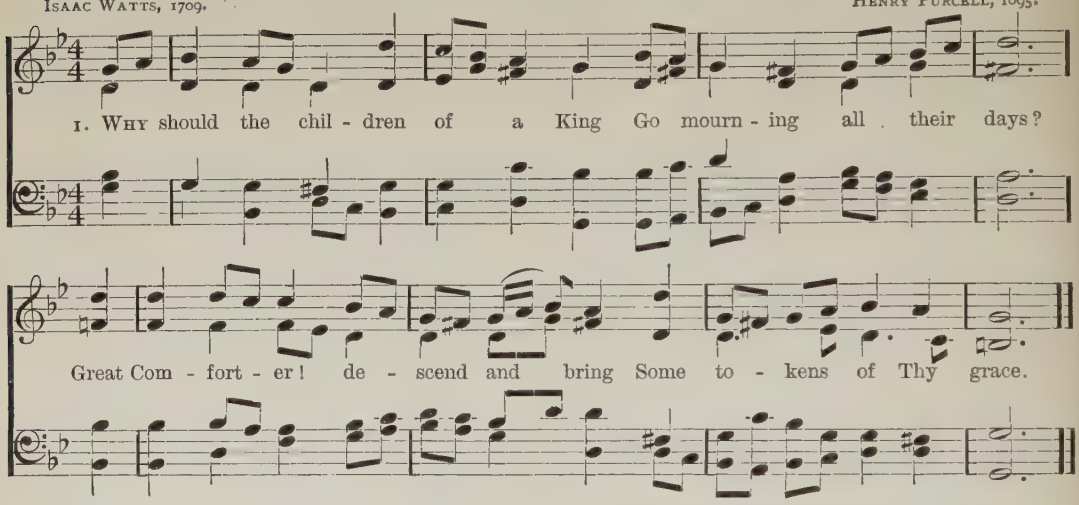
5 And yet Thou art a Haven too,
Out on the shoreless sea,
A Harbor that can hold full well
Shipwrecked humanity!

6 O Spirit, beautiful and dread!
My comfort this shall be,
That when I serve my dearest Lord
That service worships Thee.

161 Why should the children of a King.

C. M. — *"Is the Spirit of the Lord straitened?"* — Walsal.

Isaac Watts, 1709. — Henry Purcell, 1695.



2 Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints,
Sealing the heirs of Heaven?
When wilt Thou banish my complaints
And show my sins forgiven?

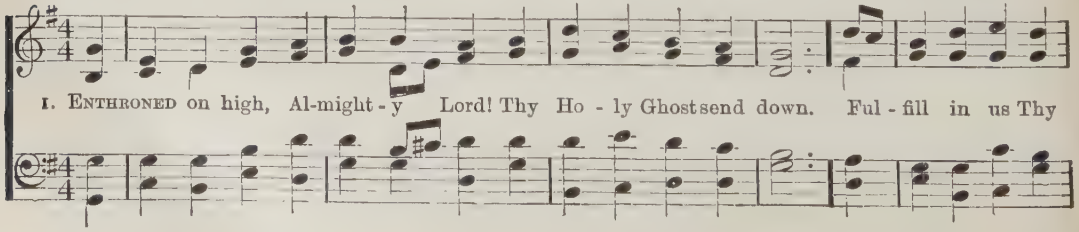
3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
Bearing Thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.

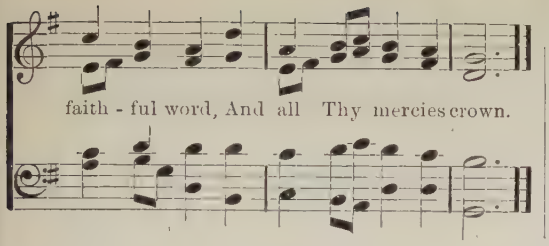
4 Thou art the Earnest of His love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

162 Enthroned on high, Almighty Lord!

C. M. — *"Thro Him we have our access, in one Spirit, unto the Father."* — Kabzeel.

Thomas Haweis, 1792. *Abr.* — Johann G. C. Störl, 1744.





2 Tho on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,
Thy Spirit in our heart.

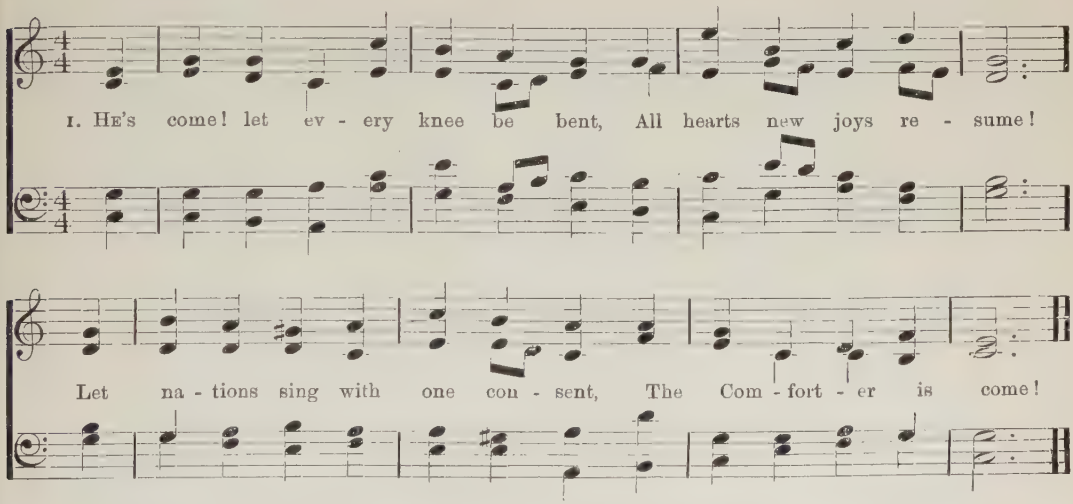
3 His love within us shed abroad,
Life's ever-springing well,
Till God in us and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.

163 He's come! let every knee be bent.

C. M.
ARTHUR BEDFORD (?), 1733. *Abr.*

"The Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba."

Westminster.
JAMES TURLE, 1843.



2 There is no end of the content
And joy the Spirit brings;
Happy the man to whom 'tis lent!
That man sees wondrous things.

3 Hail, blessèd Spirit! not a soul
But doth Thy goodness feel;
Thou dost our darling sins control
And fix our wavering zeal.

4 As pilots by the compass steer
Till they their harbor find,
So do Thy sacred breathings here
Guide every wandering mind.

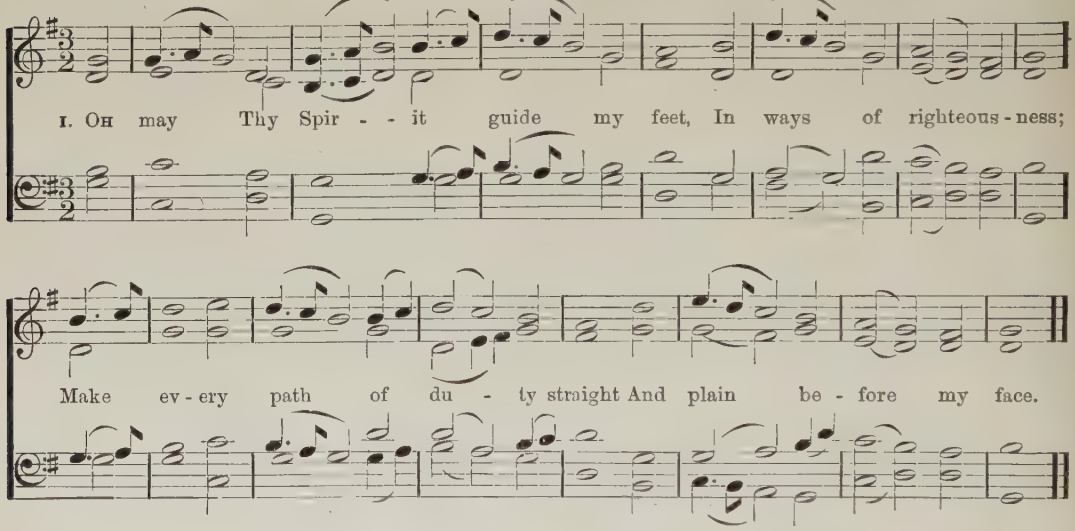
5 The flesh may strive our course t'im-
The world's rough billows roar, [peach,
But by Thy help we're sure to reach
The safe eternal shore.

164 Oh may Thy Spirit guide my feet.

C. M.
Isaac Watts, 1709. 1719. *Arr.*

"Oh that there were such an heart in them!"

St. Martin's.
William Tansur, 1735.



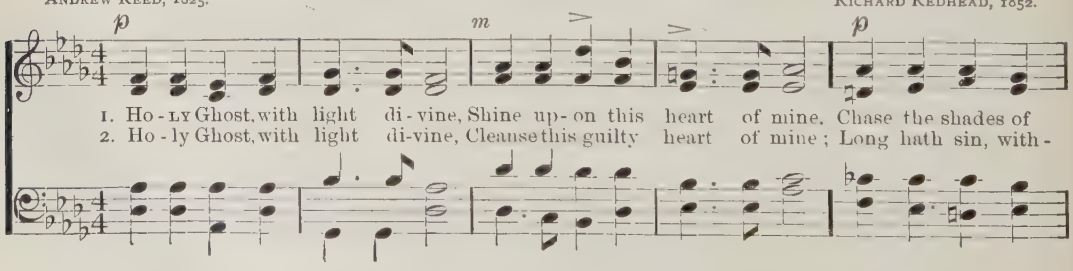
2 Lord! search my thoughts and try my ways
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before Thy face
And find acceptance there.

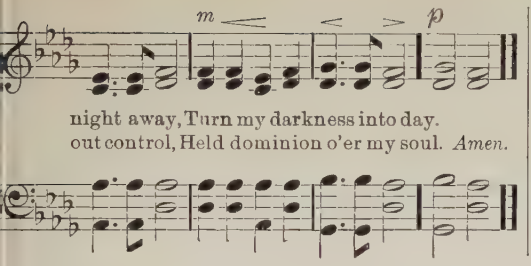
165 Holy Ghost, with light divine.

7·7·7·7.
Andrew Reed, 1825.

"A lamp shining in a dark place until the day dawn."

Immanuel.
Richard Redhead, 1852.


p
m
p
1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine. Chase the shades of
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Cleanse this guilty heart of mine; Long hath sin, with -



3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine.
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

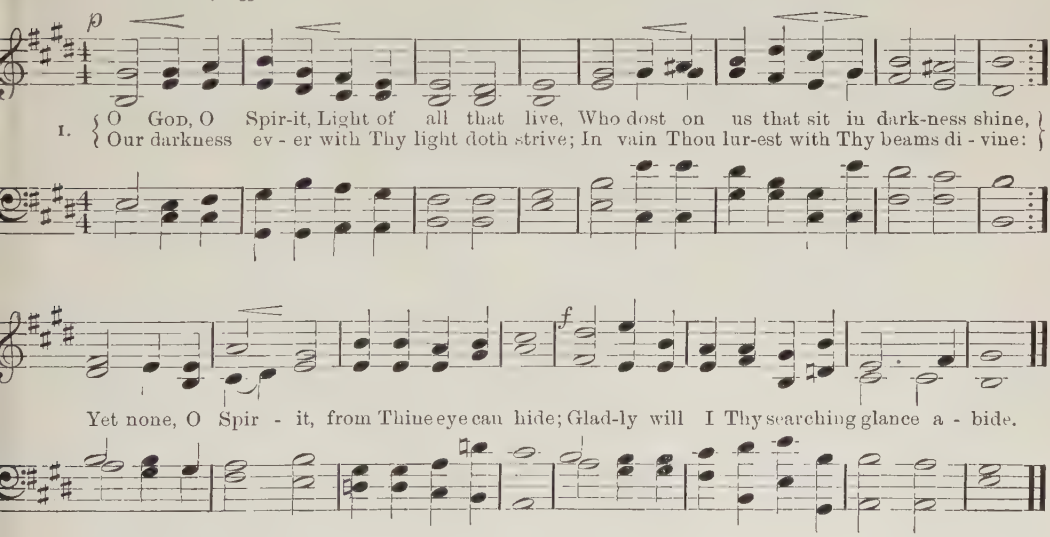
4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine.
Cast down every idol-throne.
Reign supreme and reign alone! *Amen.*

66 O God, O Spirit, Light of all that live.

10.10.10.10.10.10. *"A habitation of God in the Spirit."* **Affiance.**

Ger. Gerhard Tersteegen, 1731.
Tr. Cath. Winkworth, 1855. *Abr.*

Joseph Barnby, 1872.


p
1. O God, O Spir-it, Light of all that live, Who dost on us that sit in dark-ness shine,
Our darkness ev - er with Thy light doth strive; In vain Thou lur-est with Thy beams di - vine:
f
Yet none, O Spir - it, from Thine eye can hide; Glad-ly will I Thy searching glance a - bide.

2 Search all my hidden parts, whate'er impure
Thy light discovers there, do Thou destroy;
The bitt'rest pain I willingly endure,
Such pain is followed by eternal joy.
O Breath! from out th' eternal silence blow,
The precious fulness of my God bestow!

167 O Word of God Incarnate.

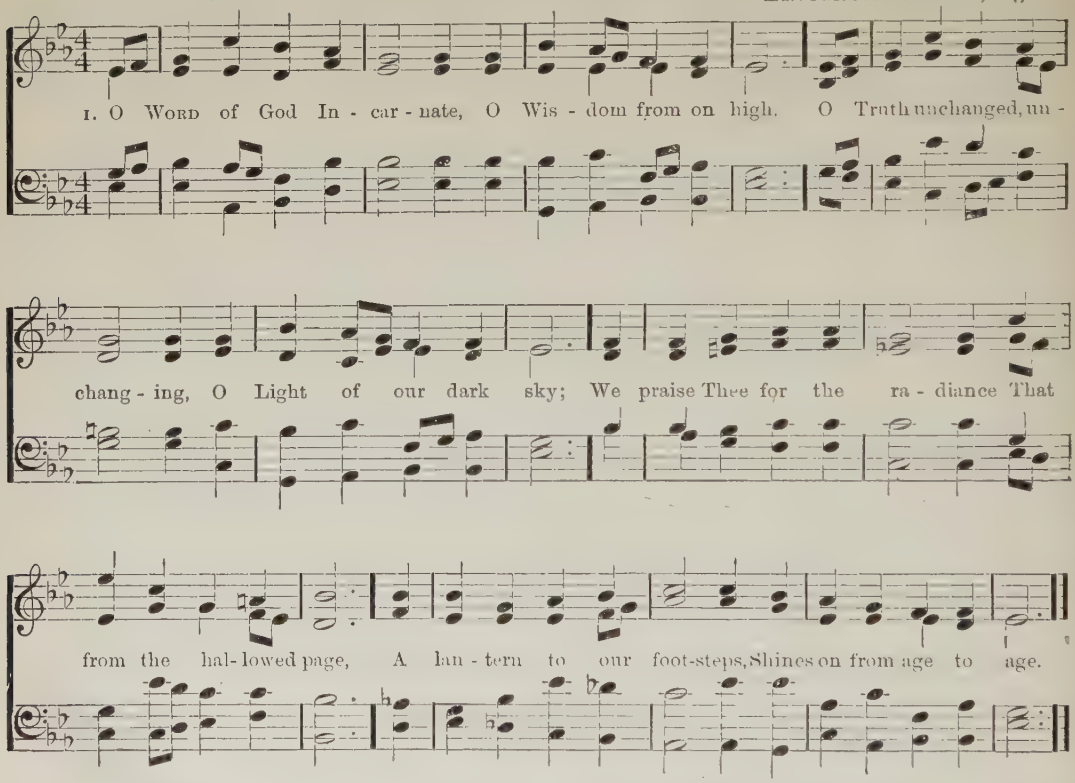
7s & 6s, D.

William W. How, 1857.

"The testimony of Jesus, is the spirit of prophecy."

Munich.

Johann Herman, 1620.
Har. Felix Mendelssohn, 1847.


1. O Word of God In - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high. O Truth unchanged, un -
chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky; We praise Thee for the ra - diance That
from the hal - lowed page, A lan - tern to our foot-steps, Shines on from age to age.

2 The Church from Thee, her Master,
Received the gift divine
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the Earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored,
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Thee, the living Word.

3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled,
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world,
It is the chart and compass,
That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

4 Oh make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnished gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light, as of old.
Oh teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face.

168

1 Our world is worn and ancient
With disarray and pain;
Its joys and tears are transient,
Its losses and its gain:
Thou dost forespeak its meaning
Who art in all its strife,
Thy love still intervening
To show the way of life.

2 Our souls are bowed. Earth's anguish
And burden bend the back;
Our hope and courage languish
Before Time's woe and wrack:
But Thou, complete Fulfiller,
Divine and human Friend,
Thou fiery, cloudy, Pillar,
Wilt point the expected end.

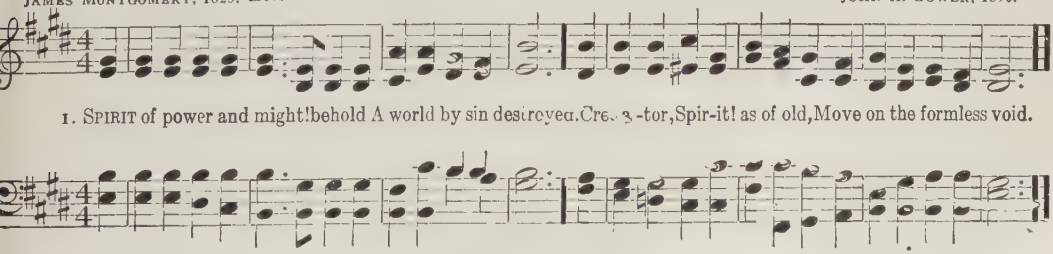
3 To us no other teacher
Interpreteth the storms;
Thou carriest every creature
Whose life Thy Spirit warms;
The sure foundation standeth,
Thou knowest all Thine own.
They whom their God commandeth
Shall never walk alone.

M. W. S., 1907.

169 Spirit of power and might! behold.

C. M. "We, thro the Spirit, wait for hope and righteousness." Meditation.

James Montgomery, 1825. *Abr.* John H. Gower, 1890.



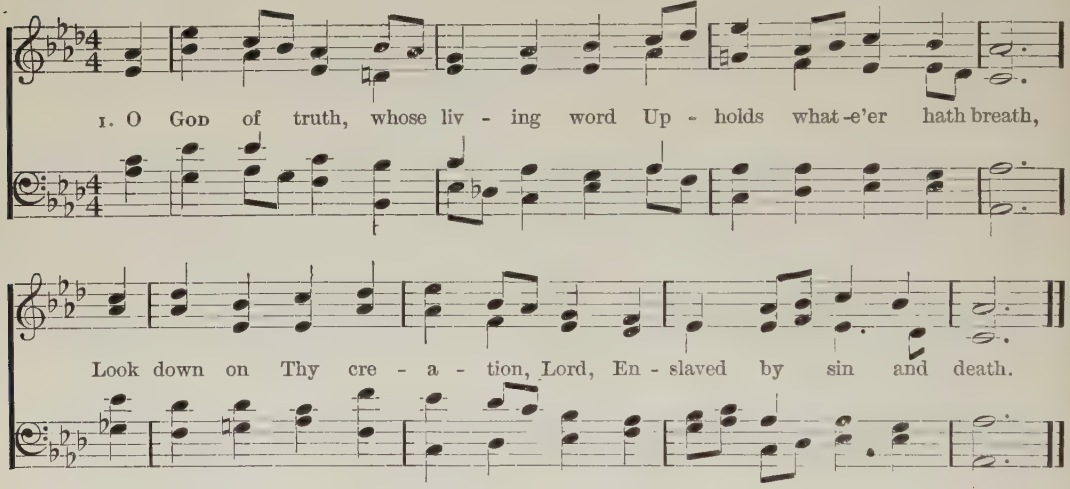
2 If sang the morning stars for joy,
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angel-harps employ
When Thou shalt all renew!

3 So every kindred, tongue and tribe,
Assembling round the throne,
The new creation shall ascribe
To sovereign Love alone.

170 O God of truth, whose living word.

C. M. "*Thy word is truth.*" St. Stephen.

THOMAS HUGHES, 1859. *Abr.* *Har.* HENRY J. GUANTLETT, 1850.



2 Set up Thy standard, Lord, that we,
Who claim a heavenly birth,
May march with Thee to smite the lies
That vex Thy groaning Earth.

3 *We* fight for truth, *we* fight for God,
Poor slaves of lies and sin!
He who would fight for Thee on Earth
Must first be true within.

4 Thou God of truth, for whom we long,
Thou who wilt hear our prayer,
Do Thine own battle in our hearts,
And slay the falsehood there.

5 Yea, come! then tried as in the fire,
From every lie set free,
Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us
And we shall live in Thee.

171

1 SPIRIT Divine! attend our prayers
And make this house Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
Oh! come, great Spirit! come.

2 Come as the Light; to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the Fire; and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame;
Let all our souls an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

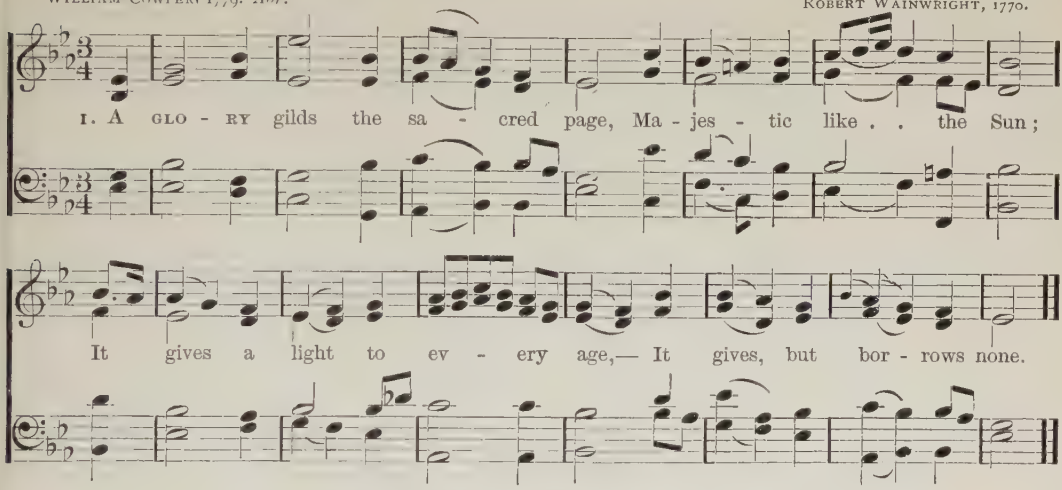
4 Come as the Dove; and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love
And let Thy Church on Earth become
Blest as the Church above.

ANDREW REED, 1829.

172 A glory gilds the sacred page.

C. M. *"The writing which is written in the King's name may no man reverse."* **Liverpool.**

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779. *Abr.* ROBERT WAINWRIGHT, 1770.



2 The Hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

173

1 LORD, I have made Thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the histories of Thy love
And keep Thy laws in sight;
While thro Thy promises I rove
With ever new delight.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes this pearl his own.

4 Incomprehensible those gleams
Which make our sorrows shine;
They show the fairland of our dreams
Untarnished and divine!

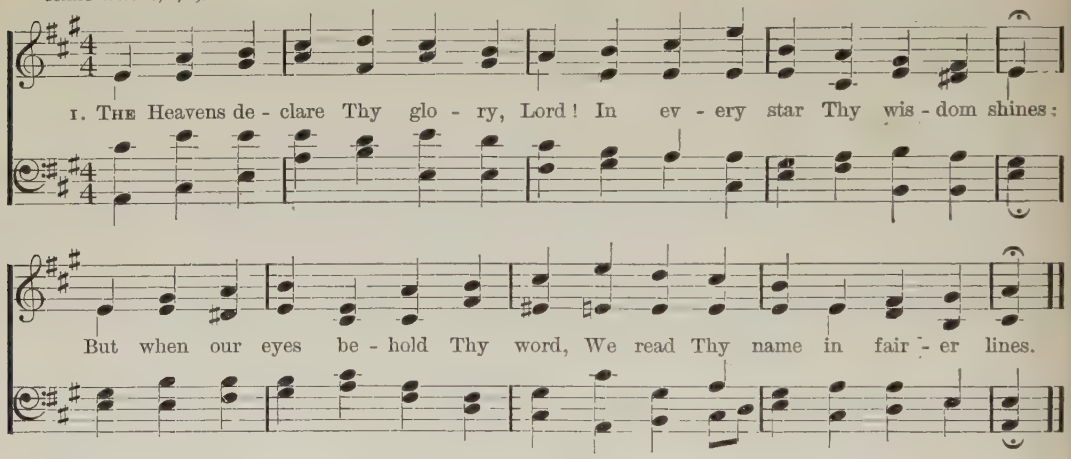
5 My waking eyes outrun the day,
To meditate Thy word;
My soul with longing melts away
To hear Thy Gospel, Lord.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. *Arr.*

174 The Heavens declare Thy glory, Lord!

L. M. *"That no one may delude you with persuasiveness of speech."* Norfolk.

Isaac Watts, 1719. *Abr.* Samuel Howard, 1770.


1. The Heavens de - clare Thy glo - ry, Lord! In ev - ery star Thy wis - dom shines:
But when our eyes be - hold Thy word, We read Thy name in fair - er lines.

2 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light!
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

3 Nor shall Thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till thro the world Thy truth has run,
Till Christ hath all the nations blest
That see the light and feel the Sun.

175

1 Let everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour, and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down
And writ the blessings in Thy Word.

2 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies
And bind Thy Gospel to my heart!

Isaac Watts, 1709. *Abr.*

176

1 God, in the Gospel of His Son,
Makes His eternal counsels known:
'Tis here His richest mercy shines
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 The prisoner here may break his chains;
The weary rest from all his pains;
The captive feel his bondage cease;
The mourner find the way of peace.

3 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
That brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From Earth to realms of endless day.

4 Oh grant us grace, Almighty Lord!
To read and mark Thy holy word;
Its truth with meekness to receive
And by its holy precepts live.

Benjamin Beddome, 1787. *Abr.*

177 O One with God the Father.

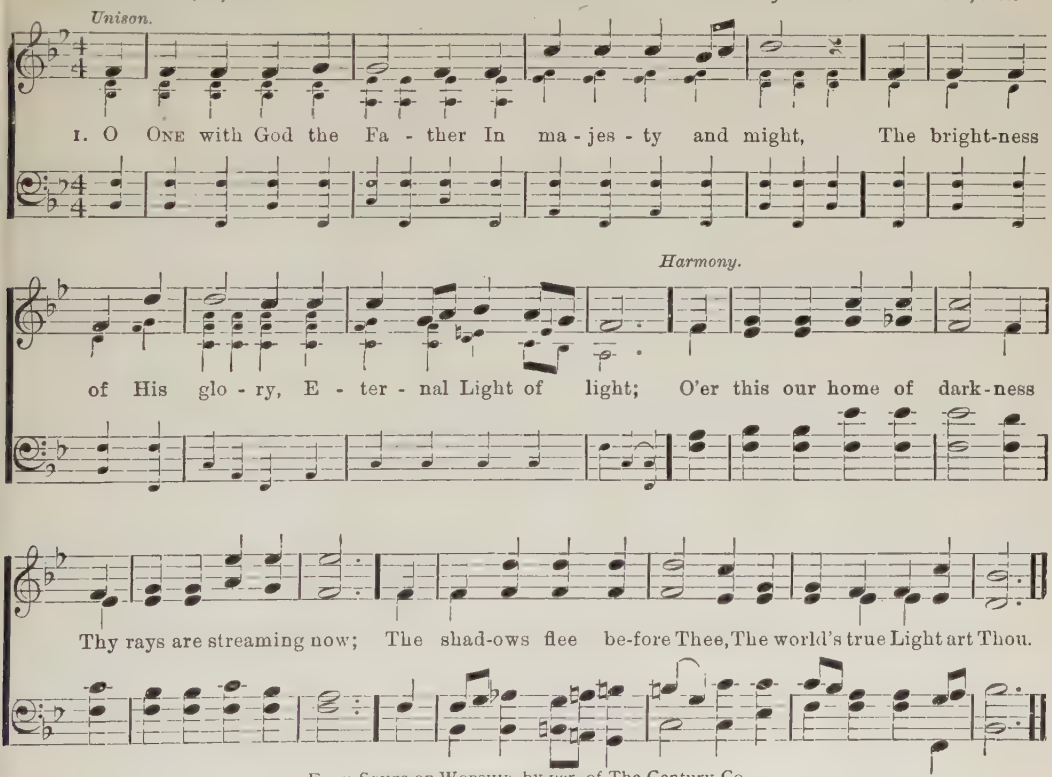
7s & 6s, D.

"The light dwelleth with Him."

Aureola.

William W. How, 1872.

J. Remington Fairlamb, 1886.


Unison.
1. O One with God the Fa - ther In ma - jes - ty and might, The bright-ness
Harmony.
of His glo - ry, E - ter - nal Light of light; O'er this our home of dark-ness
Thy rays are streaming now; The shad-ows flee be-fore Thee, The world's true Light art Thou.

From Songs of Worship, by per. of The Century Co.

2 Yet, Lord, we see but darkly:
O Heavenly Light, arise,
Dispel these mists that shroud us
And hide Thee from our eyes!
We long to track the footprints
That Thou Thyself hast trod;
We long to see the pathway
That leads to Thee, our God.

3 O Jesus, shine around us
With radiance of Thy grace;
O Jesus, turn upon us
The brightness of Thy face.
We need no star to guide us,
As on our way we press,
If Thou Thy light vouchsafest,
O Sun of Righteousness!

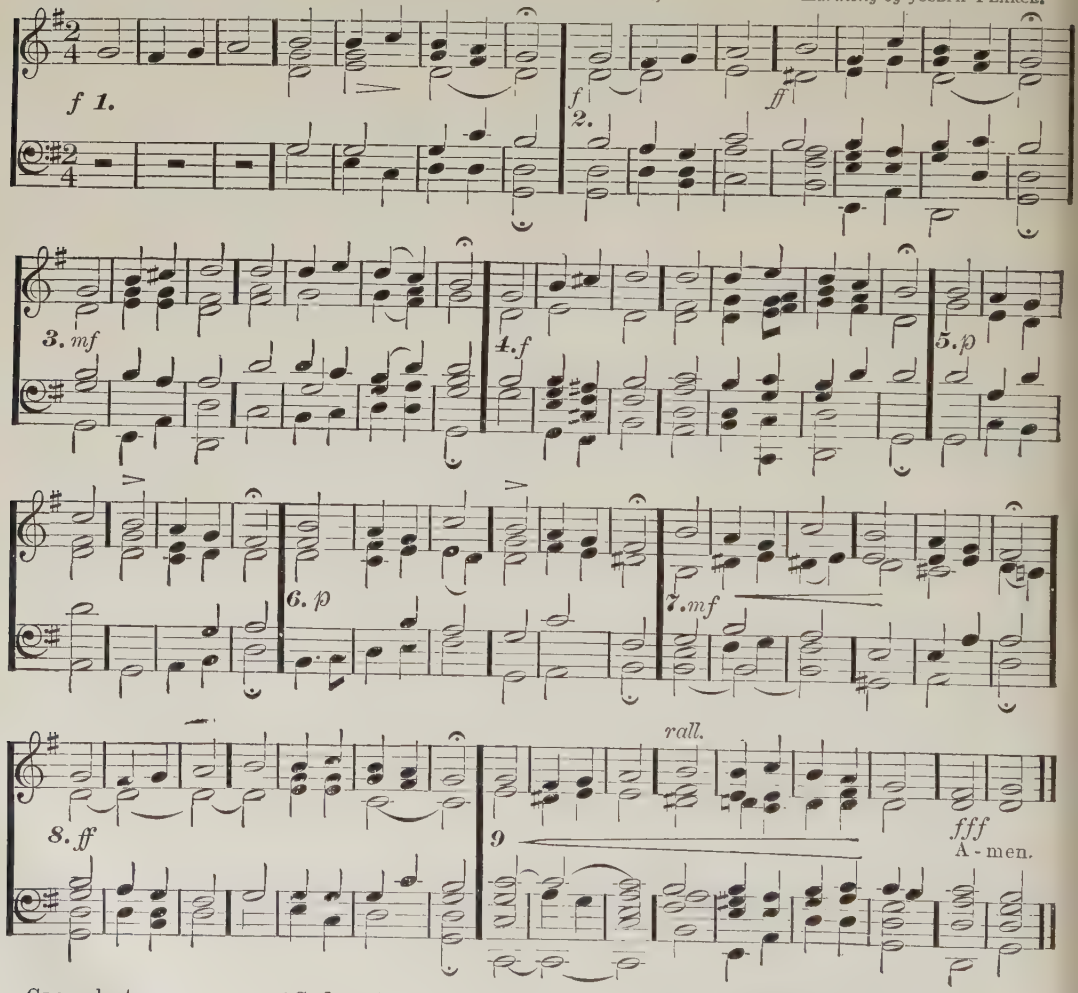
178 Glory be to God on high.

"*Ye shall be my witnesses . . . unto the uttermost part of the Earth.*"

Chant.
THE SECOND CENTURY, A.D.

(ALL THE VOICES IN UNISON.)

Gloria in Excelsis.
Harmony by JOSEPH PEARCE.



1. GLORY be to . . . . . God on high,
2. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we . . . . . worship Thee.

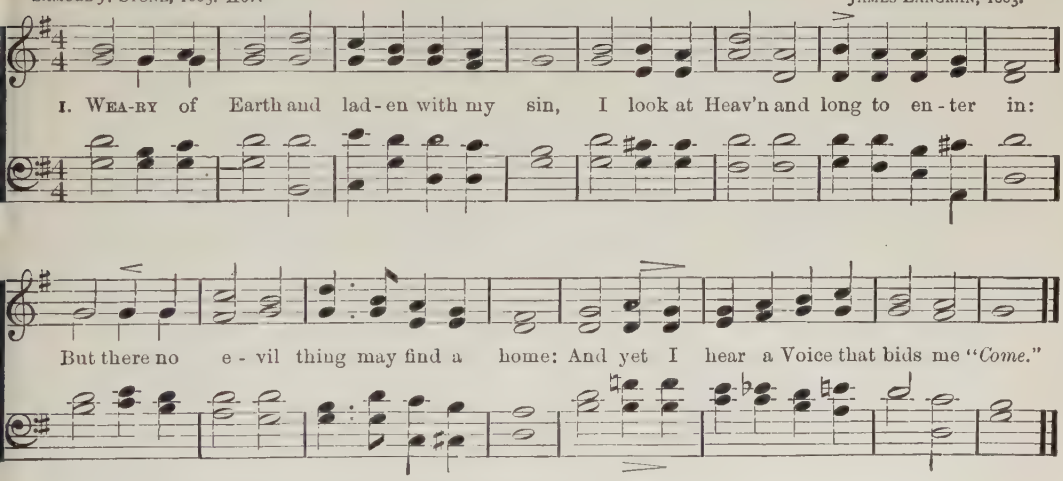
and on Earth . . . . . peace, good- will toward men!
We glorify Thee, we give thanks to . . . . . Thee for Thy great glory!

3. O Lord God, ... | heaven-ly | King, | God the..... | Fa - ther | Al - | mighty!
4. O Lord, the only-begotten Son, | Je - sus | Christ, | O Lord God, Lamb of | God, Son | of the | Father!
5. That takest away the..... | sins of the | world! | Have mercy | up - on | us;
6. Thou that takest away the..... | sins of the | world! | Re - - - | ceive our | prayer;
7. Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father! | Have mercy | up - on | us;
8. For Thou..... | only art | Ho-ly; | Thou ..... | on - ly | art the | Lord;
9. Thou only, O Christ! with the | Ho - ly | Ghost, | Art most high in the | glory of | God the | Father. | A-men.

179 Weary of Earth and laden with my sin.

10.10.10.10. *"I came to call sinners."* **Langran.**

SAMUEL J. STONE, 1865. *Abr.* JAMES LANGRAN, 1863.


1. WEA-RY of Earth and lad-en with my sin, I look at Heav'n and long to en-ter in:
But there no e-vil thing may find a home: And yet I hear a Voice that bids me "Come."

2 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear.
His are the hands stretch'd out to draw me near
And His the blood that can for all atone
And set me faultless there before the throne.

3 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord!
Thine all the merit, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

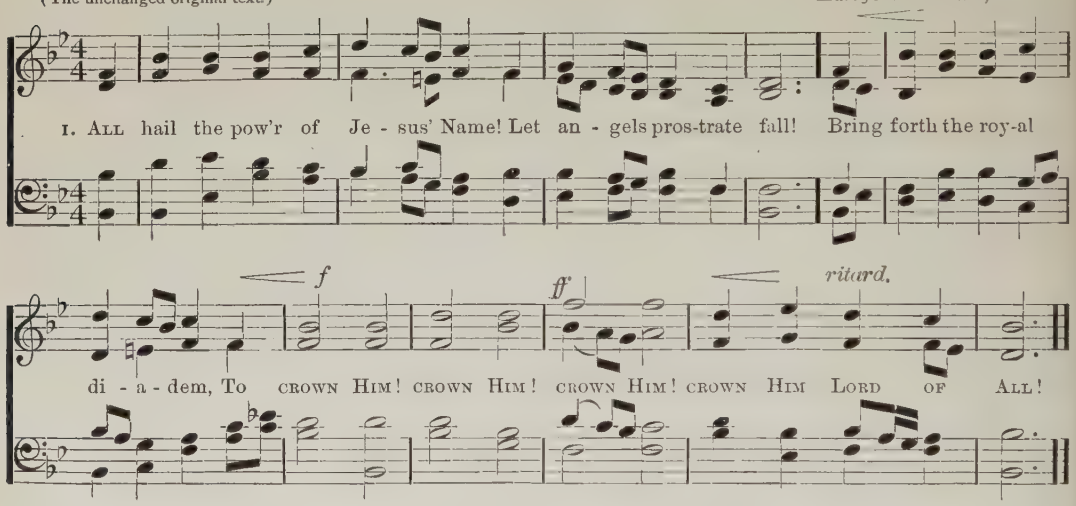
4 Naught can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe;
Yet let my full heart all it hath bestow.
Like Mary's gift let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

180 All hail the power of Jesus' Name.

C. M. "*Behold the Man!*" **Miles Lane.**

EDWARD PERRONET, 1779.
(The unchanged original text.)

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE, 1779.
Har. JOHN B. DYKES, 1861.


1. ALL hail the pow'r of Je - sus' Name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall! Bring forth the roy-al
f
ff
ritard.
di - a - dem, To CROWN HIM! CROWN HIM! CROWN HIM! CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL!

2 Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre
And, as they tune it, fall
Before His face who tunes their choir
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light!
Who fixt this floating ball;
Now hail the Strength of Israel's might
And crown Him Lord of all!

4 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call,
The God incarnate, Man divine,
And crown Him Lord of all.

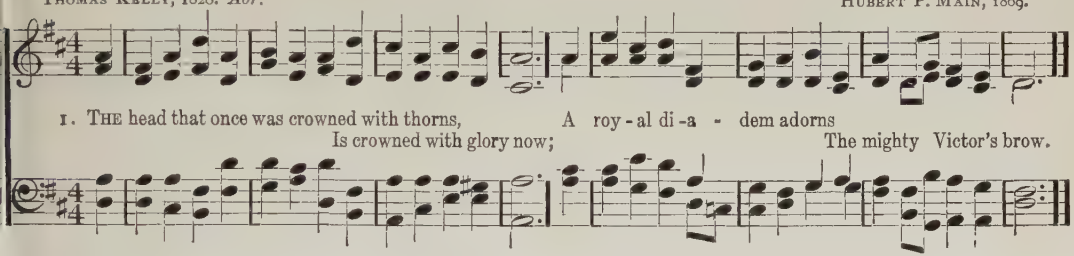
7 Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at His feet
And crown Him Lord of all.

8 Let every tribe and every tongue
That bound Creation's call
Now shout in universal song
The crownèd Lord of all.

181 The Head that once was crowned with thorns.

C. M. *"Far be it from me to glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."* Clark.

THOMAS KELLY, 1820. *Abr.* HUBERT P. MAIN, 1869.



2 The highest place that heaven affords,
Is His, — is His by right;
The King of kings and Lord of lords,
And Heaven's eternal light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love
And grants His name to know.

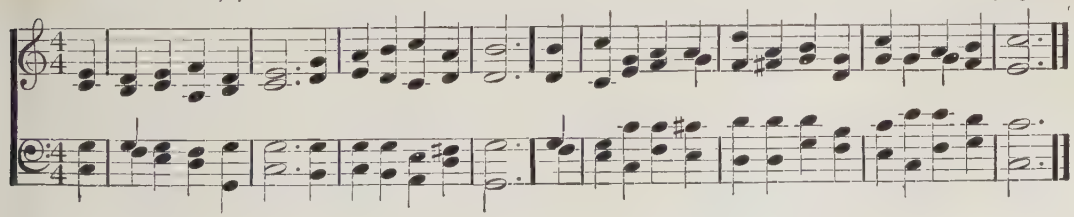
4 To them the Cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of Heaven.

5 The Cross He bore is life and health,
Tho shame and death to Him;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

182 Awake, and sing the song.

S. M. *"While He blest them, He parted from them."* St. Philip.

WILLIAM HAMMOND, 1745.
Alt. MARTIN MADAN, 1760. *Abr.* EDWARD J. HOPKINS, 1850.



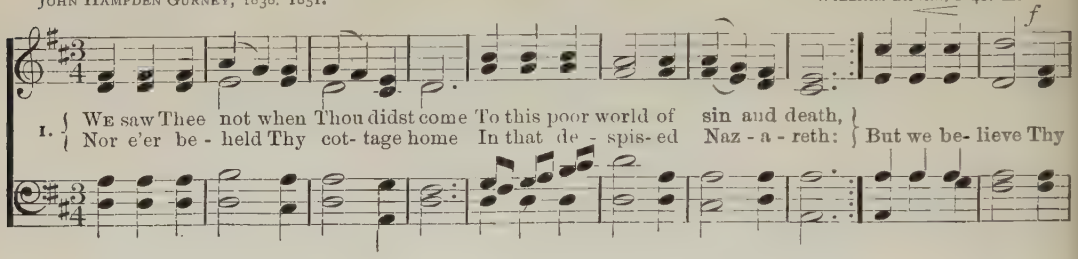
1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue!
To praise the Saviour's name.

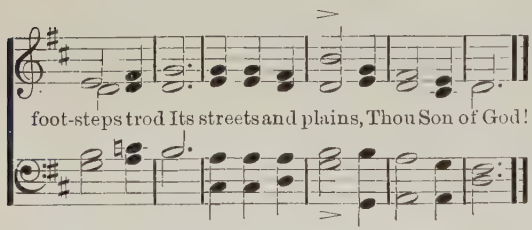
2 Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

183 We saw Thee not when Thou didst come.

8.8.8.8.8.8. "*Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed.*" **Wavertree.**

JOHN HAMPDEN GURNEY, 1838. 1851. WILLIAM SHORE, 1840. *Alt.*


1. We saw Thee not when Thou didst come To this poor world of sin and death,
Nor e'er be - held Thy cot- tage home In that de - spis- ed Naz - a - reth:
But we be- lieve Thy



2 We did not see Thee lifted high,
Amid that wild and ribald crew;
Nor heard Thy meek imploring cry—
"*Forgive, they know not what they do!*"
Yet we believe the deed was done
Which shook the Earth and veiled the Sun.

3 We stood not by the empty tomb
Where late Thy sacred body lay,
Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met Thee in the open way:
But we believe that angels said,
'Why seek the living 'mong the dead?'

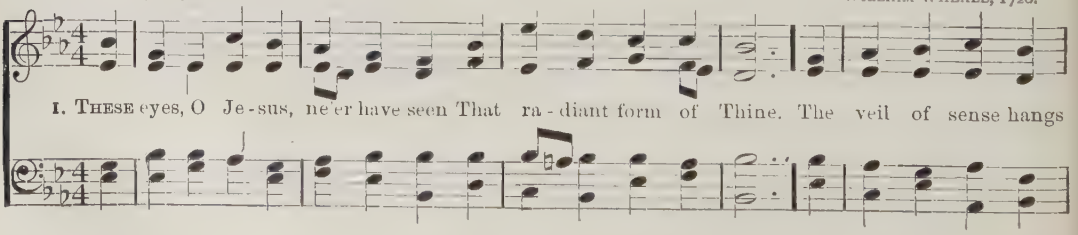
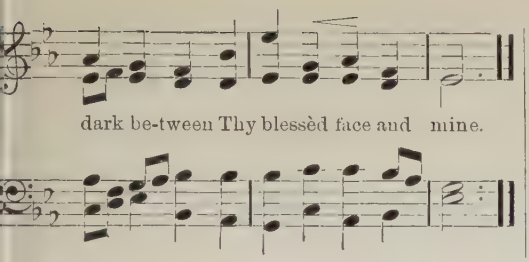
4 We did not mark the chosen few,
When Thou didst thro the clouds ascend,
First lift to Heaven their wondering view,
Then to the earth all prostrate bend:
Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

5 And now that Thou dost reign on high
And thence Thy waiting people bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness:
But we believe Thy faithful word,
And trust in our redeeming Lord.

184 These eyes, O Jesus! ne'er have seen.

C. M. "*A little while and ye shall see Me.*" **Bedford.**

RAY PALMER, 1857. *Abr.* WILLIAM WHEALL, 1720.

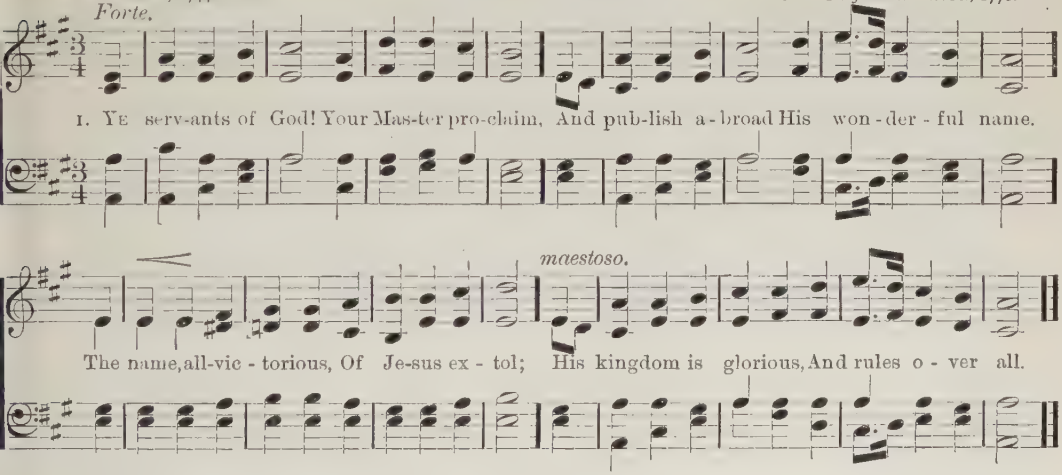


2 Yet, tho I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love Thee, dearest Lord! and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

3 When death these mortal eyes shall seal
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All glorious as Thou art!

185 Ye servants of God! your Master proclaim.

5.5.5.6, D. "*He is apparelled with majesty.*" Lyons.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1744. *Abr.* FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN, 1770.

Forte.
1. Ye serv-ants of God! Your Mas-ter pro-claim, And pub-lish a-broad His won-der-ful name.
maestoso.
The name, all-vic-torious, Of Je-sus ex-tol; His kingdom is glorious, And rules o-ver all.

2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still He is nigh;
His presence we have.
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus, our King.

3 Then let us adore
And give Him His right,
All glory and power
And wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing,
With angels above
And thanks never ceasing
And infinite love.

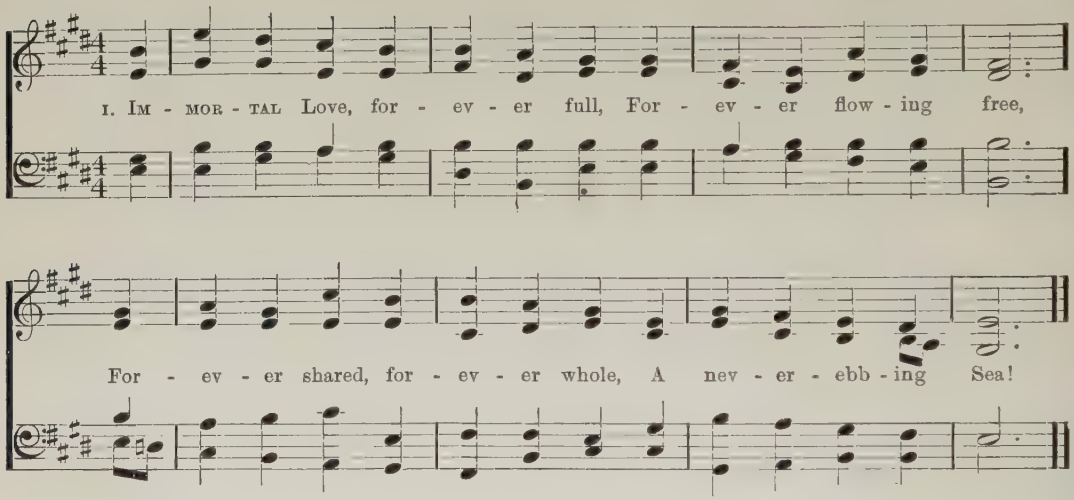
186 Immortal Love! forever full.

C. M.

JOHN G. WHITTIER, 1867. *Abr.*

"One is your Master, even the Christ."

St. Peter.

ALEXANDER R. REINAGLE, 1826.

2 Our outward lips confess the name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came
And comprehendeth Love.

3 Blow, winds of God, awake and blow
The mists of Earth away!
Shine out, O Light Divine, and show
How wide and far we stray!

4 We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down,
In vain we search the lowest deeps
For Him no depths can drown.

5 In joy of inward peace, or sense
Of sorrow over sin,
He is His own best evidence,
His Witness is within.

6 Yea, warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet
And love its Galilee.

7 O Love! O Life! Our faith and sight
Thy presence maketh one,
As thro transfigured clouds of white
We trace the noonday Sun.

8 So, to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled but not concealed,
We know in Thee the Fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.

9 Apart from Thee all gain is loss,
All labor vainly done;
The solemn shadow of Thy Cross
Is better than the Sun!

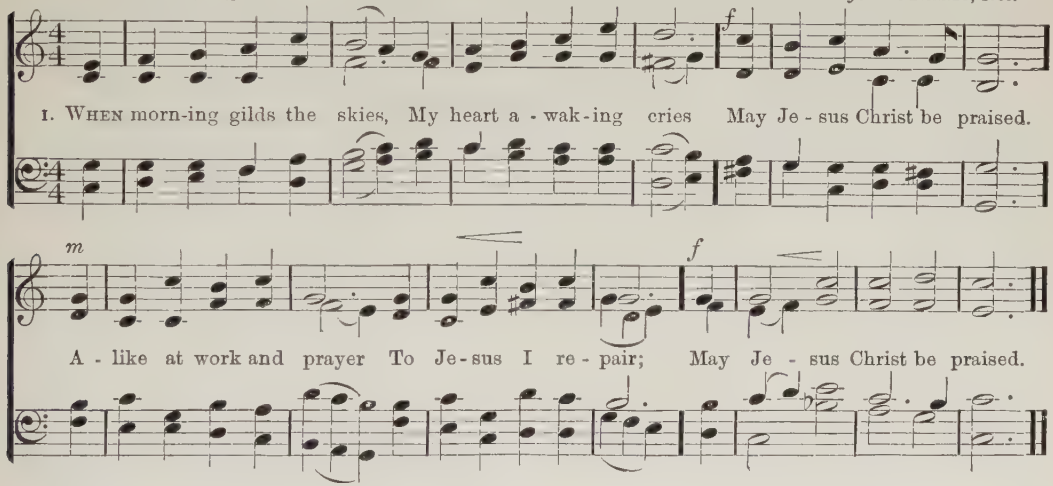
10 Thou judgest us. Thy purity
Doth all our lusts condemn;
The love that draws us nearer Thee
Is hot with wrath to them.

11 Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be?
Nor name nor form nor ritual word:
But simply following Thee.

187 When morning gilds the skies.

6.6.6.6.6.6. "Singing, with grace in your hearts, to the Lord." **Laudes Domini.**

EDWARD CASWALL, 1849. *Abr.* JOSEPH BARNBY, 1868.


f
1. WHEN morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak-ing cries May Je - sus Christ be praised.
m
f
A - like at work and prayer To Je-sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised.

2 Whene'er the sweet church-bell
Peals over hill and dell,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
Oh, hark to what it sings!
As joyously it rings,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

3 To Thee, O God above,
I cry with glowing love;
May Jesus Christ be praised.
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

4 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

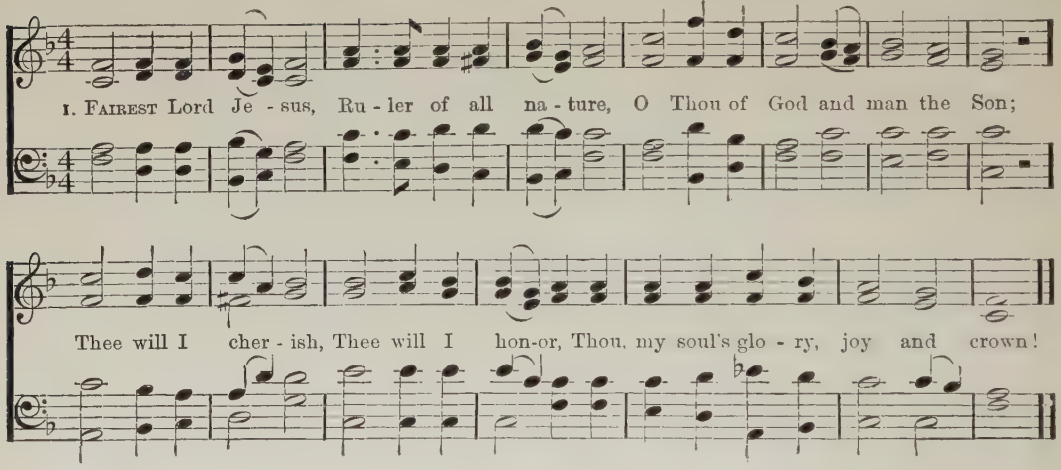
5 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised;
And when this life is gone,
Thro all the ages on,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

188 Fairest Lord Jesus.

5.6.8.5.5.8.
ANON, 12th Century, A. D.

"He showeth Himself thro the lattice."

Crusader's Hymn.
Har. RICHARD S. WILLIS, 1847.


1. FAIREST Lord Je - sus, Ru - ler of all na - ture, O Thou of God and man the Son;
Thee will I cher - ish, Thee will I hon-or, Thou, my soul's glo - ry, joy and crown!

2 Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring:
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woful heart to sing.

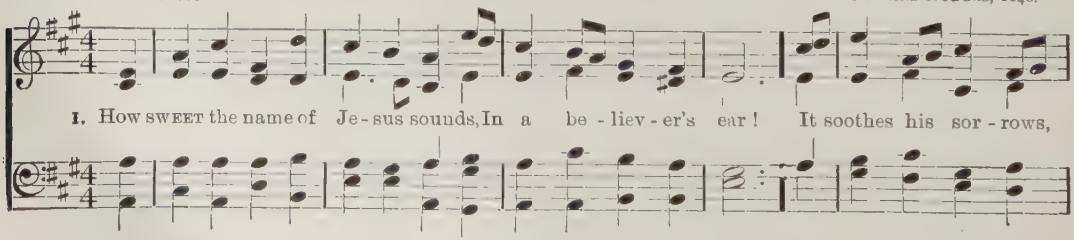
3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight
And all the twinkling starry host:
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels Heaven can boast.

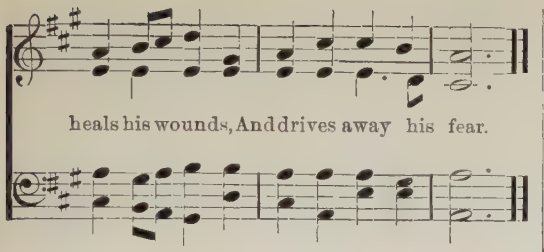
189 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds!

"Whose house are we if we hold fast our boldness, and the glorying of our hope firm unto the end!"

C. M.
JOHN NEWTON, 1779. *Abr.*

Bristol.
EDWARD HODGES, 1846.





2 It makes the wounded spirit whole
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis Manna to the hungry soul
And, to the weary, Rest.

3 Weak is the effort of my heart
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

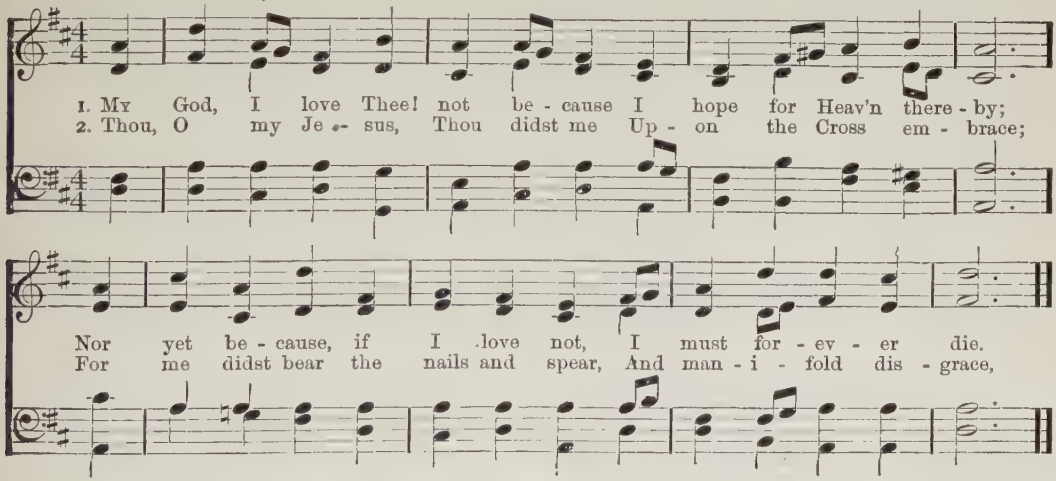
190 My God, I love Thee! not because.

C. M.

Lat. Francis Xavier, 1542.
Tr. Edward Caswall, 1849.

"He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation."

Würtemburg.

Johann Georg Frech, 1844.

1. My God, I love Thee! not be - cause I hope for Heav'n there - by;
2. Thou, O my Je - sus, Thou didst me Up - on the Cross em - brace;
Nor yet be - cause, if I love not, I must for - ev - er die.
For me didst bear the nails and spear, And man - i - fold dis - grace,

3 And griefs and torments numberless
And sweat of agony,
Yea, death itself; and all for one
Who was Thine enemy!

4 Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well!
Not for the sake of winning Heaven,
Nor of escaping Hell;—

5 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward:
But, as Thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord!

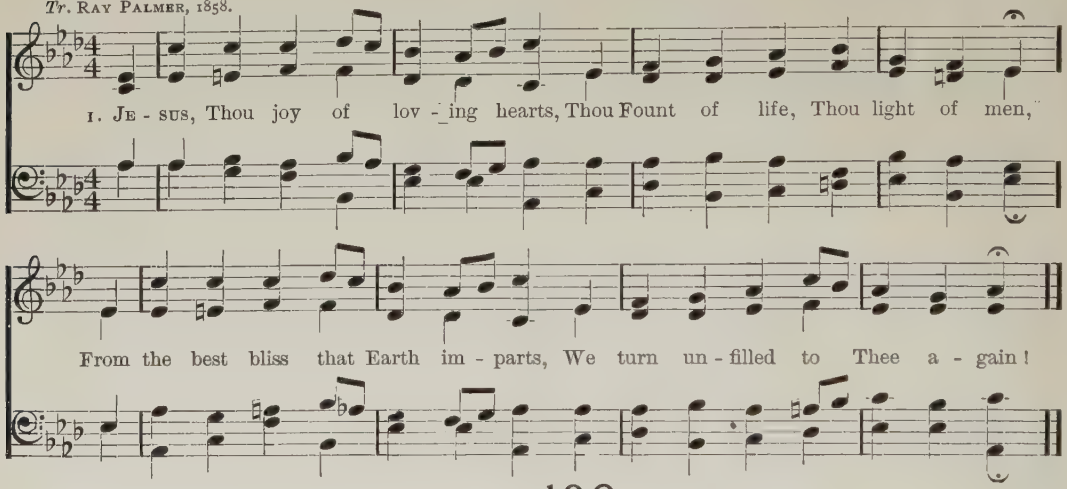
6 E'en so I love Thee, and will love
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God
And mine Eternal King.

191 Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts.

L. M. *"Having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience."* **Canonbury.**

Lat. Bernard of Clairvaux, 1140.
Tr. Ray Palmer, 1858.

Robert Schumann, 1839.


1. Je - sus, Thou joy of lov - ing hearts, Thou Fount of life, Thou light of men,
From the best bliss that Earth im - parts, We turn un - filled to Thee a - gain!

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood.
Thou savest them that on Thee call.
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, — All in all!

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread!
And long to feast upon Thee still.
We drink of Thee the Fountain-Head
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast,
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay!
Make all our moments calm and bright.
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

192

1 Earth has a joy unknown to Heaven, —
The new-born peace of sins forgiven!
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels, never dimmed your sight.

2 Loud is the song. The heavenly plain
Is shaken with the choral strain
And dying echoes, floating far,
Draw music from each chiming star.

3 But I amid your choirs shall shine
And all your knowledge shall be mine;
Ye on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear!

Abraham Lucas Hillhouse, 1822. *Abr.*

193

1 Advance the standards of the King,
His sign of conquest fling afar,
The summons to His holy war
Let all the loyal bugles ring!

2 Each strand that leaves the roaring loom
Weaves in Thy living robe, O God!
Come with Thy sceptre or Thy rod;
Terror or faith shall make Thee room.

3 Thine eyes like flame, Thy locks like wool,
Rend, as a scroll, these veiling skies!
Arise to judge the Earth, arise!
Her cup of pain is overfull.

4 Thy hand alone can loose the thrall,
Thine arm alone can right the wrong,
Peoples and powers to Thee belong,
Then let Thy rule be all in all.

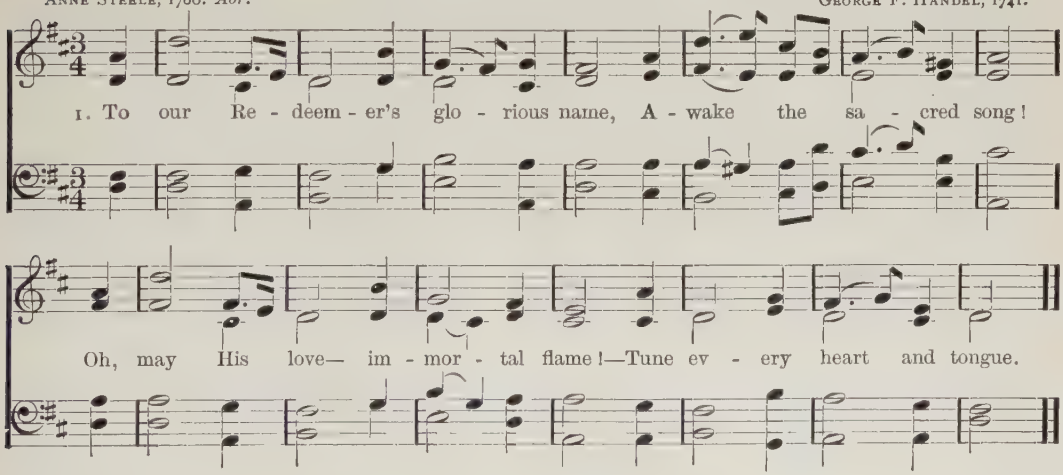
5 Thy Cross shall have its right of way,
Thou Man of Time and Light of Men!
Thy shafts of morning flash again
And lead Thy will-fulfilling day!

M. W. S., 1903.

194 To our Redeemer's glorious name.

C. M. "*In the fulness of the blessing of Christ.*" **Bradford.**

ANNE STEELE, 1760. *Abr.* GEORGE F. HANDEL, 1741.



195

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch,
In wonder, dies away.

3 Let wonder still with love unite
And gratitude with joy;
His praise be our supreme delight,
Our holiest powers employ.

1 IF CHRIST is mine, then all is mine
And more than angels know;
Both present things and things to come
And grace and glory too!

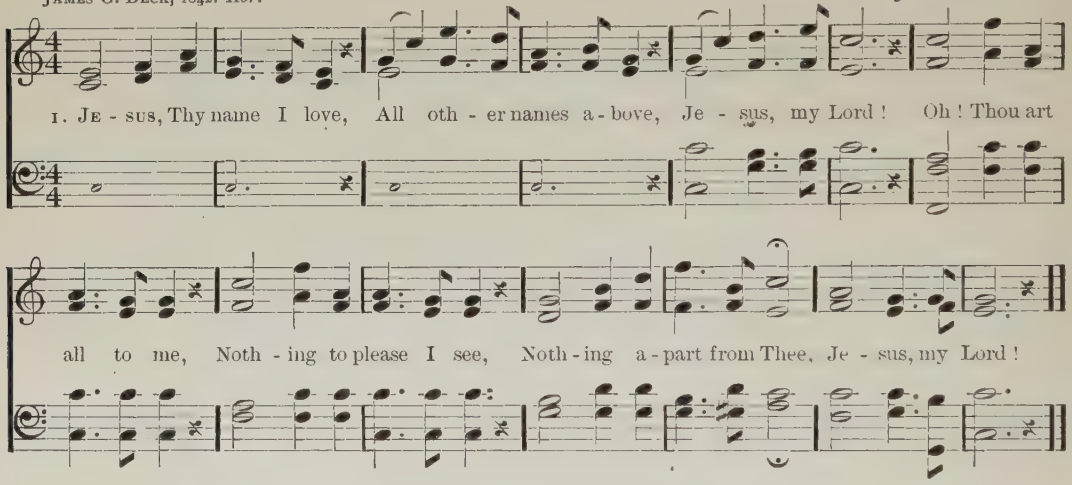
2 Let Jesus tell me He is mine,
I nothing want beside:
My soul shall at the Fountain live,
When all the streams are dried!

BENJAMIN BEDDOME, 1776. *Abr.*

196 Jesus, Thy name I love.

6s & 4s. *"On whom we have set our hope that He will also still deliver us."* Lyte.

James G. Deck, 1842. *Abr.* J. P. Holbrook.


1. Je - sus, Thy name I love, All oth - er names a - bove, Je - sus, my Lord! Oh! Thou art
all to me, Noth - ing to please I see, Noth - ing a - part from Thee, Je - sus, my Lord!

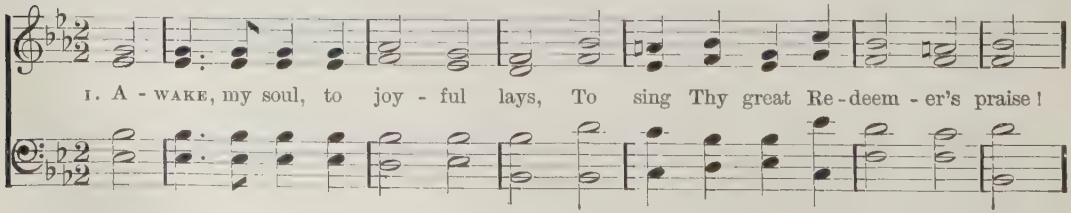
2 When unto Thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear,
What earthly grief or care,
Since Thou art ever near?
Jesus, my Lord!

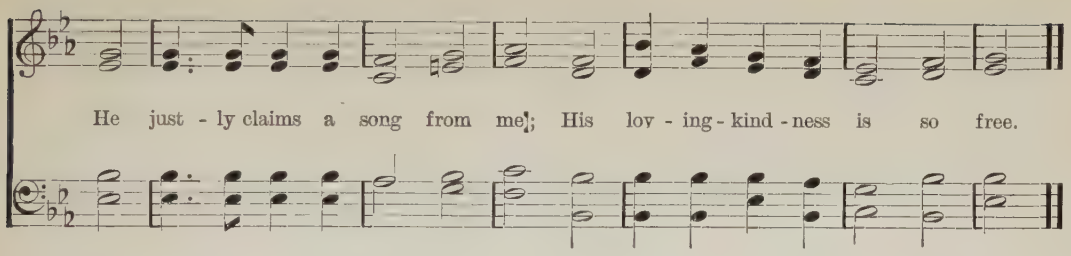
3 Soon Thou wilt come again!
I shall be blessèd then,
Jesus, my Lord!
Then Thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like Thee be,
Then evermore with Thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

197 Awake, my soul, in joyful lays.

L. M. *"It is the blood that maketh atonement by reason of the life."* Ashwell.

Samuel Medley, 1793. *Abr.* Lowell Mason, 1842.



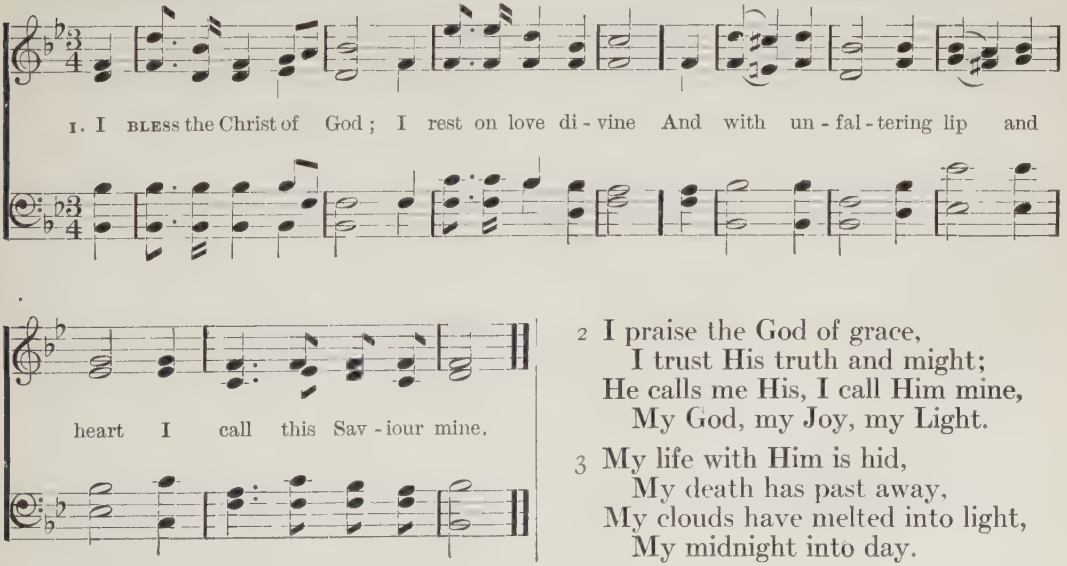


2 Thro mighty hosts of cruel foes,
Where Earth and Hell my way oppose,
Hs safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness is so strong.

3 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But, tho I oft have Him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

198 I bless the Christ of God.

S. M. *"And he put forth his hand and took her, and brought her in unto him into the ark."* **Braden.**

HORATIUS BONAR, 1863. *Abr.* WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY, 1844.

2 I praise the God of grace,
I trust His truth and might;
He calls me His, I call Him mine,
My God, my Joy, my Light.

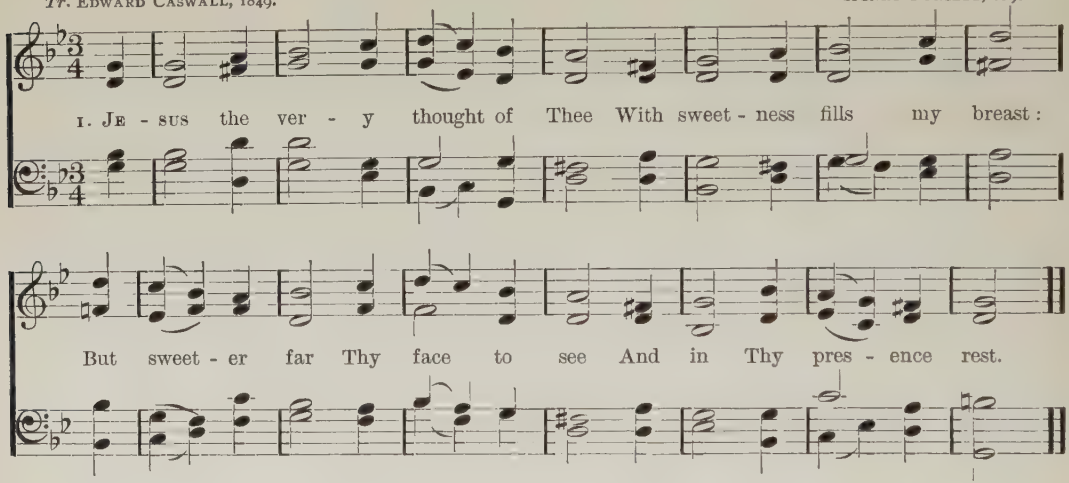
3 My life with Him is hid,
My death has past away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.

199 Jesus, the very thought of Thee.

C. M. *"The Name which is above every name."* **Burford.**

Lat. Bernard of Clairvaux, 1140.
Tr. Edward Caswall, 1849.

Henry Purcell, 1690.



2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the mem'ry find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show.
The love of Jesus, — what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus! be Thou our glory now
And thro eternity!

200

1 My Saviour! mine almighty Friend!
When I begin Thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end, —
The numbers of Thy grace?

2 Thou art mine everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew Thy graces first
I speak Thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road
And march with courage in Thy strength
To see my Father God.

4 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and Hell,
Shall Thy salvation sing.

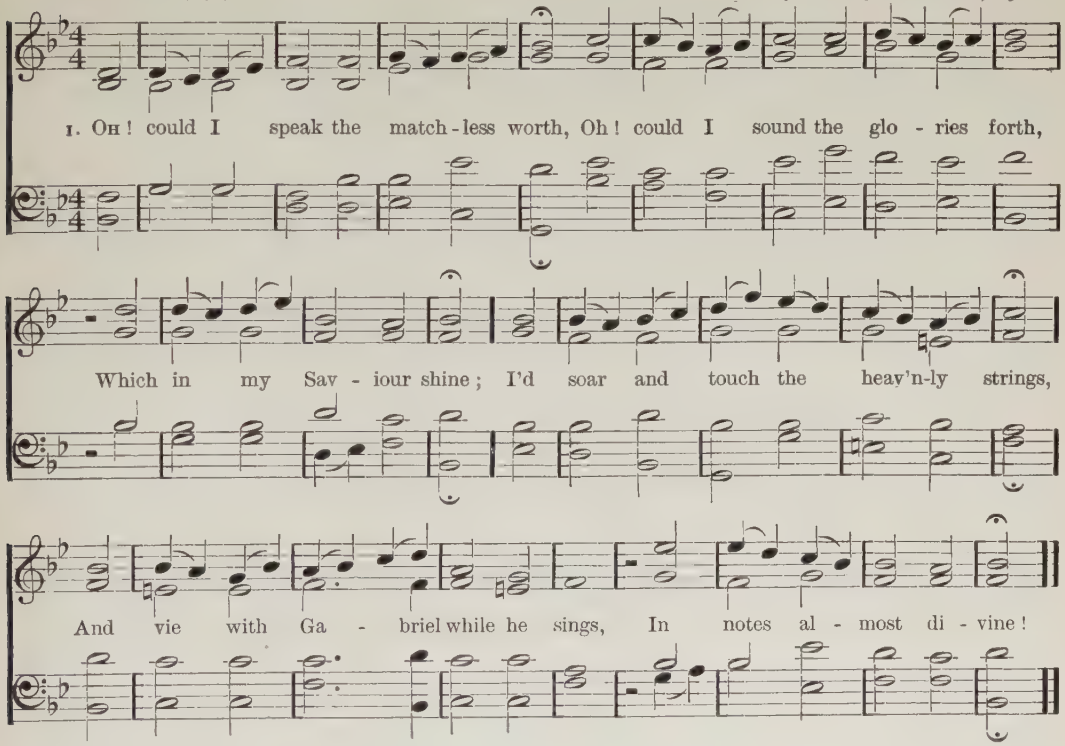
Isaac Watts, 1719. *Abr.*

201 Oh! could I speak the matchless worth.

"Thro Him then let us offer up a sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of lips which make confession to His name."

8.8.6.8.8.6. **Hampstead.**

SAMUEL MEDLEY, 1789. *Har.* by HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1851.


1. Oh! could I speak the match-less worth, Oh! could I sound the glo - ries forth,
Which in my Sav - iour shine; I'd soar and touch the heav'n-ly strings,
And vie with Ga - briel while he sings, In notes al - most di - vine!

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine.
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly, dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne.
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

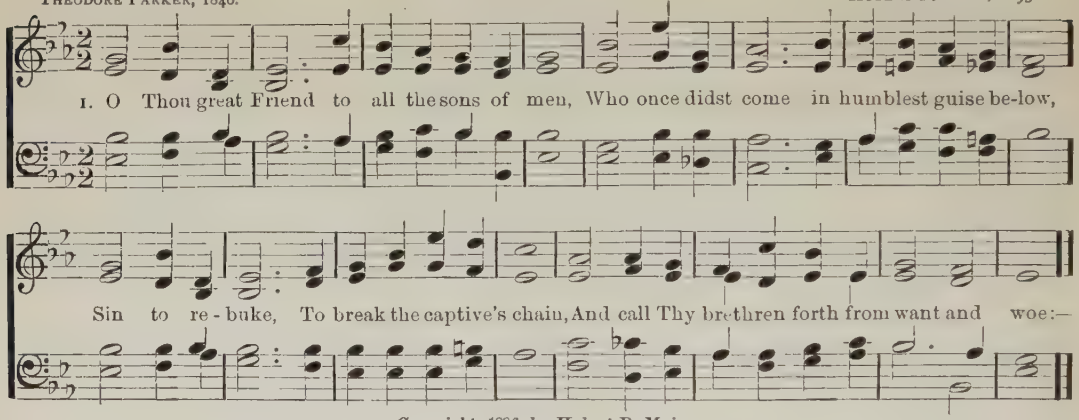
4 Soon that surpassing morn will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home
And I shall see His face;
There with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

202 O Thou great Friend to all the sons of men.

10.10.10.10.
THEODORE PARKER, 1846.

"He could not be hid!"

Cassidy.
HUBERT P. MAIN, 1895.


1. O Thou great Friend to all the sons of men, Who once didst come in humblest guise be-low,
Sin to re-buke, To break the captive's chain, And call Thy brethren forth from want and woe:—

Copyright, 1896, by Hubert P. Main.

2 We look to Thee; Thy truth is still the light
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

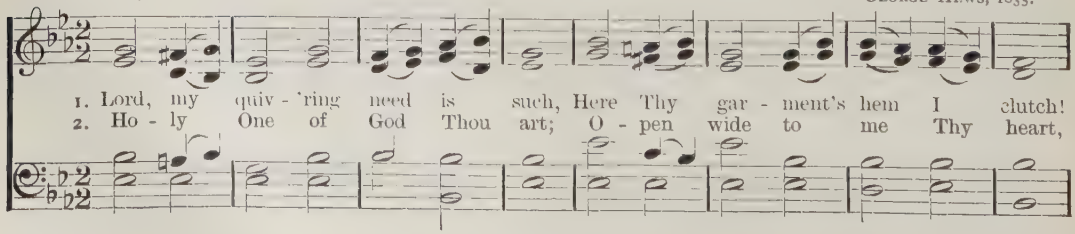
3 Yes! Thou art still the Life; Thou art the Way
The holiest know; Light, Life, and Way of Heaven!
And they who dearest hope and deepest pray,
Toil by the Light, Life, Way, which Thou hast given.

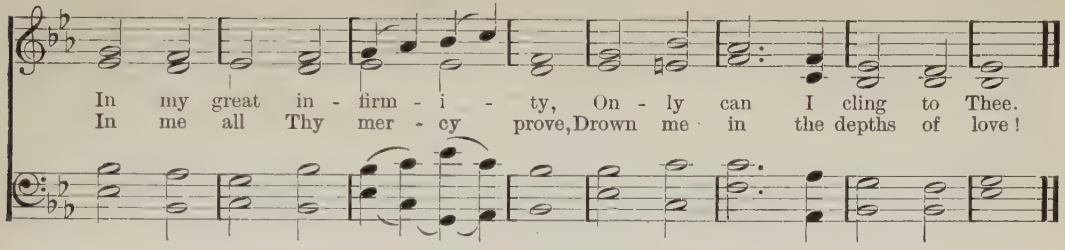
203 Lord, my quivering need is such.

7.7.7.7.
M. W. S., 1918.

"Let me see Thy countenance, let me hear Thy voice."

Holley.
GEORGE HEWS, 1835.





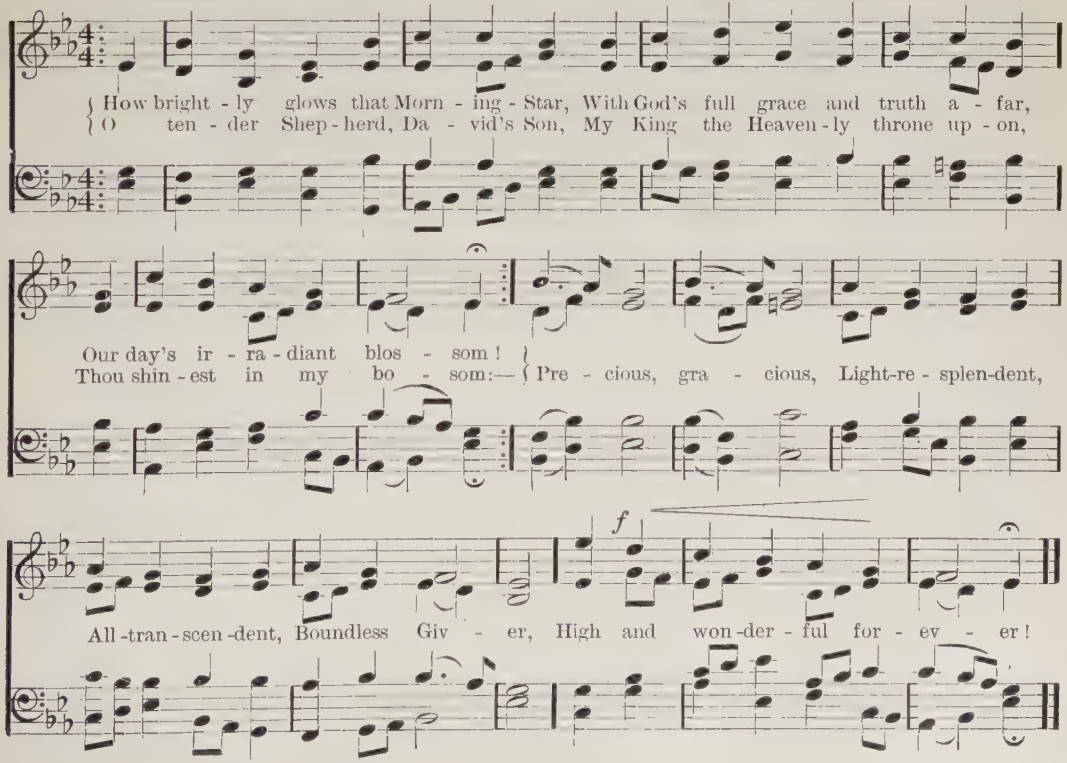
204 How brightly glows that Morning-Star.

"Thro the tender mercy of our God, the Dayspring from on high hath visited us."

8s, 7s & 4s, P. **Der Morgenstern.**

Ger. PHILLIP NICOLAI, 1597.
Tr. M. W. S., 1883. *Abr.*

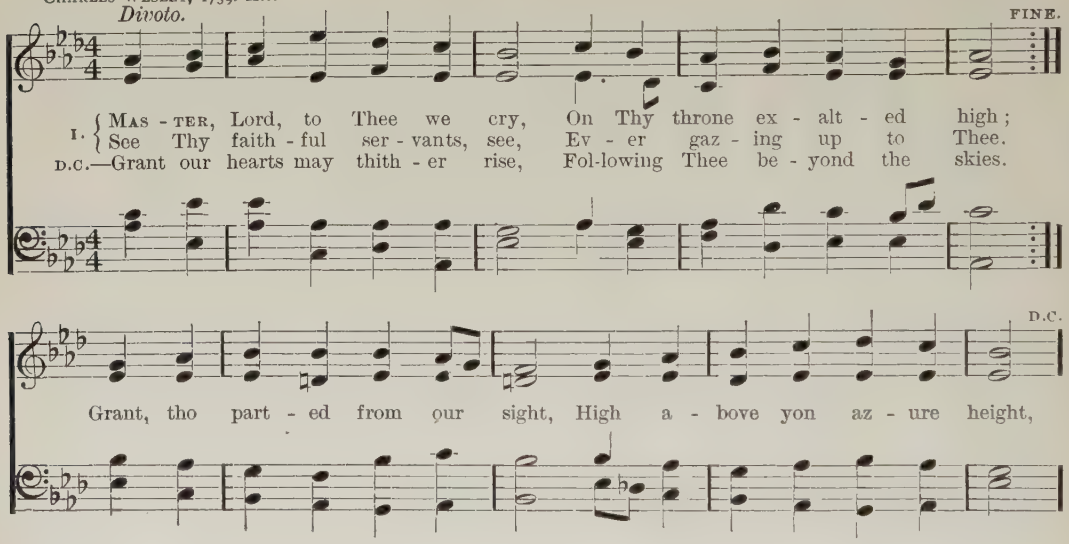
Ger. 1569, *Enlarged* PHILLIP NICOLAI, 1599.


How bright - ly glows that Morn - ing - Star, With God's full grace and truth a - far,
O ten - der Shep - herd, Da - vid's Son, My King the Heaven - ly throne up - on,
Our day's ir - ra - diant blos - som!
Thou shin - est in my bo - som:— Pre - cious, gra - cious, Light-re - splen-dent,
f
All - tran - scen - dent, Boundless Giv - er, High and won - der - ful for - ev - er!

205 Master, Lord, to Thee we cry.

7s, D. "*From whence also we wait for a Saviour.*" **Treufest.**

CHARLES WESLEY, 1739. *Alt. Divoto.* German, 1784.


FINE.
I. MAS - TER, Lord, to Thee we cry, On Thy throne ex - alt - ed high;
See Thy faith - ful ser - vants, see, Ev - er gaz - ing up to Thee.
D.C.—Grant our hearts may thith - er rise, Fol-lowing Thee be - yond the skies.
D.C.
Grant, tho part - ed from our sight, High a - bove yon az - ure height,

2 Ever may we upward move,
Wafted on the wings of love,
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Looking for our heavenly home;
Then may we with Thee remain,
Partners of Thine endless reign,
There Thy face unclouded see,
Find our Heaven of heavens in Thee!

206

1 HASTEN, Lord! to my release,
Haste to help me, O my God!
Foes, like armed bands, increase;
Turn them back the way they trod.
Dark temptations round me press,
Evil thoughts my soul assail,
Doubts and fears in my distress
Rise till flesh and spirit fail.

2 Those that seek Thee shall rejoice.
I am bound with misery:
Yet I make Thy law my choice;
Turn, my God! and look on me.
Thou mine only Helper art,
My Redeemer from the grave;
Strength of my desiring heart!
Do not tarry, haste to save.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822.

207

1 FOR the beauty of the Earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and about us lies,
For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and mind's delight,
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight,

2 For each perfect gift of thine
To mankind so free'ly given,
Graces human and divine,
Flowers of Earth and buds of Heaven.

For Thy church that evermore,
Lifts her hands on every shore,
Lord Christ, unto Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

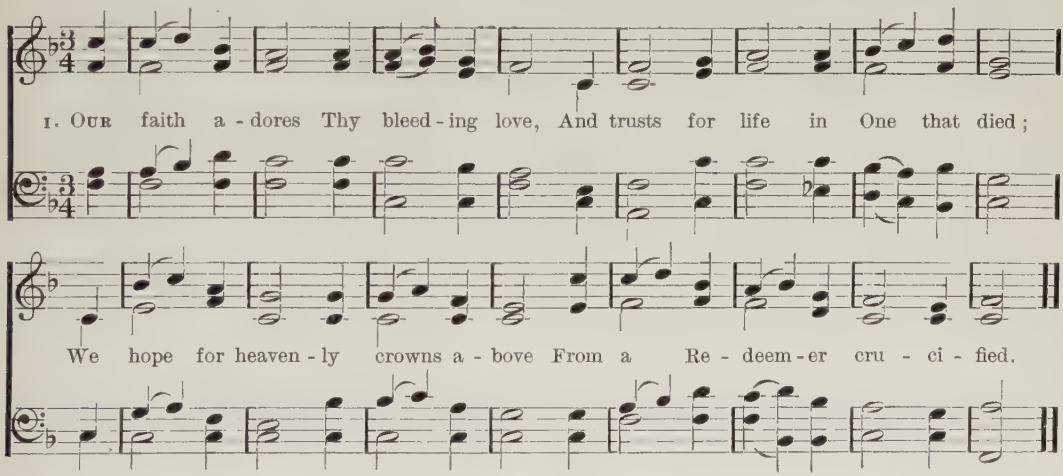
FOLLIOTT S, PIERPOINT, 1884. *Alt.*

208 Our faith adores Thy bleeding love.

L. M. *"I was wounded in the house of My friends."* **Warner.**

ISAAC WATTS., 1707. *Abr.*

GIOACCHIMO ROSSINI.
Arr. GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1853.


1. Our faith a - dores Thy bleed - ing love, And trusts for life in One that died;
We hope for heaven - ly crowns a - bove From a Re - deem - er cru - ci - fied.

2 Let the vain world pronounce it shame
And fling their scandals on Thy cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's name
And make our triumph in His Cross,

3 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left His tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage
And we are waiting till He come.

209

1 INTO Thy gracious hands I fall
And with the arms of faith embrace;
O King of glory, hear my call!
Oh raise me, heal me, by Thy grace!

2 Still let Thy wisdom be my guide,
Nor take Thy light from me away;
Still with me let Thy grace abide,
That I from Thee may never stray.

3 Let Thy word richly in me dwell,
Thy peace and love my portion be;
My joy to endure and do Thy will,
Till perfect I am found in Thee.

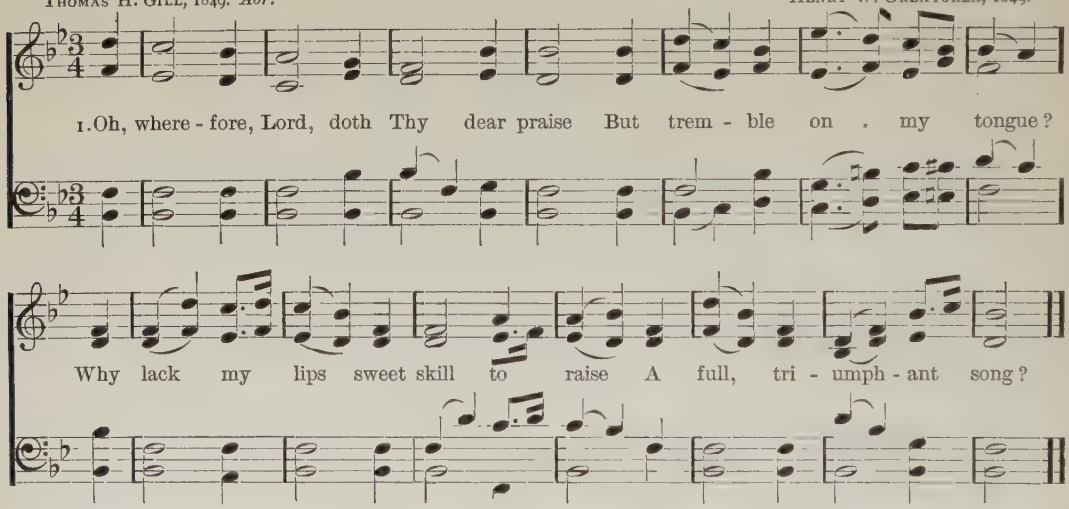
4 From faith to faith, from grace to grae,
So in Thy strength shall I go on,
Till Heaven and Earth flee from Thy face
And glory end what grace begun.

Ger. WOLFGANG C. DESSLER, 1602.
Tr. JOHN WESLEY, 1739. *Abr.*

210 Oh, wherefore, Lord, doth Thy dear praise.

C. M. *"I know the thoughts that I think toward you."* Bemerton.

Thomas H. Gill, 1849. *Abr.* Henry W. Greatorex, 1849.


1. Oh, where - fore, Lord, doth Thy dear praise But trem - ble on . my tongue?
Why lack my lips sweet skill to raise A full, tri - umph - ant song?

2 Oh make me, Lord, Thy statutes learn,
Keep in Thy ways my feet;
Then shall my lips divinely burn,
Then shall my songs be sweet.

3 Each sin I cast away shall make
My soul more strong to soar;
Each work I do for Thee shall wake
A strain divine the more.

4 My voice shall more delight Thine ear
The more I wait on Thee;
Thy service bring my song more near
The angelic harmony.

211

1 Thou Stone the builders set at naught,
Thou Rock they did despise,
Now art the base whence all is wrought
That lifteth toward the skies.

2 Than Thine there is none other name,
The Son of Man supreme,
Who from Thy depths of mercy came
This sad Earth to redeem.

3 Our age is haggard, old the night
Of wrong and doubt and fear;
Lift up Thy hand! The black gates smite!
Light of all life, draw near!

4 Thy holy might make all things new,
That dark Prince down be hurled,
Thy deathless Spirit, bursting thro,
Proclaim a different world!

5 We close our ranks who will Thy will,
To dare the desperate task.
We challenge Thy word to fulfil
What is Thy name we ask.

M. W. S., 1918.

212 "Art thou weary, art thou languid?"

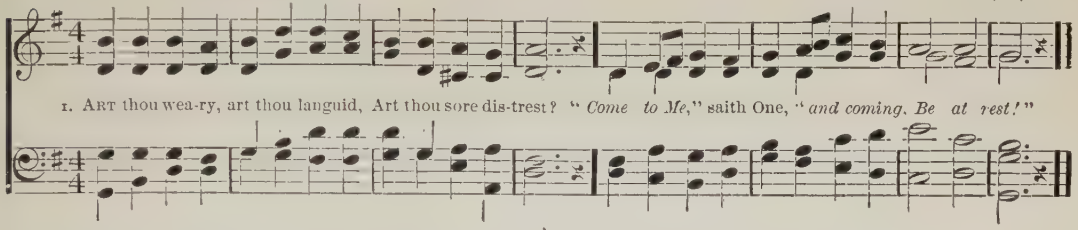
8.5.8.3.

"Let no man rob you of your prize."

Stephanos.

Gk. Stephen, The Sabaite, *cir.* 750.
Tr. John M. Neale, 1851.

Henry W. Baker, 1868.
Har. Hubert P. Main, 1871.



2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns."

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till Earth and not till Heaven
Pass away!"

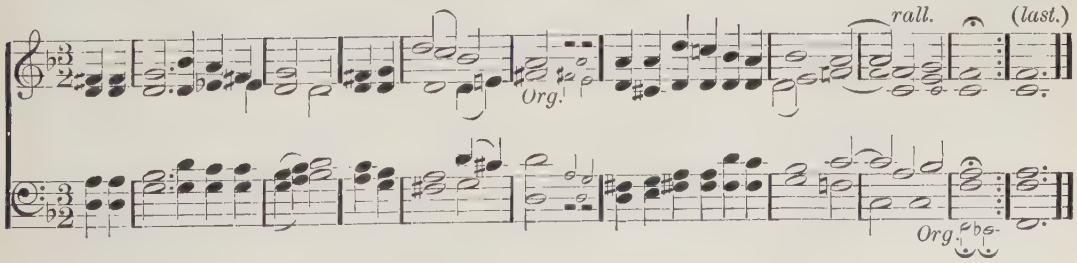
7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes!

8.5.8.3.

SECOND TUNE.

Christus Consolator.

John B. Dykes, 1874.



213 Behold, a Stranger's at the door!

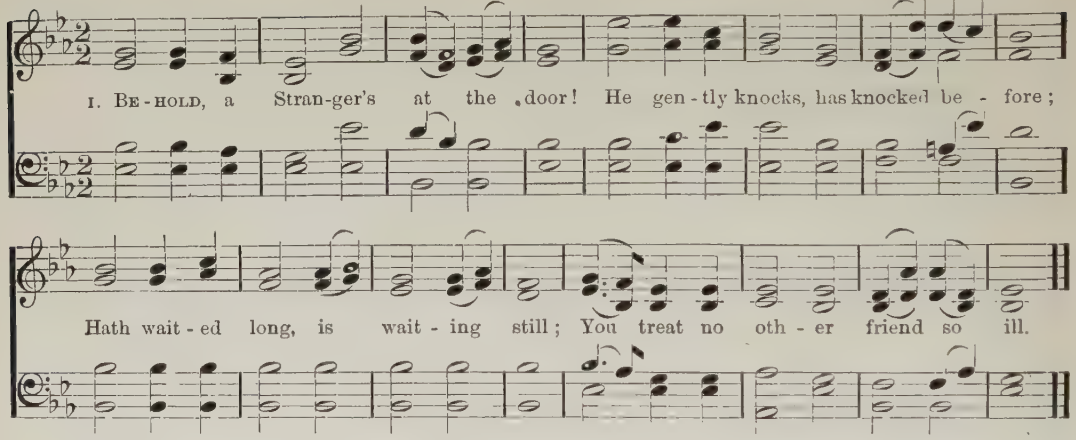
L. M

"And they were all astonished at the majesty of God."

Bera.

Joseph Grigg, 1765. *Abr.*

John Edgar Gould, 1849.


1. Be-hold, a Stran-ger's at the door! He gen-tly knocks, has knocked be-fore;
Hath wait-ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill.

2 Oh, lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and loaded hands:
Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

3 If thou art poor, and poor thou art,
Lo He has riches to impart!
Yet know, nor of the terms complain,
If Jesus comes, He comes to reign.

4 If thou art sad, grief shall go by
In tears of joy, with Jesus nigh;
Oh, let Him in! for such a friend [end.
Can bring thee peace that knows no

214

1 My heavenly birthright I forsake,
An outcast all unreconciled:
The manner of His love doth make
My Father own me as His child.

2 Turned wholly am I from the way,
Lost and eternally undone:
I am of those, tho far astray,
The Father seeketh thro the Son.

3 I am as dross and less than dross,
A tenement of misery:
I am so precious that the Cross
Darkened the universe for me!

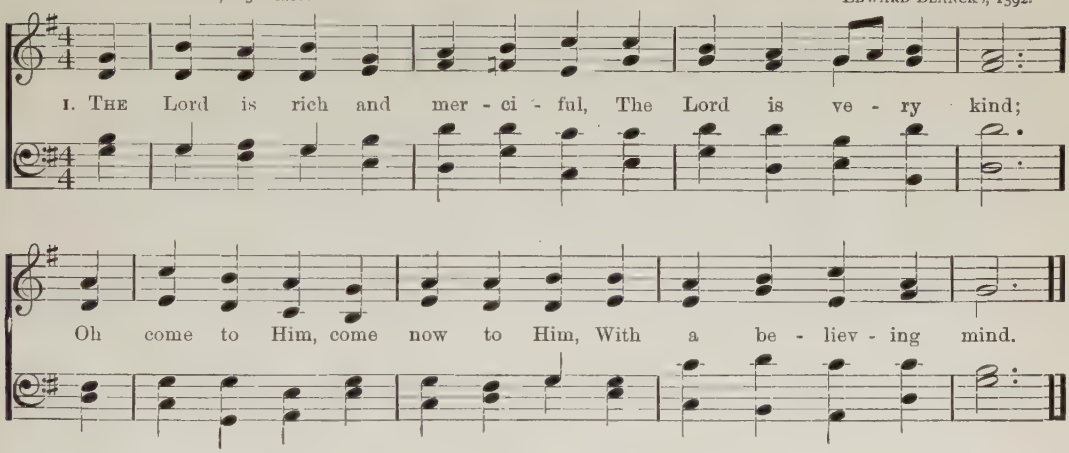
4 I am unfit, even from the dust,
Master! to kiss Thy garment's hem:
I am so dear, that Thou, tho just,
Wilt not despise me or condemn.

5 Naked, ashamed, I hide my face,
All seamed by guilt's defacing scars:
I may be clothed with righteousness
Above the brightness of the stars!

Phoebe Cary, 1852. *Abr*

215 The Lord is rich and merciful.

C. M. "*A better covenant, which hath been enacted upon better promises.*" **Canterbury.**

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH, 1850. *Abr.* EDWARD BLANCKS, 1592.

2 His comforts they shall strengthen thee,
Like flowing waters cool
And He shall for thy spirit be
A fountain ever full.

3 He shall be to thee like the sea
And thou shalt surely feel
His wind, that bloweth healthfully,
Thy sicknesses to heal.

4 The Lord is wonderful and wise,
As all the ages tell;
Oh learn of Him, learn now of Him,
Then with thee it is well.

5 And with His light thou shalt be blest,
Therein to work and thrive
And He shall be to thee a rest
When evening hours arrive.

216

1 ALMIGHTY and Most Merciful,
Our Father, we have erred,
And from Thy way, like sheep astray,
Have our desires preferred.

2 We have offended Thy good laws,
Misdeeds have done, and thus
The things we ought we have not wrought,
There is no health in us.

3 But have Thou mercy still on those
To penitence restored;
Thou hast declared they shall be spared,
Thro Jesus Christ our Lord.

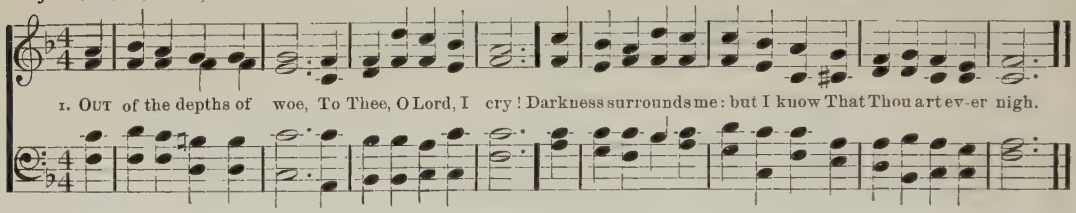
4 And, for His sake, a godly life
Most mercifully give,
That in the same to Thy dear name
Hereafter we may live.

M. W. S., 1892.

217 Out of the depths of woe.

S. M. *"Before I was afflicted I went astray."* **Deliverance.**

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822. *Abr.* SAMUEL SEB. WESLEY, 1863. *Abr.*



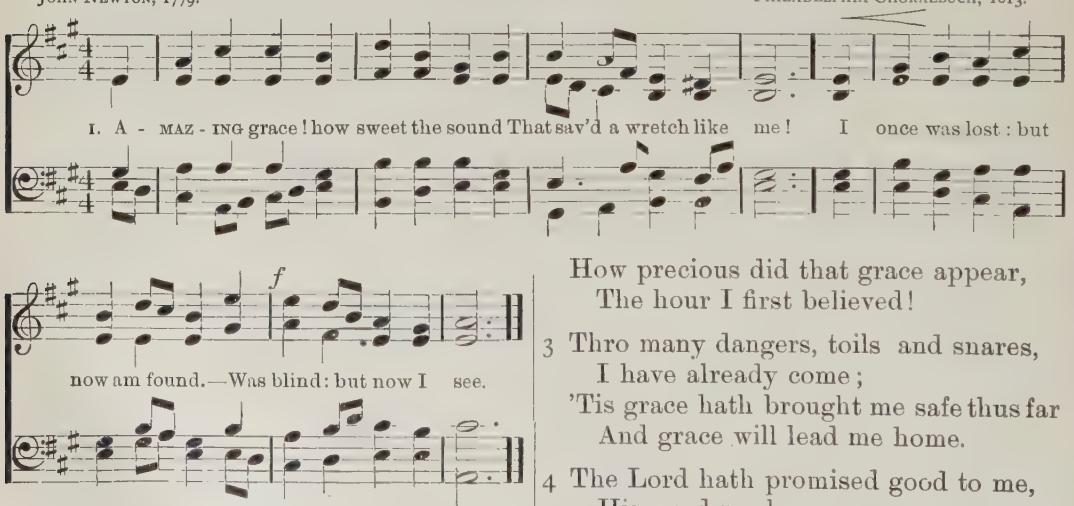
2 I cast my hope on Thee;
Thou canst, Thou wilt forgive;
Wert Thou to mark iniquity,
Who in Thy sight could live?

3 Humbly on Thee I wait,
Confessing all my sin.
Lord! I am knocking at Thy gate;
Open, and take me in.

218 Amazing grace! how sweet the sound.

C. M. *"That in me as chief might Jesus Christ shew forth all His long suffering."* **Obedience.**

JOHN NEWTON, 1779. PHILADELPHIA CHORALBUCH, 1813.



2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Thro many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far
And grace will lead me home.

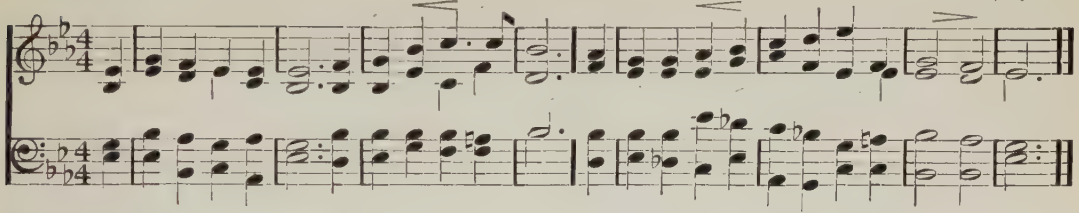
4 The Lord hath promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my Shield and Portion be,
So long as life endures.

219 On that Damascus way.

6.6.8.4.
M. W. S., 1918.

"He came and preached peace to you that were far off."

Via Pacis.
Joseph Barney, 1872.



1 On that Damascus way,
A lane of blinding light
Arrested him who went that day
Thy saints to smite.

2 Those men at arms beheld,
Altho no voice they heard;
They saw their furious leader felled
Prone at Thy word.

3 That word his answer met, —
"What wilt Thou have me do?"
So he became, in boundless debt,
Thy vassal true.

4 Thy thought is not our thought!
As one born out of time,
That persecutor there was caught
By grace sublime.

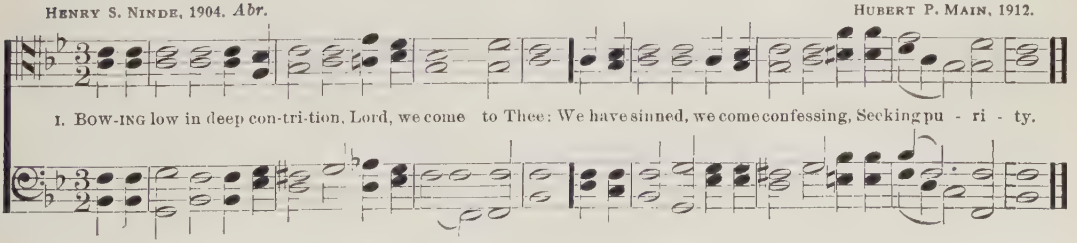
5 Let that allegiance sealed
Mend our pale reckoning;
So many a foeman yet shall yield
To Christ his King!

220 Bowing low in deep contrition.

8.5.8.5.
Henry S. Ninde, 1904. *Abr.*

"I will; be thou clean."

Da Nobis Puritatem.
Hubert P. Main, 1912.



Copyright, 1912, by The Biglow & Main Co.

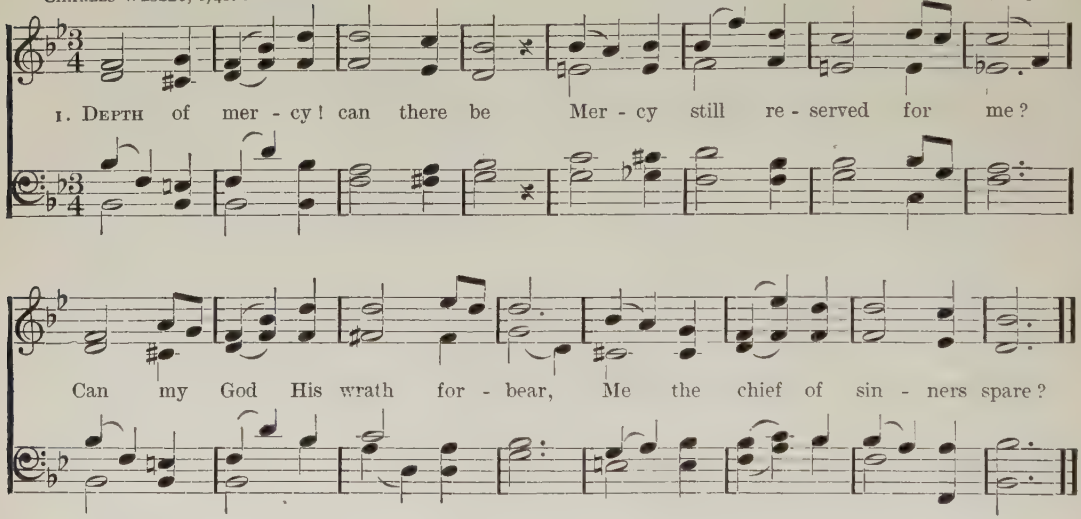
2 Thou whose word could still the tempest, calm the raging sea,
Hush the storm of human passion, give us purity.

3 Thou who didst forgive the sinful, glad we come to Thee,
At Thy feet to plead for pardon, peace and purity.

221 Depth of mercy! can there be.

7.7.7.7. *"While he was yet afar off, His father saw him."* **Last Hope.**

Louis Moreau Gottschalk, 1854.
Arr. Hubert P. Main, 1865.

Charles Wesley, 1740. *Abr.*

2 I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face,
Would not hearken to His calls,
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

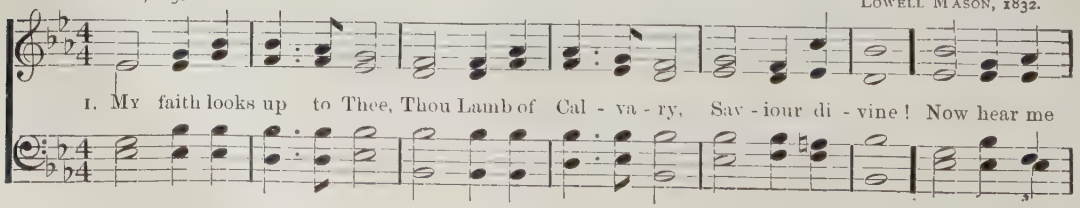
3 Kindled His relentings are,
Me He now delights to spare;
Cries,—"How shall I give thee up?" —
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

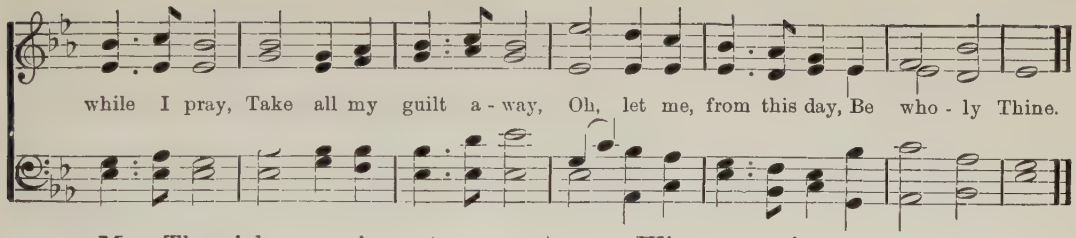
222 My faith looks up to Thee.

6s & 4s. *"If righteousness is thro the law, then Christ died for naught."* **Olivet.**

Ray Palmer, 1830.

Lowell Mason, 1832.





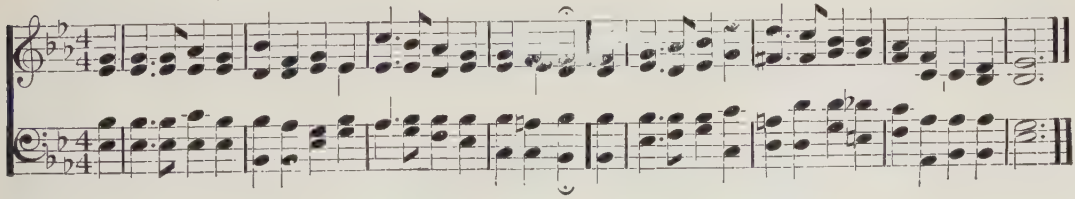
2 May Thy rich grace impart,
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire.
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh! may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide.
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh! bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

223 When weary in the Christian race.

8.8.8.6. *"We have a Paraclete with the Father."* **Elmhurst.**

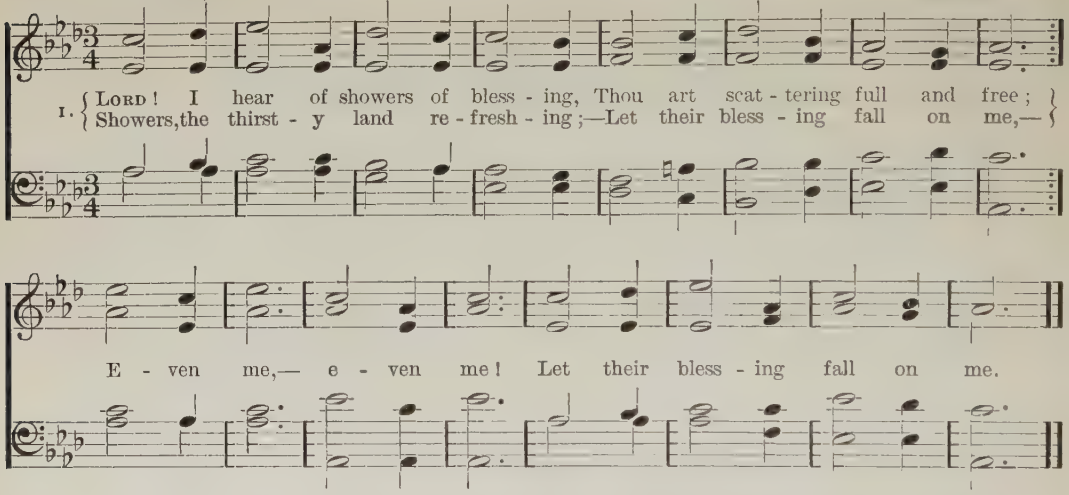
Charlotte Elliott, 1833. *Abr.* Edwin Drewett, 1887.

1 When weary in the Christian race,
Far-off appears my resting place,
When fainting I mistrust Thy grace
Then, Saviour, plead for me!

2 When I have erred, gone wide astray,
Afar from Thine and Wisdom's way,
Seeing no glimmering guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me!

224 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing.

8.7.8.7.6.7. *"Oh, that I were as in the days when His secret was with me."* **Even Me.**

ELIZABETH CODNER, 1860. *Abr.* WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1862.


1. Lord! I hear of showers of bless - ing, Thou art scat - tering full and free;
Showers, the thirst - y land re - fresh - ing;—Let their bless - ing fall on me,—
E - ven me,— e - ven me! Let their bless - ing fall on me.

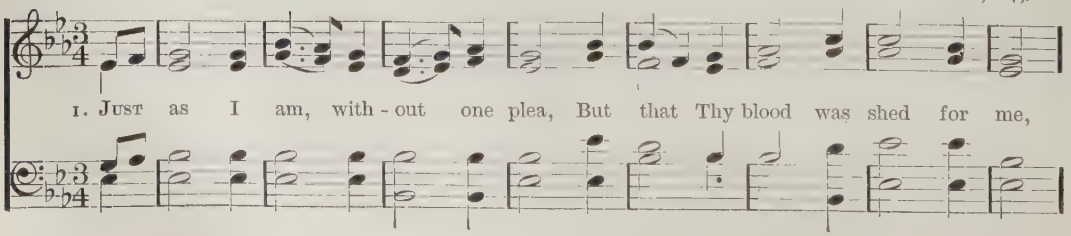
2 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh! forgive and rescue me, —
Even me, — even me!
Oh! forgive, and rescue me.

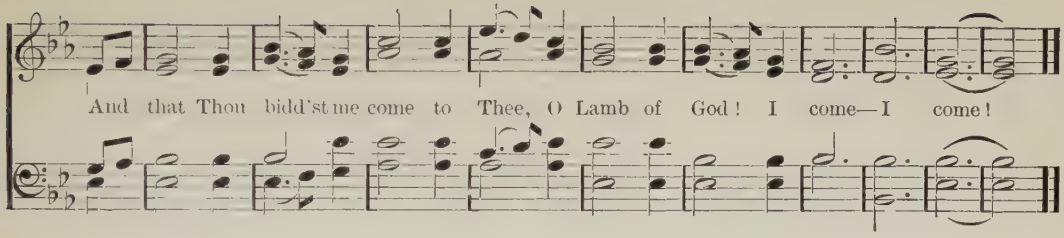
3 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of God, so rich and free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me, —
Even me, — even me!
Magnify them all in me.

225 Just as I am, without one plea.

L. M. *"According to your faith be it unto you."* **Woodworth.**

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1849.





2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come — I come.

3 Just as I am, tho tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come — I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come — I come.

5 Just as I am Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve!
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come — I come.

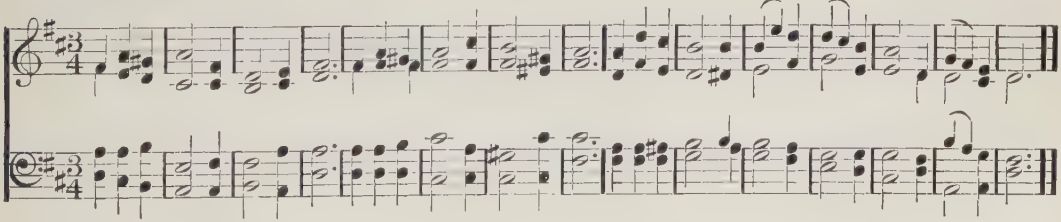
6 Just as I am; Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down!
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come — I come.

7 Just as I am, of that free love [prove,
The breadth, length, depth and height to
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come — I come.

226 Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing.

8.8.8.6. *"It is He that hath made us and we are His."* **Elliott.**

CHARLES WESLEY, 1739. *Arr.* JOHN STAINER.



1 OH, for a thousand tongues, to sing
The glories of my God and King,
My dear Redeemer's holiest praise,
The triumphs of His grace!

2 Those realms of help attend Thy voice,
With music worlds on worlds rejoice;
My Saviour, let my song proclaim
The honors of Thy Name!

227 When wounded sore, the stricken soul.

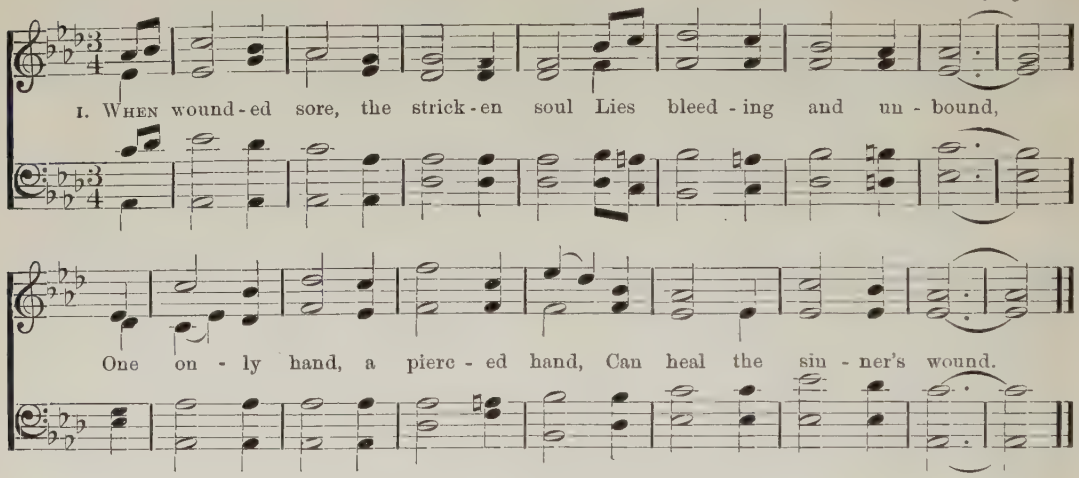
C. M.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER, 1858.

"I know their sorrows."

Manoah.

FRANZ J. HAYDN, 1801.
Arr. HENRY W. GREATOREX, 1851.



2 When sorrow swells the laden breast
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 When penitence has wept in vain
O'er some dark fouling spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart that's touched with all our joys
And feeleth for our grief.

5 Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord,
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin,
But in Thy wounded side!

228

1 All that I was,—my sin, my guilt,
My death, was all mine own;
All that I am, I owe to Thee,
My gracious God! alone.

2 The evil of my former state
Was mine and only mine;
The good in which I now rejoice,
Is Thine and only Thine.

3 The darkness of my former state,
The bondage, all was mine;
The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty, is Thine.

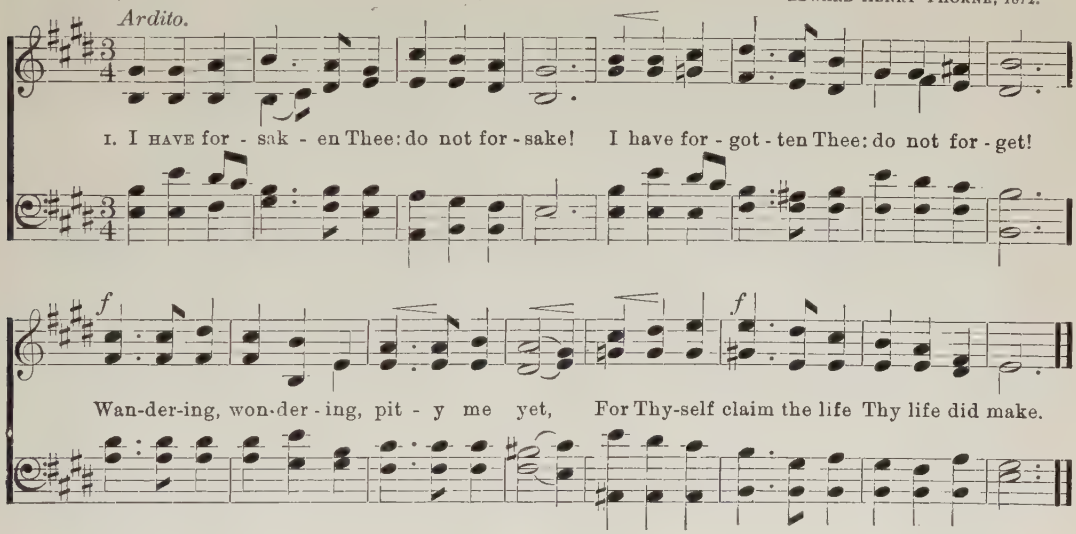
4 All that I am e'en here on Earth,
All that I hope to be,
When Jesus comes and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord! to Thee.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1850. *Abr.*

229 I have forsaken Thee: do not forsake!

10.10.10.10. *"The Mystery of God,—Christ."* **Forelight.**

M. W. S., 1912. EDWARD HENRY THORNE, 1872.


Ardito.
1. I HAVE for - sak - en Thee: do not for - sake! I have for - got - ten Thee: do not for - get!
f
Wan-der-ing, won-der - ing, pit - y me yet, For Thy-self claim the life Thy life did make.
f

2 Bound in this mystery, tossed far asea,
After all waywardness, wilfulness, wrack,
Merciful Miracle! Lo, I come back!
My straggling, struggling, heart closes with Thee.

3 What baubles have I sought, Thou Pearl Unpriced!
How have I lost the gem Thou gav'st to keep!
Sorriest truant of all Thy lost sheep,
Hold me; I sink, I fall! Seize me, dear Christ!

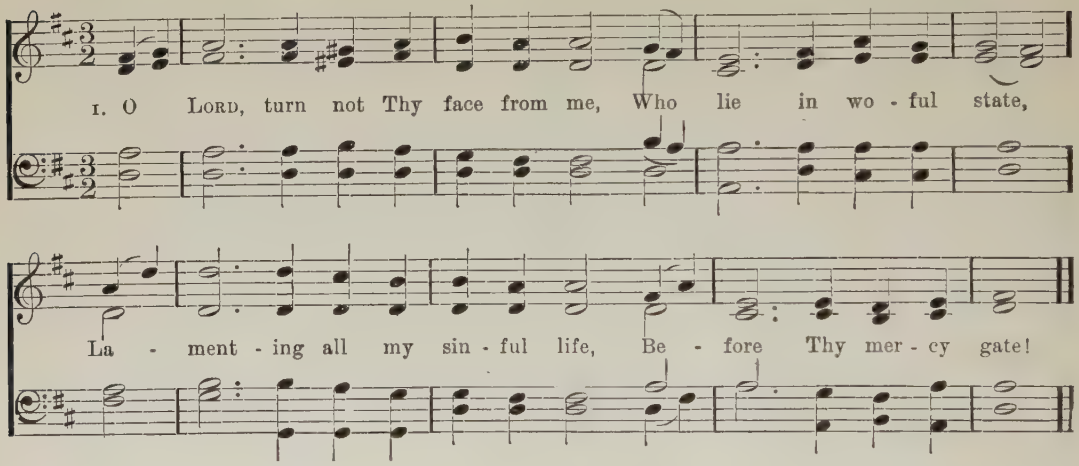
4 Forsworn, fordone, let Thine eyes find my soul!
Love Overwhelming, rebuke and restore,
Graciously hold me to fail Thee no more,
Let my life answer Thee, every whit whole.

5 Thro Time's bleak wilderness, Thy staff and rod
Shepherd humanity unto Thy fold,
Wonderful Daystar! Thy light as of old
Make Thy way manifest, Sunrise of God.

230 O Lord, turn not Thy face from me.

C. M. "*A better covenant, which hath been enacted upon better promises.*" Cooling.

John Markant, 1562. *Abr.* Alonzo J. Abbey, 1858.



2 A gate that opens wide to those
That do lament their sin;
Shut not that gate against me, Lord,
But let me enter in.

3 I need not to confess my life
To Thee, who best can tell
What I have been; and what I am,
I know Thou know'st it well.

4 O Lord, I need not to repeat
The comfort I would have;
My broken words and tears entreat
The blessing I do crave.

5 Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
This is the total sum!
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit.
Lord, let Thy mercy come!

231

1 I've found the Pearl of greatest price!
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ is mine!
Christ shall my praise employ.

2 Christ is my Prophet, Priest and King;
My Prophet full of light,
My great High-Priest before the throne,
My King of heavenly might.

3 Christ is my Peace; He died for me,
For me He gave His blood
And as my wondrous Sacrifice
Offered Himself to God.

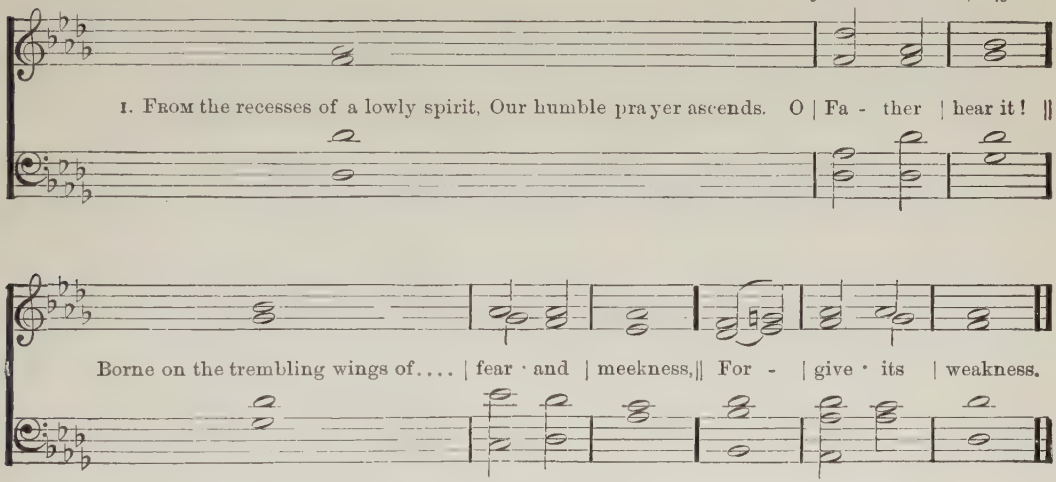
4 Christ Jesus is mine All in All,
My Comfort and my Love;
My Life below and He shall be
My Joy and Crown above.

John Mason, 1663.

232 From the recesses of a lowly spirit.

11.11.11.5. Chant. *"That which I see not, teach Thou me."* **Gould's Chant.**

John Bowring, 1823. John Edgar Gould, 1845.


1. From the recesses of a lowly spirit, Our humble prayer ascends. O | Fa - ther | hear it! ||
Borne on the trembling wings of.... | fear · and | meekness,|| For - | give · its | weakness.

2 We know, we feel, how mean and how unworthy
The lowly sacrifice we | pour · be- | fore Thee;—||
What can we offer Thee,—O | Thou · most | holy!—||
But | sin · and | folly?

3 Lord! in Thy sight, who every bosom viewest,
Cold are our warmest vows, and | vain our | truest;||
Thoughts of a hurrying hour—our | lips re- | peat them,—||
Our | hearts · for- | get them.

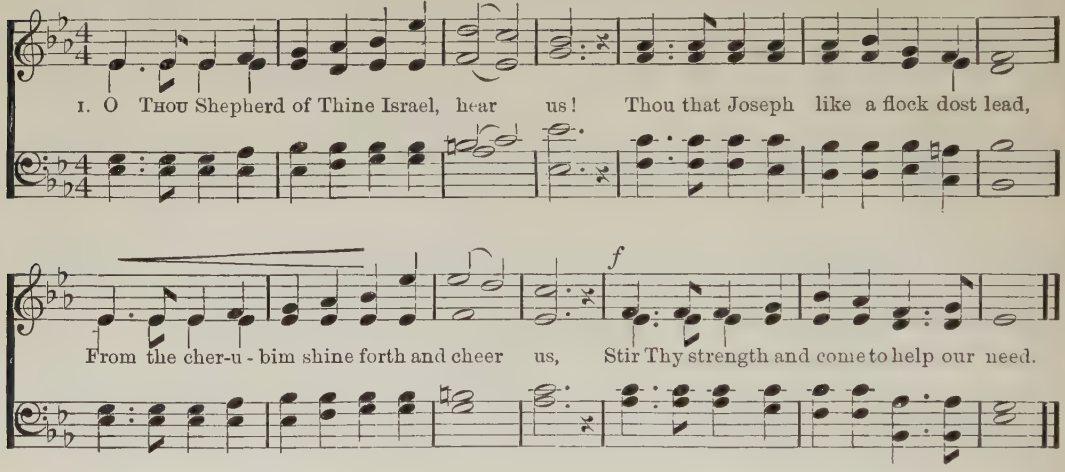
4 We see Thy hand—it leads us, it supports us.
We hear Thy voice—it | counsels · and it | courts us;—||
And then we turn away!—and | still · Thy | kindness||
For- | gives · our | blindness.

5 Father and Saviour! plant within each bosom
The seeds of holiness and | bid them | blossom||
In fragrance and in beauty | bright and | vernal||
And | spring e- | ternal.

233 O Thou Shepherd of Thine Israel, hear us!

10.9.10.9. *"The Lord of peace Himself give you peace at all times, in all ways."* **Zuriel.**

PSALM LXXX.
M. W. S., 1883.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1869.

1. O Thou Shepherd of Thine Israel, hear us! Thou that Joseph like a flock dost lead,
f
From the cher-u - bim shine forth and cheer us, Stir Thy strength and come to help our need.

2 Wilt Thou hear Thy people's prayer with anger,
Measure them the bread and drink of tears,
Visit strife and scorn upon our languor,
Grant no more the grace of other years?

3 Shall the goodly vine that Thou didst cherish,
Once that grew and shaded all the hills,
Break and waste and fall and burn and perish,
While her ruin Thy rebuke fulfills?

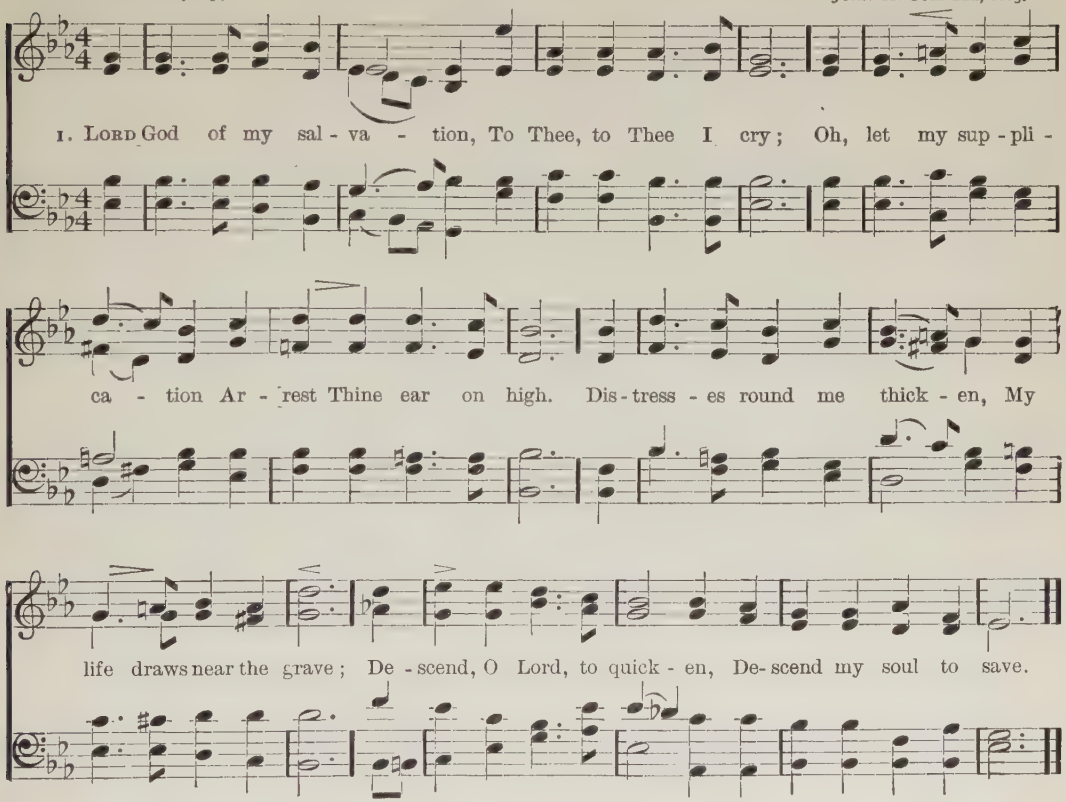
4 Turn us, Lord, again! in mercy, hearken,
All our waywardness and shame forgive.
Leave us not unsought, while shadows darken:
Cause Thy face to shine, and we shall live.

5 Look from Heaven, O God, when sorrows thicken,
By Thy hand, once more, our strength maintain;
We will call Thy name, if Thou but quicken,
We will never leave Thy love again.

234 Lord God of my salvation.

7s & 6s, D. *"He hath redeemed my soul in peace from the battle that was against me."* **Achor.**

HENRY F. LYTE, 1834. JOHN H. CORNELL, 1865.


1. LORD God of my sal - va - tion, To Thee, to Thee I cry; Oh, let my sup - pli -
ca - tion Ar - rest Thine ear on high. Dis - tress - es round me thick - en, My
life draws near the grave; De - scend, O Lord, to quick - en, De - scend my soul to save.

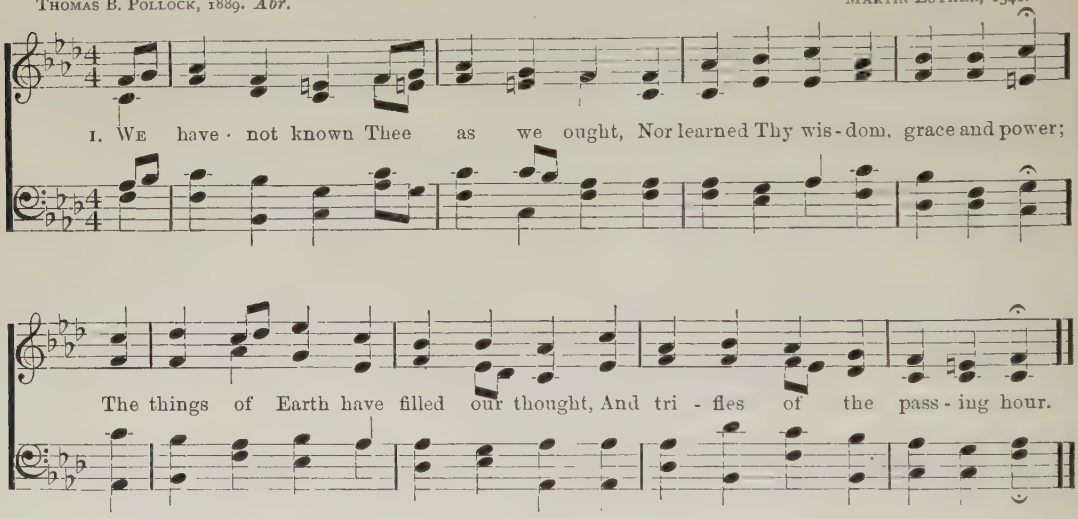
2 Thy wrath lies hard upon me,
Thy billows o'er me roll;
My friends all seem to shun me
And foes beset my soul.
Where'er on Earth I turn me,
No comforter is near;
Wilt Thou too, Father, spurn me?
Wilt Thou refuse to hear?

3 No! banished and heart-broken
My soul still clings to Thee;
The promise Thou hast spoken
Shall still my refuge be.
So present ills and terrors
May future joy increase
And scourge me from my errors
To duty, hope and peace.

235 We have not known Thee as we ought.

L. M. "*Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed! save me, and I shall be saved!*" Spires.

THOMAS B. POLLOCK, 1889. *Abr.* MARTIN LUTHER, 1541.


1. We have not known Thee as we ought, Nor learned Thy wis-dom, grace and power;
The things of Earth have filled our thought, And tri-fles of the pass-ing hour.

2 We have not loved Thee as we ought,
Nor cared that we are loved by Thee;
Thy presence we have coldly sought
And feebly longed Thy face to see.

3 We have not served Thee as we ought;
Alas! the duties left undone,
The work with little fervor wrought,
The battles lost, or scarcely won!

4 When shall we know Thee as we ought
And fear and love and serve aright!
When shall we, out of trial brought,
Be perfect in the land of light!

236

1 LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone.
As thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thine erring children, lost and lone.

2 Oh strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

3 Oh fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1872. *Abr.*

237

To SPIRES, *repeating the second brace (or to* MELITA, 275.)

IN age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless soul redeem?
Jesus, mine only hope Thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart.
Oh, could I catch one smile from Thee
And drop into eternity!

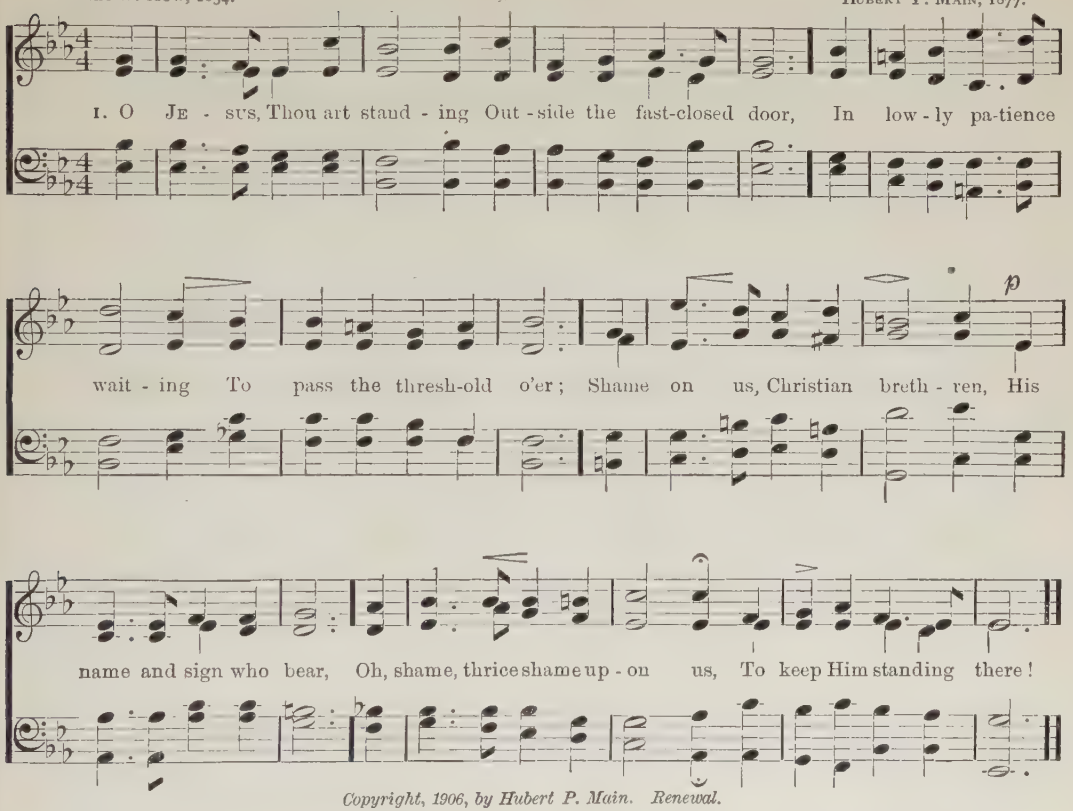
CHARLES WESLEY'S *last hymn, dictated from his deathbed*, 1788.

238 O Jesus, Thou art standing.

7s & 6s, D.
WILLIAM W. HOW, 1854.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

Clare.
HUBERT P. MAIN, 1877.


1. O JE - SUS, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast-closed door, In low - ly pa-tience
wait - ing To pass the thresh-old o'er; Shame on us, Christian breth - ren, His
p
name and sign who bear, Oh, shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him standing there!

Copyright, 1906, by Hubert P. Main. Renewal.

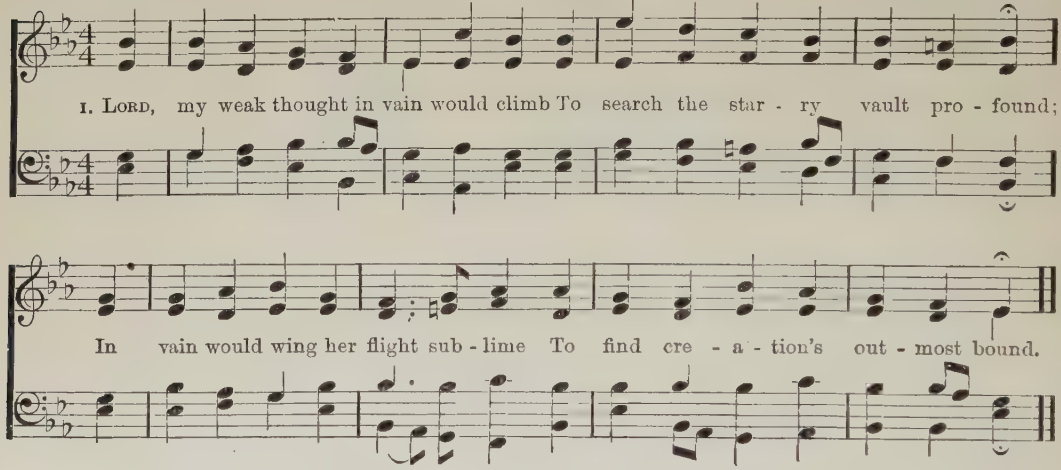
2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking
And lo! that hand is scarred
And thorns Thy brow encircle
And tears Thy face have marred.
Oh, love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
Oh sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
'I died for you, My children
And will ye treat Me so?'
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter
And leave us nevermore!

239 Lord, my weak thought in vain would climb.

L. M. "*Unto the upright there ariseth light in darkness.*" **Melcombe.**

RAY PALMER, 1858. SAMUEL WEBBE, 1790.


1. LORD, my weak thought in vain would climb To search the star - ry vault pro - found;
In vain would wing her flight sub - lime To find cre - a - tion's out - most bound.

2 But weaker yet that thought must prove
To search Thy great eternal plan,—
Thy sovereign counsels, born of love
Long ages ere the world began!

3 When my dim reason would demand
Why that, or this, Thou dost ordain,
By some vast deep I seem to stand,
Whose secrets I must ask in vain.

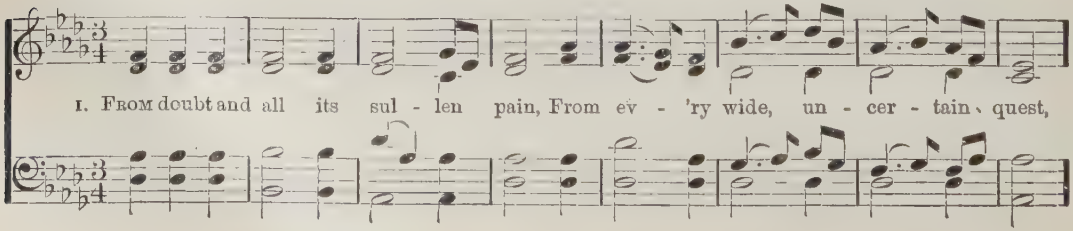
4 When doubts disturb my troubled breast
And all is dark as night to me,
Here, as on solid rock, I rest,—
That so it seemeth good to Thee!

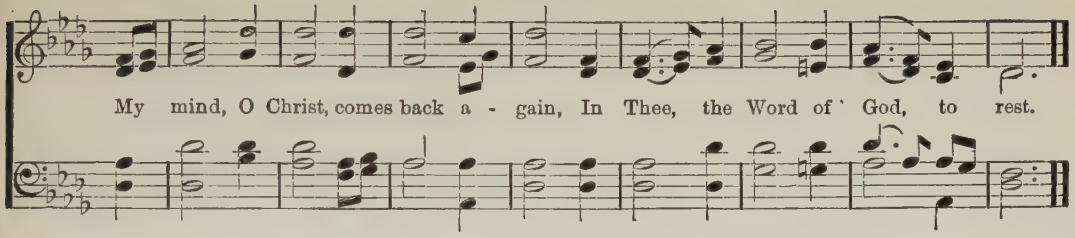
5 Be this my joy, that evermore
Thou rulest all things at Thy will.
Thy sovereign wisdom I adore
And calmly, sweetly, trust Thee still.

240 From doubt and all its sullen pain.

L. M. "*Beloved it not the Christ.*" **Redemption.**

M. W. S, 1890. *Abr.* LUIGI CHERUBINI, *d.* 1842.





2 My boding conscience knows Thy voice,
In Thee my reasonings end their strife,
Thou strangely dost my heart rejoice;
Where else is Way or Truth or Life?

3 Thou canst not disappoint the trust
That finds its answers all in Thee;
Because Thou wert the holy, just
And good, — and must forever be.

4 As we in God believe and dwell,
So do we take Thy word and know
That Love is Light, and all is well;
Thou would'st have told were it not so!

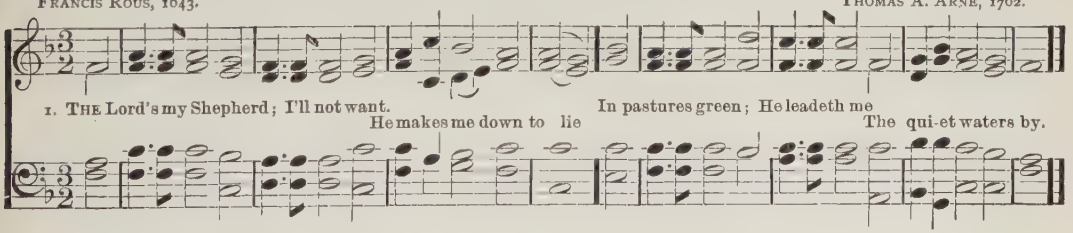
5 O blessèd and enduring Rock,
Who builds on Thee shall never fall!
O Shepherd of one only flock,
Beyond all fear enfold us all!

241 The Lord's my Shepherd; I'll not want.

C. M.
FRANCIS ROUS, 1643.

"For this God is our God forever and ever."

Arlington.
THOMAS A. ARNE, 1762.



2 My soul He doth restore again
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for His own name's sake.

3 Yea, tho I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

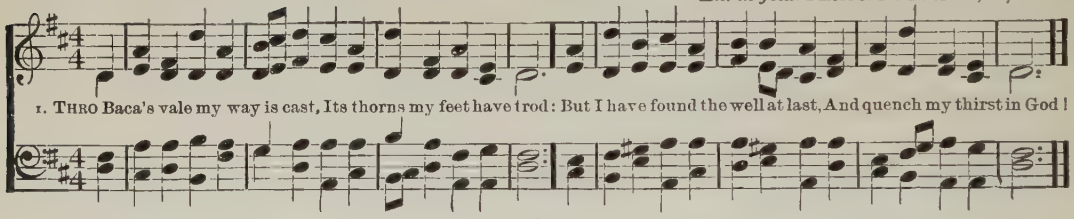
4 My table Thou hast furnishèd,
In presence of my foes.
My head Thou dost with oil anoint
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy, all my life,
Shall surely follow me
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

242 Thro Baca's vale my way is cast.

C. M. "*Blessèd is the man in whose heart are the highways.*" London.

SAMUEL D. ROBBINS, 1869. ANDRO HART'S SCOTCH PSALTER 1635. *Alt. in* JOHN PLAYFORD'S PSALTER, 1671.



2 My roof is but an humble home
Hid in the wilderness:
But o'er me springs th' eternal dome;
For He my dwelling is.

3 My raiment rude and lowly seems,
All travel-stained and old:
But with His brightest morning beams
He doth my soul infold.

4 My table scantily is spread,
With tears my cup o'erflows:
But He is still my daily bread,
No want my spirit knows.

5 Hard is the stony-pillowed bed,
How broken is my rest!
On Him I lean mine aching head
And sleep upon His breast.

6 For faith can make the desert bloom,
And thro the vistas dim,
Love sees, in sunlight or in gloom,
All pathways lead to Him.

243

1 MY heart is resting, O my God,
I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.

2 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
While here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
While close at hand it lies.

3 A dear new song is in my mouth
To long-loved music set;
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet.

4 I have a heritage of joy
That yet I must not see,
The hand that bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me.

5 'Thou art my portion, O my God!'
Ten thousand voices say,
The cadence of their glad *Amen*
Will never die away.

ANNA L. WARING, 1854. *Abr.*

244

1 WHEN Thy law threatens endless death
Upon that awful hill,
Straightway from its consuming breath
My soul goes higher still; —

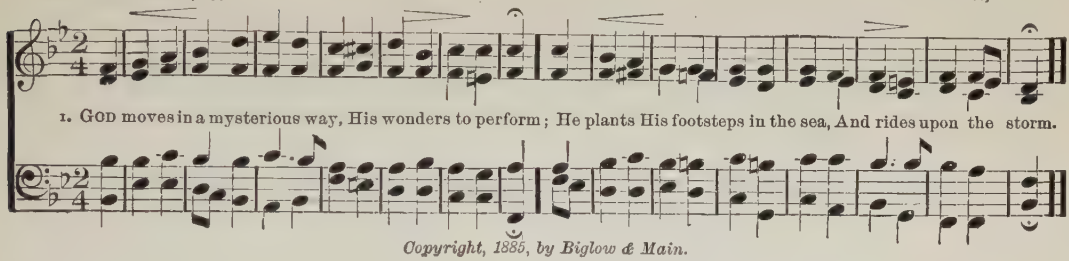
2 Goeth to Jesus, wounded, slain
And maketh Him her home,
Whence she will not go out again
And where death cannot come!

WOLFGANG CHRISTOPHER DESZLER, 1692.
Tr. GEORGE MACDONALD, 1874. *Abr.*

245 God moves in a mysterious way.

C. M. *"We know that all things work together for good to them that love God."* **Abdiel.**

WILLIAM COWPER, 1772. M. W. S., 1882.



Copyright, 1885, by Biglow & Main.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, new courage take;
The clouds, ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy and shall break
In blessings on your head!

4 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

5 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err
And scan His work in vain:
God is His own interpreter
And He will make it plain.

246

1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy tho I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me.

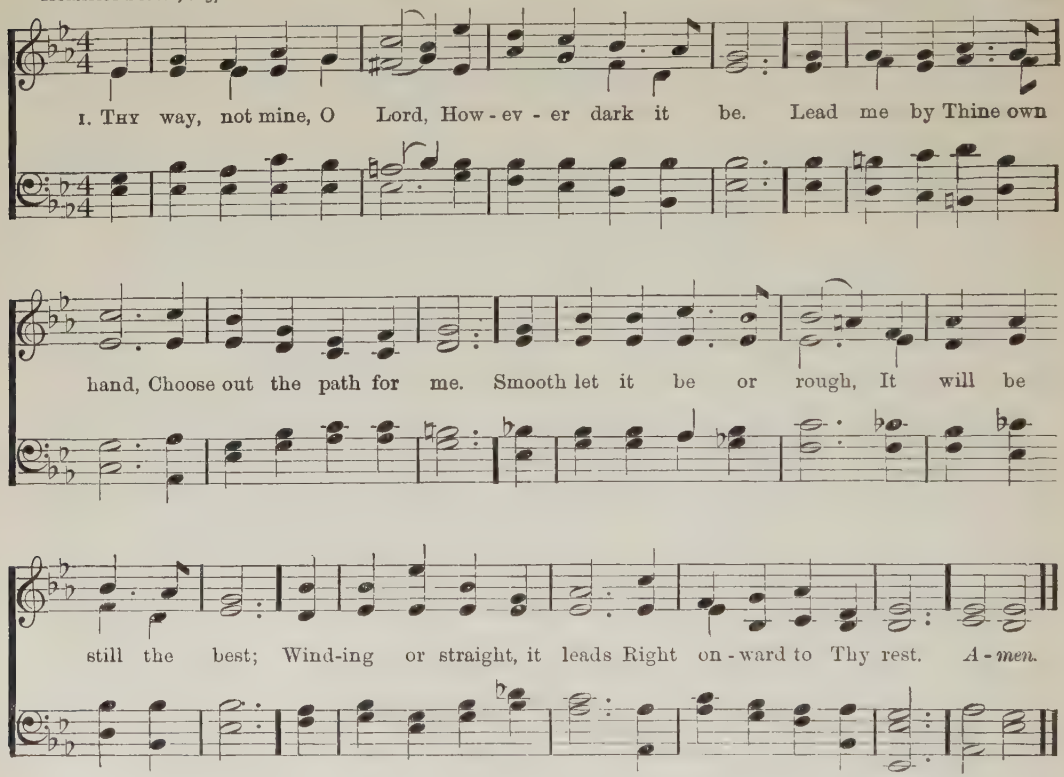
7 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years
And formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears,
No other name but Thine!

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779

247 Thy way, not mine, O Lord.

6.6.6.6, D. *"If we ask anything according to His will He heareth us"* Baxter.

Horatius Bonar, 1857. *Abr* Uzziah C. Burnap, 1868.


1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How-ev-er dark it be. Lead me by Thine own
hand, Choose out the path for me. Smooth let it be or rough, It will be
still the best; Wind-ing or straight, it leads Right on-ward to Thy rest. *A-men.*

2 I dare not choose my lot,
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God;
So shall I walk aright.
Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem.
Choose Thou my good and ill.

3 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health.
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and mine All. *Amen.*

248

1 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Oh, may Thy will be mine!
Into Thy hand of love
I would mine all resign.
Thro sorrow or thro joy
Conduct me as Thine own
And help me still to say, —
My Lord, Thy will be done!

2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Tho seen thro many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear;
Since Thou on Earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

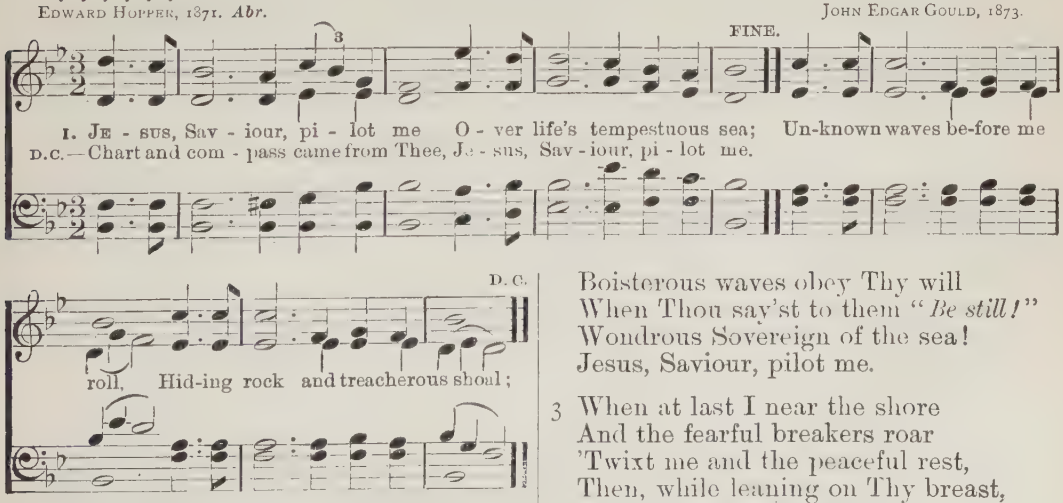
3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
All shall be well for me.
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee.
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

Ger. Benjamin Schmolke, 1716.
Tr. Jane Borthwick, 1853. *Abr.*

249 Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

7.7.7.7.7.7. "*Why are ye fearful?*" **Pilot.**

Edward Hopper, 1871. *Abr.* John Edgar Gould, 1873.


3
FINE.
1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tempestuous sea; Un-known waves be-fore me
D.C.—Chart and com - pass came from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
D. C.
roll, Hid-ing rock and treacherous shoal;

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "*Be still!*"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea!
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

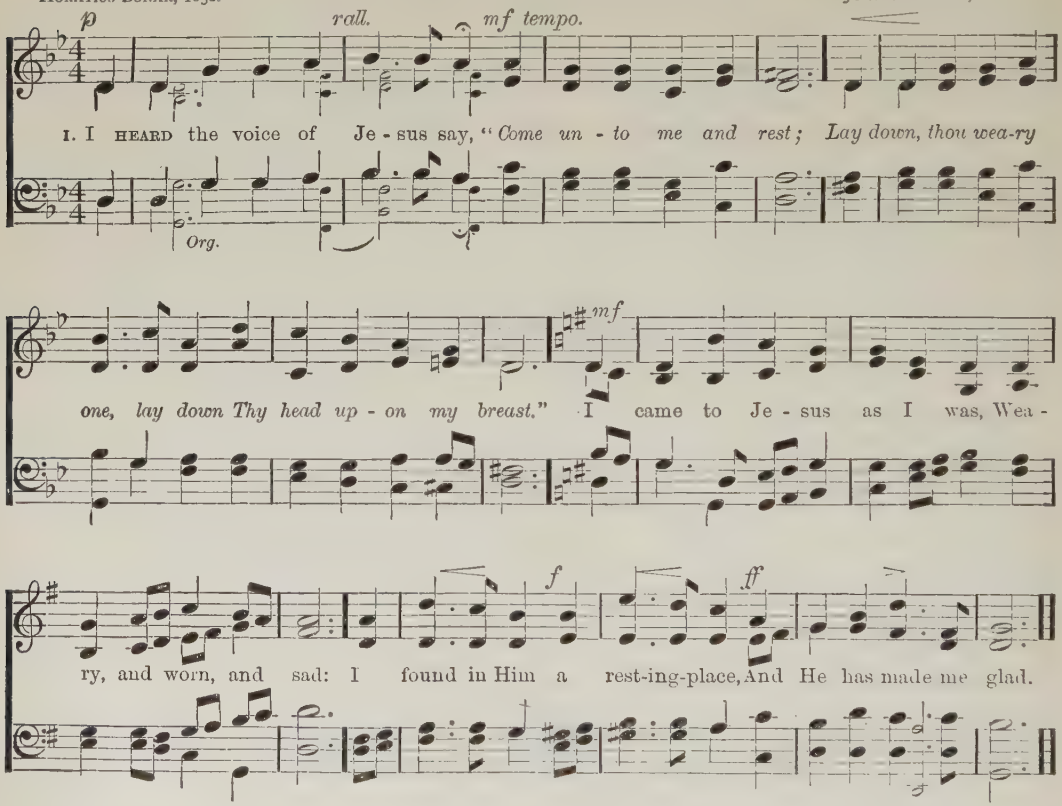
3 When at last I near the shore
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"*Fear not, I will pilot thee!*"

250 I heard the voice of Jesus say.

C. M. D. HORATIUS BONAR, 1850.

"God is faithful, thro whom ye were called into the fellowship of His Son."

Vox Dilecti. JOHN B. DYKES, 1868.


p
rall.
mf tempo.
1. I HEARD the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest; Lay down, thou wea-ry
Org.
mf
one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast." I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea -
f
ff
ry, and worn, and sad: I found in Him a rest-ing-place, And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold! I freely give
The living-water; thirsty one!
Stoop down, and drink and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived
And now I live in Him.

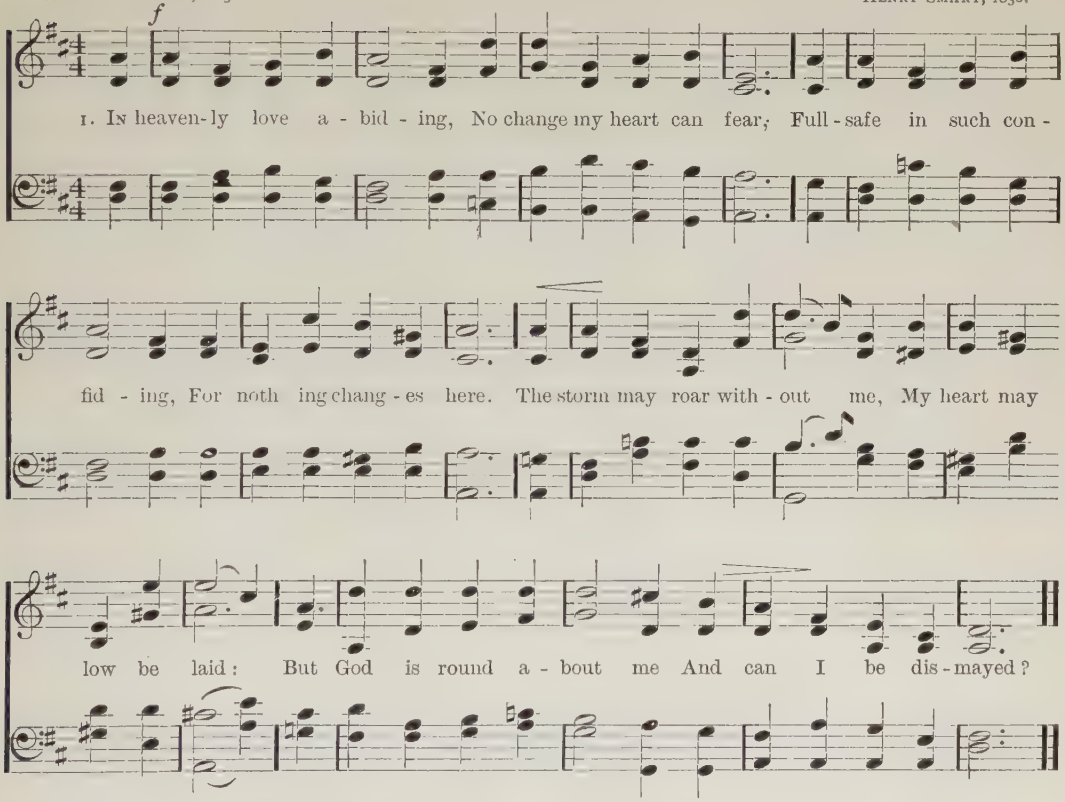
3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me; thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found,
In Him, my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till traveling days are done.

251 In heavenly love abiding

7s & 6s, D.
ANNA L. WARING, 1850.

"With thee will I establish My covenant."

Lancashire.
HENRY SMART, 1836.


f
1. In heaven-ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart can fear; Full - safe in such con -
fid - ing, For noth ing chang - es here. The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may
low be laid: But God is round a - bout me And can I be dis - mayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back,
My Shepherd is beside me,
No good thing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen.
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure
And He will walk with me.

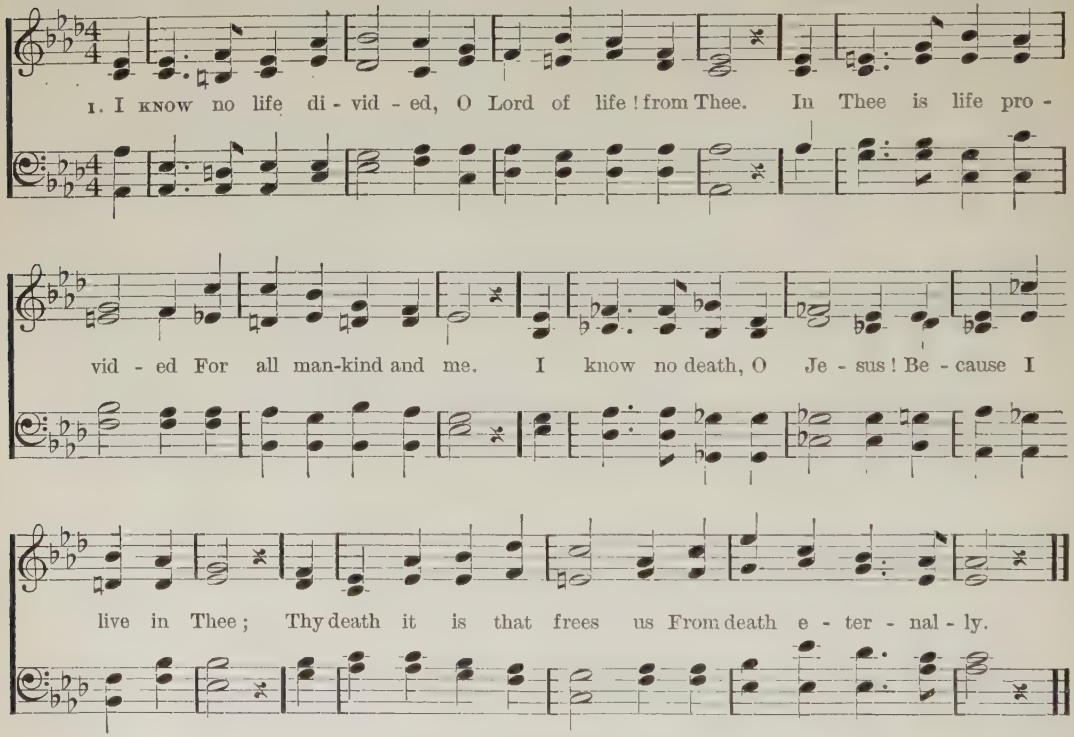
252 I know no life, divided.

"I live in faith, the faith which is in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself up for me."

7s & 6s, D. **Berkshire.**

Ger. Carl J. P. Spitta, 1833.
Tr. Richard Massie, 1860. *Arr.*

Benjamin C. Blodgett, 1873.


1. I know no life di - vid - ed, O Lord of life! from Thee. In Thee is life pro -
vid - ed For all man-kind and me. I know no death, O Je - sus! Be - cause I
live in Thee; Thy death it is that frees us From death e - ter - nal - ly.

Copyright, 1885, by Biglow & Main.

2 A deep and heavenly feeling
Oft seizes on my breast.
Ah! here is balm for healing,
Here only is true rest.
All day I hear resounding,
A voice with silver tone,
Which speaks of grace abounding
Thro God's Eternal Son.

3 Thy love it was which sought me,
When all unsought by me
And to the haven brought me
Where I would gladly be.
The things that once distrest me,
My heart no longer move,
Since the sweet truth possest me
That I possess Thy love!

253 How firm a foundation, ye saints.

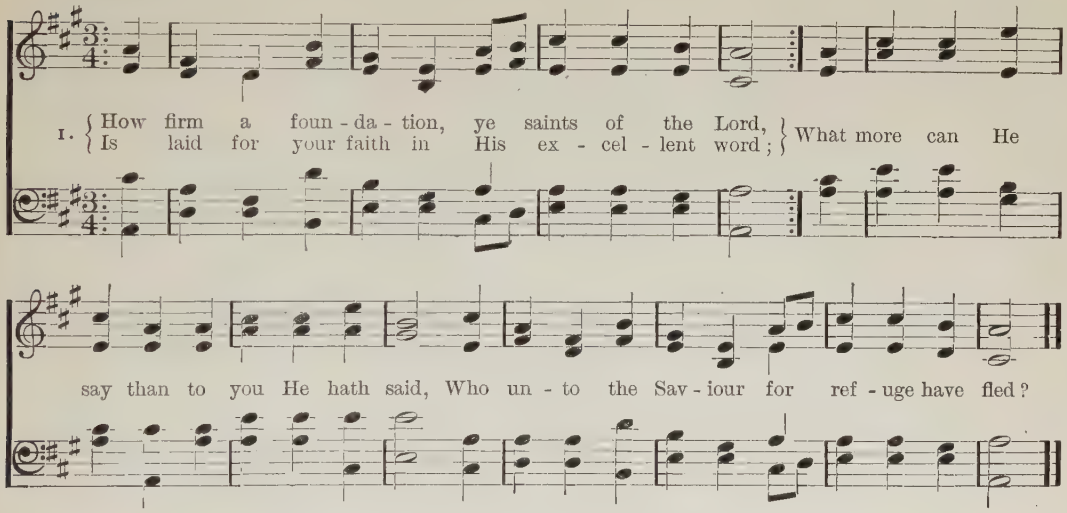
"About midnight Paul and Silas were praying and singing praises to God, and the prisoners were listening to them."

II.II.II.II.

R. Keene, 1787. *Abr.*

Joanna.

Old Welsh Air.


1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent word;
What more can He
say than to you He hath said, Who un - to the Sav - iour for ref - uge have fled?

2 Fear not, I am with thee, oh be not dismayed;
For I am thy God and will still give thee aid.
I'll strengthen thee, help thee and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 When thro the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

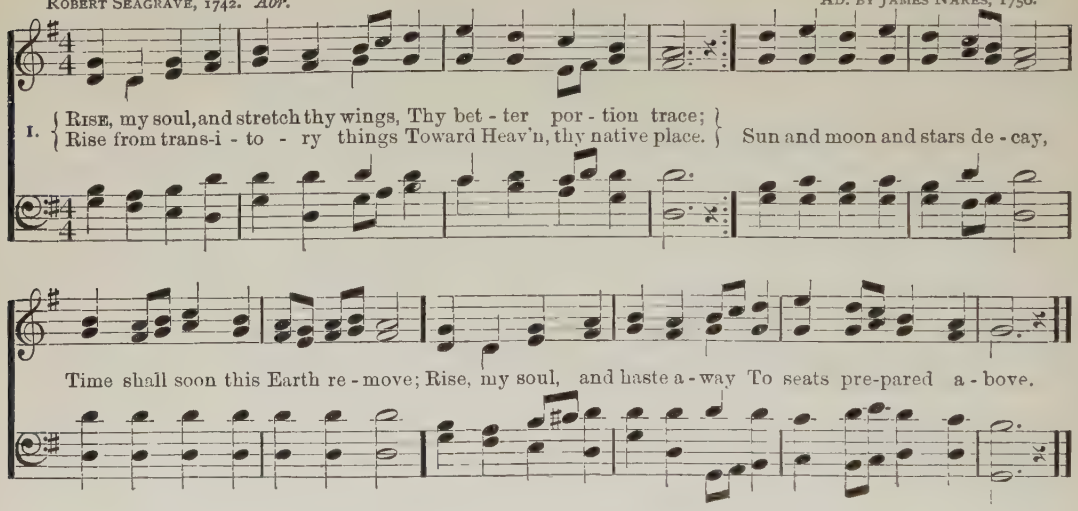
4 E'en down to old age all My people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.

5 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, tho all Hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!

254 Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.

7s & 6s, P. "*Fully assured in all the will of God.*" **Amsterdam.**

ROBERT SEAGRAVE, 1742. *Abr.* AD. BY JAMES NARES, 1750.


1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;
Rise from trans-i - to - ry things Toward Heav'n, thy native place.
Sun and moon and stars de - cay,
Time shall soon this Earth re - move; Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre-pared a - bove.

2 Fly me, riches, fly me, cares,
While I that coast explore;
Flatt'ring world, with all thy snares
Solicit me no more!
Pilgrims fix not here their home;
Strangers tarry but a night;
When the last dear morn is come,
They'll rise to joyful light.

255

TO THE CROSS, Thine altar, bind
Me with the cords of love;
Never let me freedom find
From Thee, my Lord, to move:
That I never, never more
From my loving Master part,
To the posts of mercy's door,
Oh, nail my willing heart!

CHARLES WESLEY, 1745. *Abr.*

256

1 OPEN, Lord, mine inward ear
And bid my heart rejoice!
Bid my quiet spirit hear
Thy comfortable voice:
Never in the whirlwind found,
Or where earthquakes rock the place;
Still and silent is the sound,
The whisper of Thy grace!

2 From the world of sin and noise
And hurry, I withdraw;
For the small and inward Voice
I wait with humble awe.
Silent am I now and still:
Dare not in Thy presence move;
To my waiting soul reveal
The Secret of Thy love!

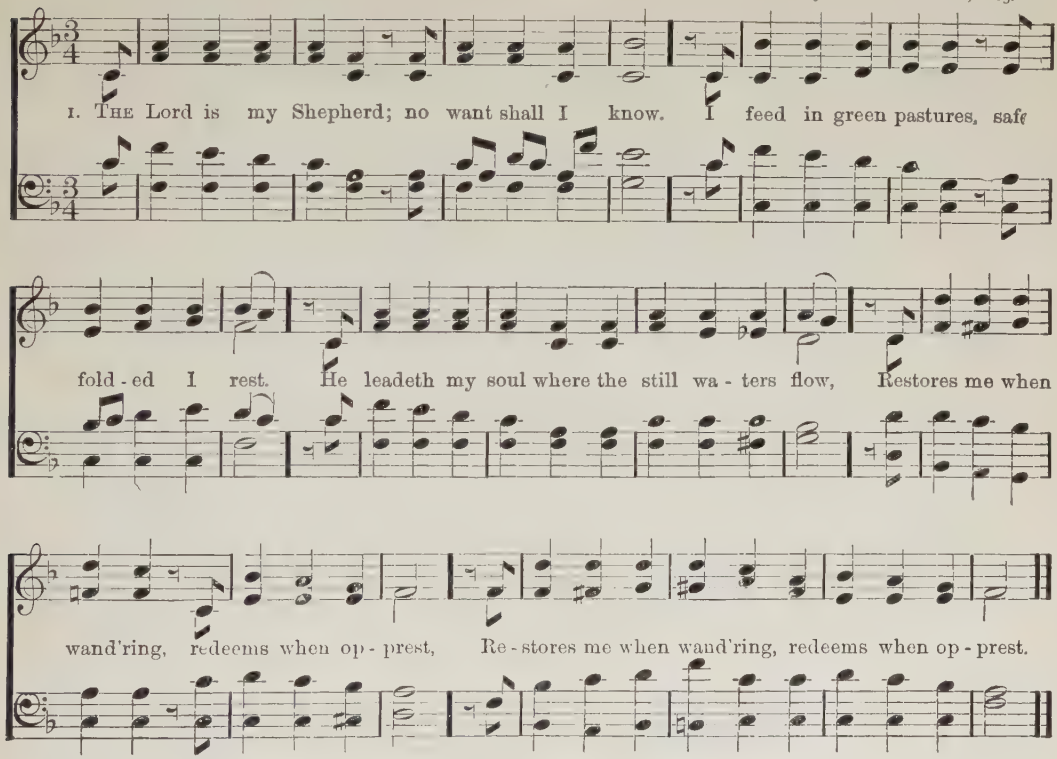
CHARLES WESLEY, 1742. *Abr.*

257 The Lord is my Shepherd.

II.II.II.II.II. *"They know not the voice of a stranger."* **Poland.**

James Montgomery, 1822. *Abr.*

Thomas Koschat, 1862.
Arr. Benjamin C. Blodgett, 1885.


1. The Lord is my Shepherd; no want shall I know. I feed in green pastures, safe
fold-ed I rest. He leadeth my soul where the still wa-ters flow, Restores me when
wand'ring, redeems when op-prest, Re-stores me when wand'ring, redeems when op-prest.

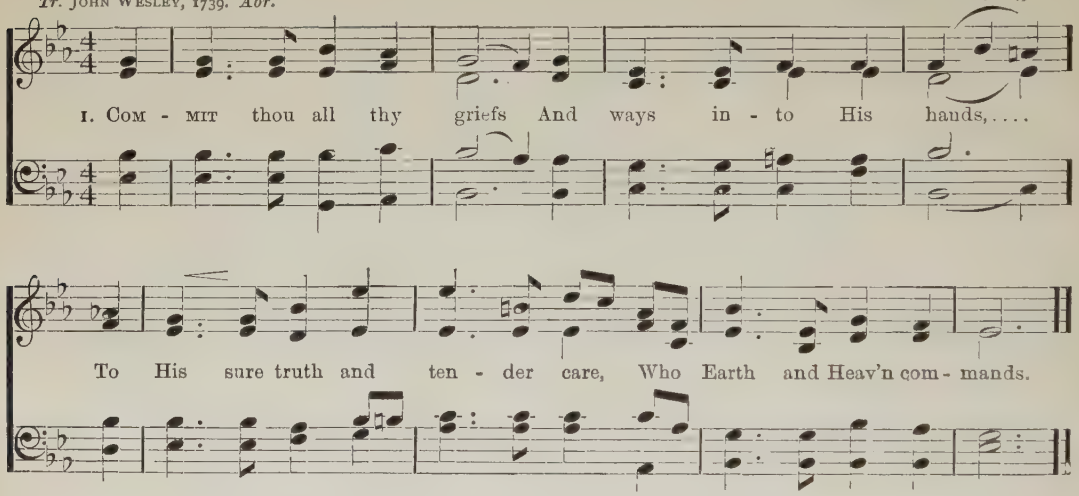
2 Thro valley and shadow of death tho I stray,
Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall me, my Comforter near.

3 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod,
Thro lands of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

258 Commit thou all thy griefs.

S. M. "I AM THAT I AM." Peace.

Ger. PAUL GERHARDT, 1659.
Tr. JOHN WESLEY, 1739. *Abr.*

ALEXANDER E. FESCA, 1849.

2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom wind and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

3 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on.
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care:
To Him commend thy cause; His ear
Attends the softest prayer.

5 Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

6 Thro waves and clouds and storms
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

7 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

---

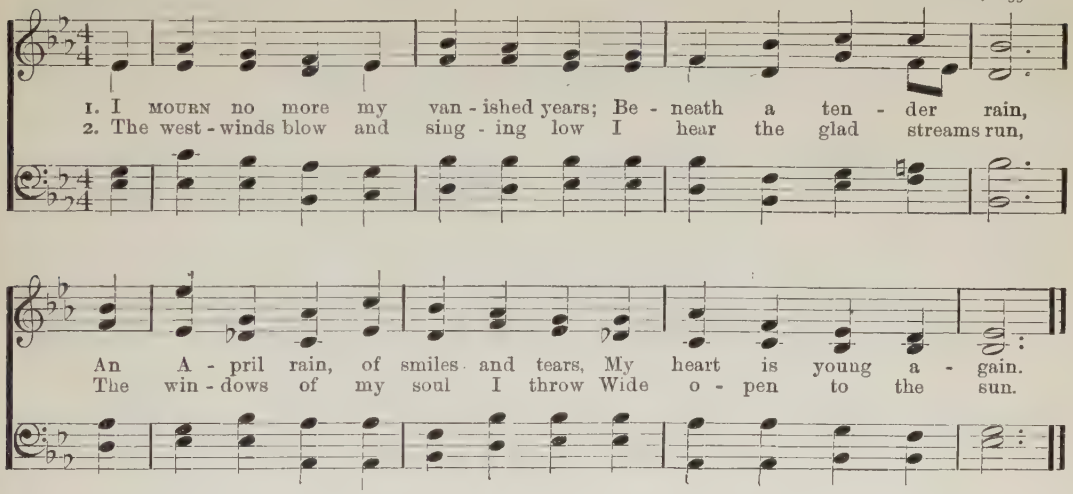
8 THOU everywhere hast sway
And all things serve Thy might,
Thine every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.

9 Let us in life and death
Thy sovereign truth declare
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care!

259 I mourn no more my vanished years.

C. M. "*In full age, like as a shock of corn cometh.*" St. Frances.

John G. Whittier, 1861. *Abr.* G. A. Löhr, 1855.


1. I mourn no more my van - ished years; Be - neath a ten - der rain,
2. The west - winds blow and sing - ing low I hear the glad streams run,
An A - pril rain, of smiles and tears, My heart is young a - gain.
The win - dows of my soul I throw Wide o - pen to the sun.

3 I break my pilgrim-staff, I lay
Aside the toiling oar;
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

4 The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
The south-wind softly sigh
And sweet, calm days in golden haze
Melt down the amber sky.

5 All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give and to withhold
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

6 Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked mine erring track,
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back,

7 That more and more a providence
Of Love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good,

8 That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight!

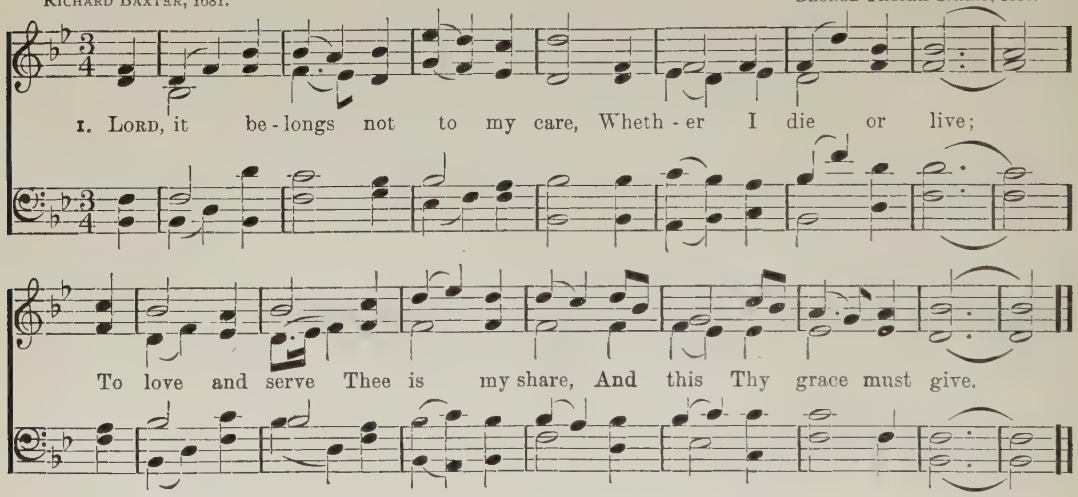
9 That care and trial seem at last,
Thro memory's sunset air,
Like mountain ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair.

10 And so the shadows fall apart
And so the west winds play
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day!

260 Lord, it belongs not to my care.

C. M. "*That where I am there ye may be.*" Wiltshire.

Richard Baxter, 1681. George Thomas Smart, 1800.



2 If life be long I will be glad,
That I may long obey:
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

3 Christ leads me thro no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that into God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see;
For if Thy work on Earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?

5 Then I shall end my sad complaints
And weary sinful, days
And join with the triumphant saints,
To sing Jehovah's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim:
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all
And I shall be with Him!

261

1 In all my vast concerns with Thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun Thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of Thine eye.

2 Oh wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within Thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

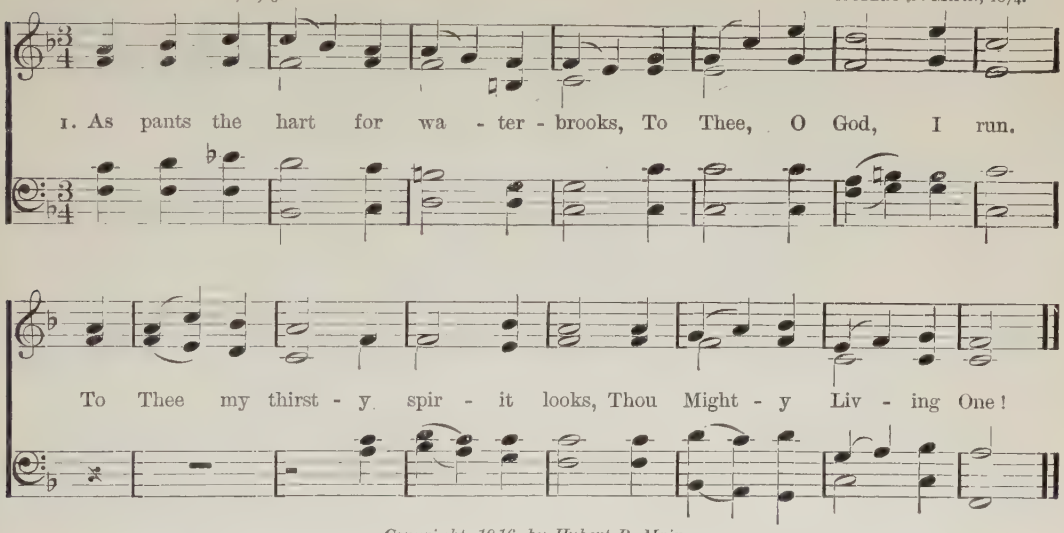
3 So let Thy grace surround me still
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

Isaac Watts, 1719. *Abr.*

262 As pants the hart for waterbrooks.

C. M. "*In that day ye shall ask me no question.*" **Eloise.**

PSALM XLII. M. W. S., 1913. HUBERT P. MAIN, 1874.



Copyright, 1916, by Hubert P. Main.

2 When shall I come before Thy face
And all these tears be dried? —
My one bleak comfort, while Thy grace
Men all the day deride.

3 My longing soul remembers well
How once I led the throng,
Those holy days and ways, to tell
God's praise with joyful song.

4 Why, soul of mine, art thou downcast
And why disquieted?
Wait thou on God, who will at last
In blessing lift thy head.

5 From Hermon's top and Jordan's deep,
Where cataracts call the sea,
From the loud waves that oversweep
My soul, I cry to Thee.

6 Thou wilt ordain Thy love by day
And in the night my song
And prayer shall turn to Thee alway,
Who dost my life prolong.

7 Wilt Thou, my Refuge, me forget?
To leave me overslaughed
By them who crush and scoff me yet,—
Who mock "*Where is Thy God!*"

8 Why then cast down, O soul of mine!
Why inwardly dost moan?
Thou yet shalt praise His love divine
And God thy God be shown.

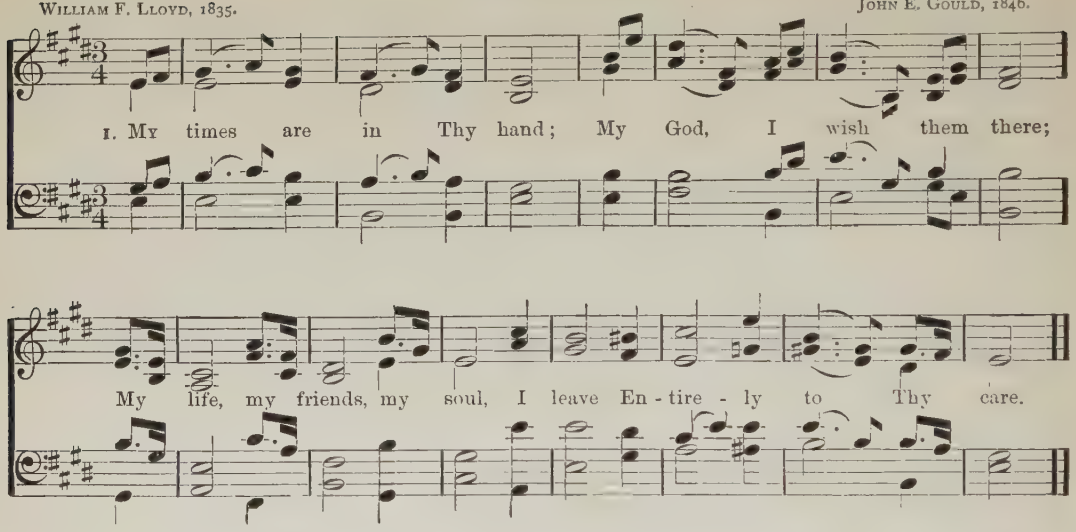
263 My times are in Thy hand.

S. M.

William F. Lloyd, 1835.

"I waited patiently for the Lord."

Adrian.

John E. Gould, 1846.

2 My times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

3 My times are in Thy hand;
Why should I doubt or fear?
A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

264 Jesus, day by day.

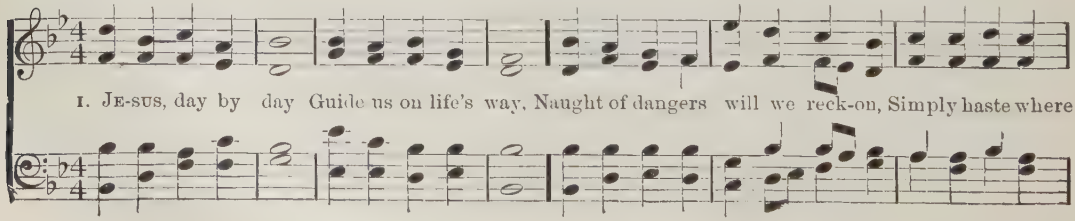
5.5.8.8.5.5.

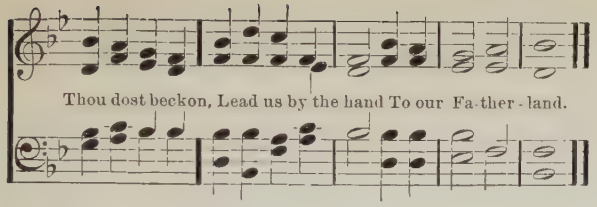
Nicolaus L. von Zinzendorf, 1721.
Tr. Cath. Winkworth, 1862.

"He that hath mercy on them shall lead them."

Hafodwen.

Peter Maurice, 1876.





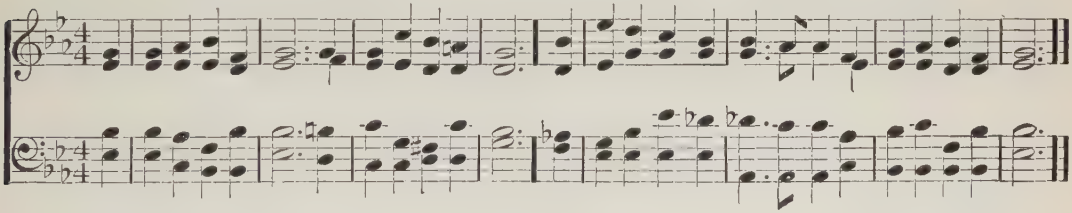
2 Hard should seem our lot,
Let us waver not,
Never murmur at our crosses;
In dark days of grief and losses;
'Tis thro trial we
Here must pass to Thee.

3 When the heart must know
Pain for other's woe,
When beneath its own, 'tis sinking,
Give us patience, hope unshrinking,
Fix our eyes, O Friend,
On our journey's end.

4 Thus our path shall be
Daily traced by Thee;
Draw Thou nearer when 'tis rougher,
Help us most when most we suffer,
And when all is o'er,
Ope to us Thy door.

265 If thro unruffled seas.

S. M. *"Our hearts shall rejoice in Him, because we have trusted in His holy name."* **Monsell.**

Augustus M. Toplady, 1772. *Abr. Alt.* Joseph Barnby, 1868.

1 If, thro unruffled seas,
Toward Heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.

2 Or should the surges rise
And peace delay to come,
Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm,
That drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at Thy control:
Thy loving-kindness shall break thro
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make Thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone;—

5 Still on Thy plighted love
At all events rely;
The very hidings of Thy face
Shall brighten by and by.

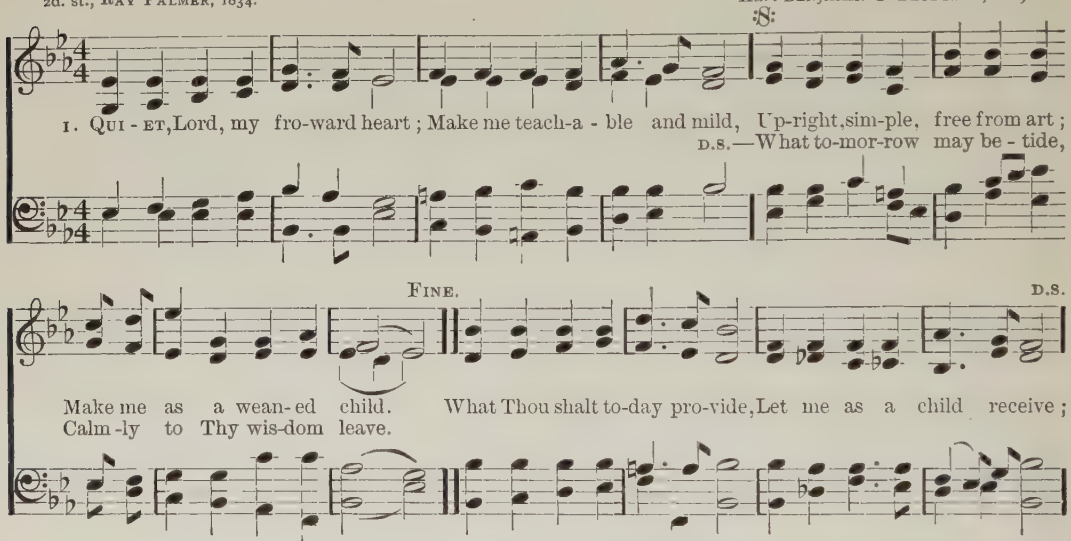
6 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee!
Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

266 Quiet, Lord, my froward heart.

7s, D. *"If the Lord will, we shall both live and do this or that."* **Benevento.**

John Newton, 1799. *Abr.*
2d. st., Ray Palmer, 1834.

Samuel Webbe, 1770.
Har. Benjamin C. Blodgett, 1889.


1. Qui - et, Lord, my fro-ward heart; Make me teach-a - ble and mild, Up-right, sim-ple, free from art;
D.S.—What to-mor-row may be - tide,
Fine.
D.S.
Make me as a wean-ed child. What Thou shalt to-day pro-vide, Let me as a child receive;
Calm-ly to Thy wis-dom leave.

Arrangement Copyright, 1889, by Biglow & Main.

2 Sun of Righteousness! dispel
All our darkness, doubts and fears;
May Thy light within us dwell,
Till eternal day appears.

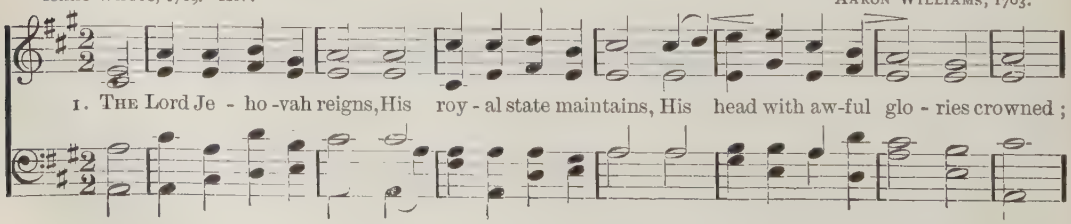
Warm our souls in prayer and praise,
Lift our every thought above,
Hear the grateful songs we raise,
Fill us with Thy perfect love.

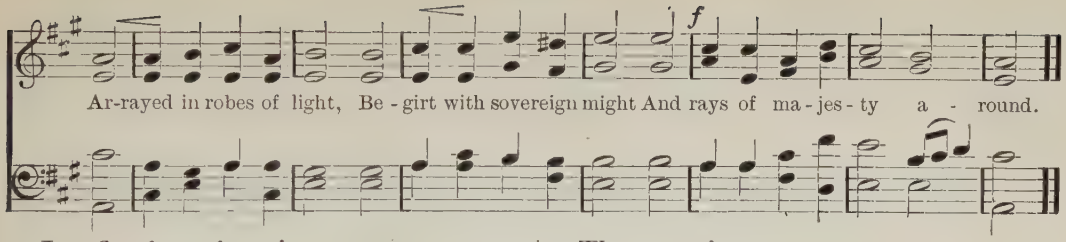
267 The Lord Jehovah reigns.

6.6.8.6.6.8. *"Be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might."* **Dalston.**

Isaac Watts, 1719. *Abr.*

Aaron Williams, 1763.





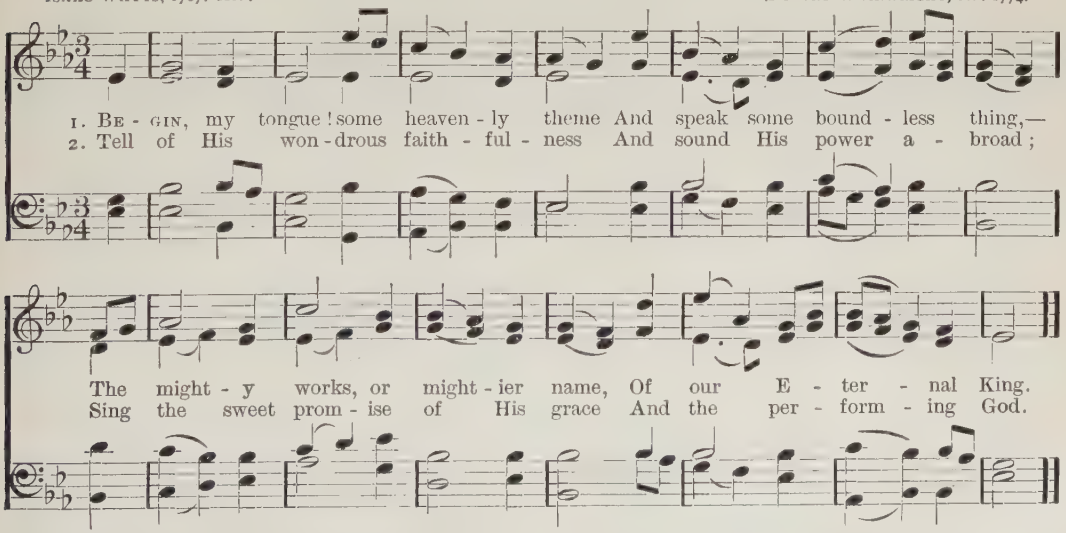
2 Let floods and nations rage
And all their powers engage,
Let swelling tides assault the sky:
The terrors of Thy frown
Shall beat their madness down;
Thy throne forever stands on high.

3 Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new, [move;
There fixt, Thy Church shall ne'er re-
Thy saints, with holy fear,
Shall in Thy courts appear,
To hail Thine everlasting love.

268 Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme.

C. M. *"The companions hearken for Thy voice."* **Manchester.**

Isaac Watts, 1707. *Abr.* Robert Wainwright, *cir.* 1774.


1. Be - gin, my tongue! some heaven - ly theme And speak some bound - less thing,—
2. Tell of His won - drous faith - ful - ness And sound His power a - broad;
The might - y works, or might - ier name, Of our E - ter - nal King.
Sing the sweet prom - ise of His grace And the per - form - ing God.

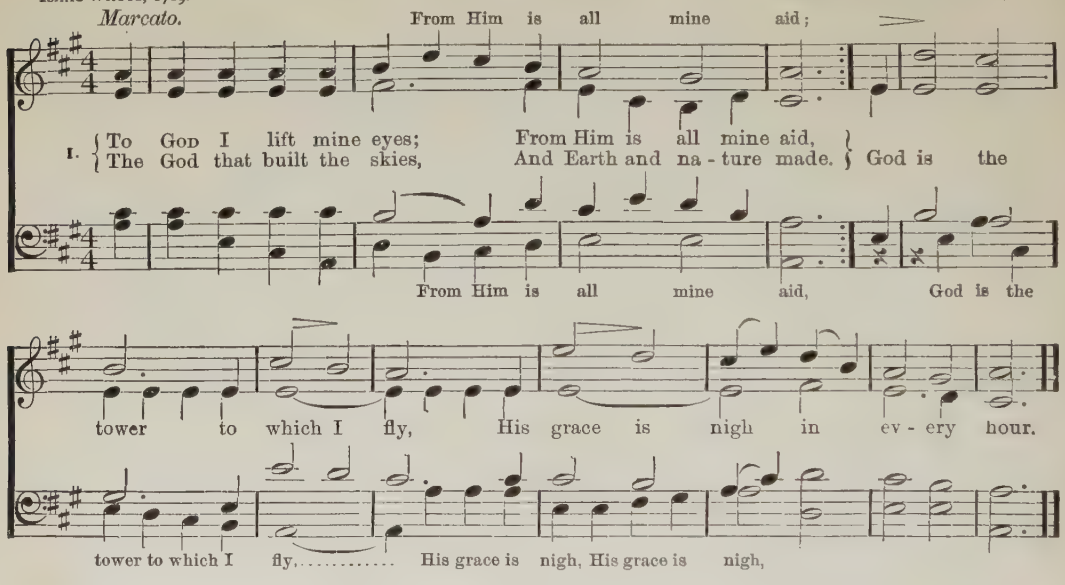
3 Graved as in brass, to endless days
His mighty covenant shines,
Nor can the powers of darkness raze
Those everlasting lines.

4 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
His voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

269 To God I lift mine eyes.

6.6.6.6.8.8. *"Having therefore obtained the help that is from God, I stand unto this day."* **Lintz.**

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1857


Marcato.
From Him is all mine aid;
1. To God I lift mine eyes; From Him is all mine aid,
The God that built the skies, And Earth and na - ture made. God is the
From Him is all mine aid, God is the
tower to which I fly, His grace is nigh in ev - ery hour.
tower to which I fly, His grace is nigh, His grace is nigh,

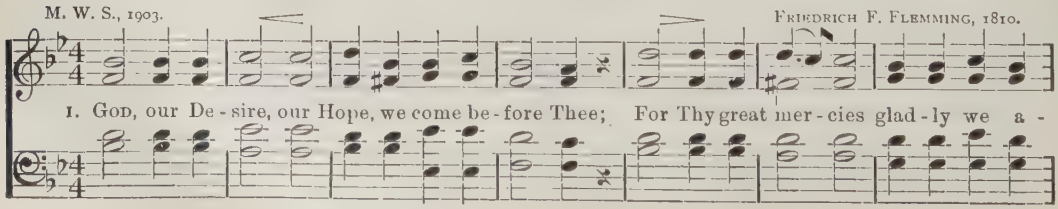
2 My feet shall never slide
And fall in fatal snares;
Since God, my Guard and Guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes which never sleep
Shall Israel keep when dangers rise.

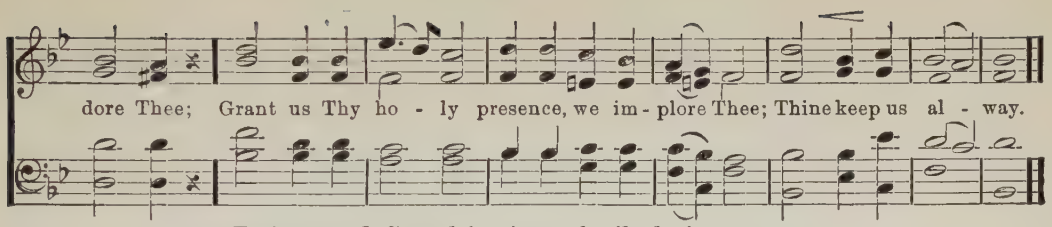
3 Since Thou hast pledged Thy word
To save my soul from death,
Shall I not trust Thee, Lord,
To keep my mortal breath!
I'll go and come, nor fear to die,
Till from on high Thou call me home.

270 God, our Desire, our Hope.

11.11.11.5. *"Whose are all Thy ways."* **Integer Vitæ.**

M. W. S., 1903. FRIEDRICH F. FLEMMING, 1810.





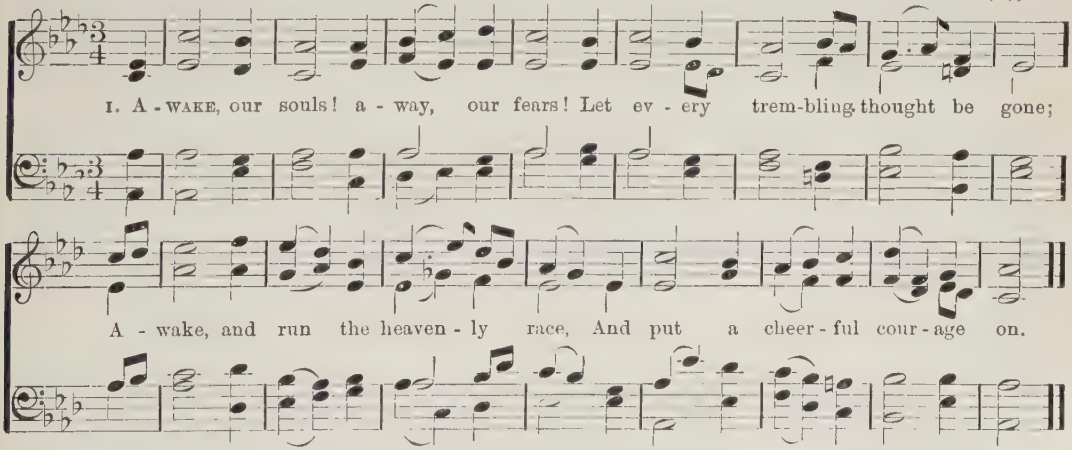
2 Refuge and Guard in time of tribulation,
Anchor and Port from every fierce temptation,
Thou art our Strength, our Song and our Salvation, now and forever.

3 Thy love our life, Thy law our perfect warning,
Thy grace our answer to the vain world's scorning,
Dark tho the night be, sunshine comes with morning,—then day eternal.

271 Awake, our souls! away, our fears!

L. M.
ISAAC WATTS, 1707. *Abr.*

"He that voucheth for me is on high."

Seasons.
IGNACE PLEYEL, 1790.

1. A - WAKE, our souls! a - way, our fears! Let ev - ery trem-bling thought be gone;
A - wake, and run the heaven - ly race, And put a cheer - ful cour - age on.

2 True,—'t is a strait and thorny road
And mortal spirits tire and faint:
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

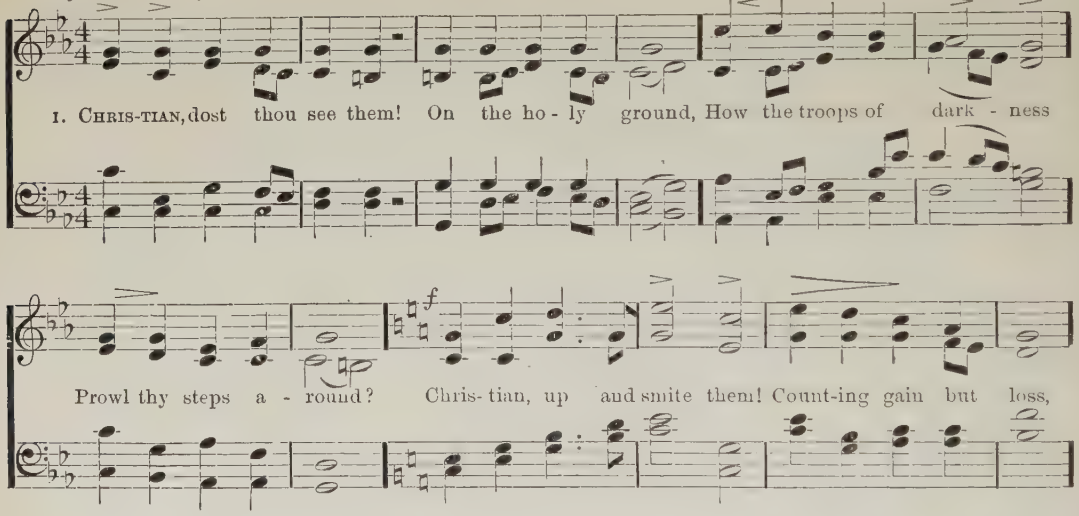
3 The mighty God! whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever one
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

272 Christian, dost thou see them!

6s & 5s, D. "*We wrestle not with flesh and blood.*" St. Andrews.

Gk. Andrew of Crete, *cir.* 720
Tr. John M. Neale, 1862.

John B. Dykes, 1868.


1. Chris-tian, dost thou see them! On the ho - ly ground, How the troops of dark - ness
Prowl thy steps a - round? Chris- tian, up and smite them! Count-ing gain but loss,
Smite them by the mer - it Of the ho - ly Cross.

2 Christian! dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading on to sin?
Christian, never tremble!
Never yield to fear;
Smite them by the virtue
Of unceasing prayer.

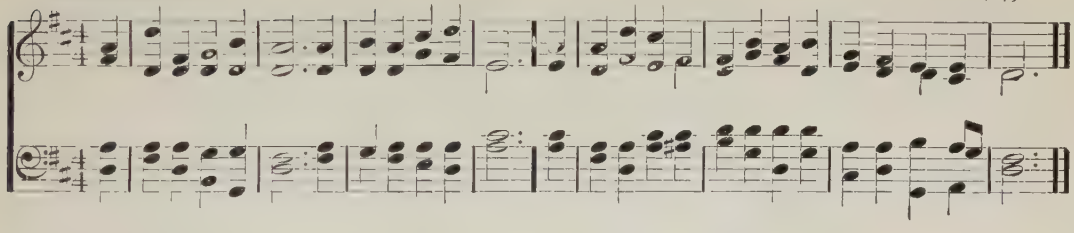
3 Christian! dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian! answer boldly,—
"While I breathe I pray!"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true!
Thou art very weary,—
I was weary too:
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne."

273 My soul, be on thy guard.

S. M. "*Let not thine hands be slack.*" **Aswarby.**

George Heath, 1781. Samuel Wesley, 1798



1 My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

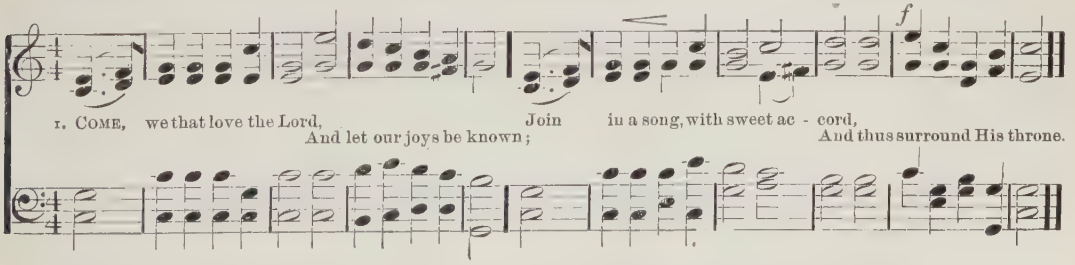
2 Oh watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er:
Renew it boldly every day
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou receive thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God.
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

274 Come, we that love the Lord.

S. M. "*The Lord is on my side.*" **Laban.**

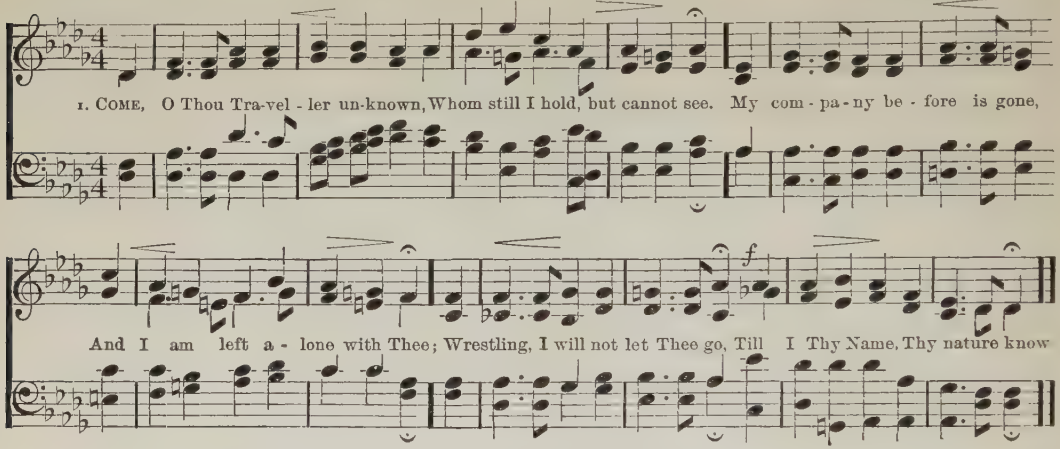
Isaac Watts, 1707. *Abr.* Lowell Mason, 1830.

2 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets;
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

3 Then let our songs abound
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

275 Come, O Thou Traveller unknown.

8.8.8.8.8.8. *"I have seen God face to face and my life is preserved!"* **Melita.**

CHARLES WESLEY, 1742. *Abr.* JOHN B. DYKES, 1861.


1. COME, O Thou Tra-vel - ler un-known, Whom still I hold, but cannot see. My com - pa - ny be - fore is gone,
And I am left a - lone with Thee; Wrestling, I will not let Thee go, Till I Thy Name, Thy nature know

2 I need not tell Thee who *I* am;
My misery or sin declare.
Thyself hast call'd me by my name.—
Look on Thy hands, and read it there!
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?
Tell me Thy Name, and tell me now.

3 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me!
I hear Thy whisper in my heart!
The morning breaks, the shadows flee!
Pure universal Love Thou art!
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love!

4 Lame as I am, I take the prey!
Hell, earth, and sin with ease o'ercome.
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And as a bounding hart fly home,
Thro all eternity to prove
Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love.

276

1 THOU hidden Love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows!
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose!
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in Thee.

2 Is there a thing beneath the Sun,
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from Earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

3 Each moment draw from Earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call,
Speak to mine inmost soul, and say,
I am thy Love, thy God, thine All!
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

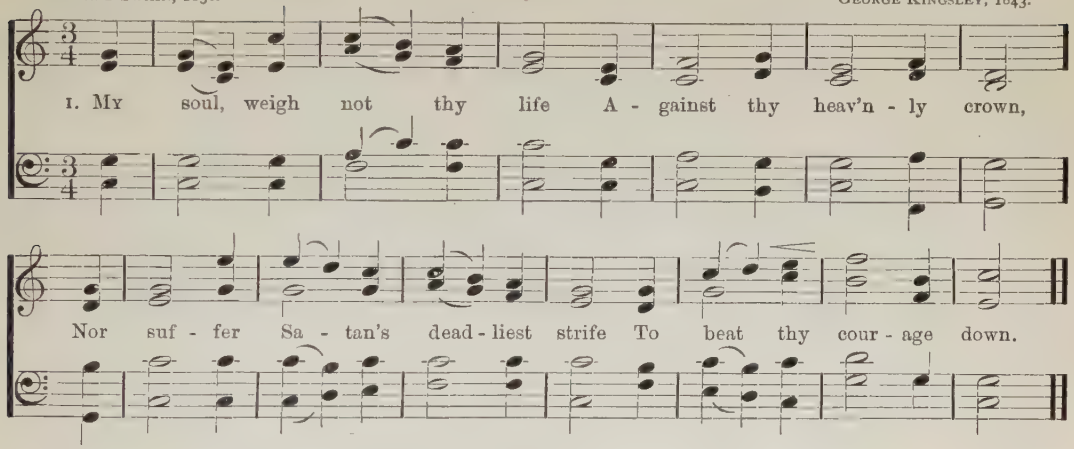
Ger. GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, 1731.
Tr. JOHN WESLEY, 1738. *Abr.*

277 My soul, weigh not thy life.

S. M.
LEONARD SWAIN, 1858.

"I will sing unto the Lord; for He hath triumphed gloriously."

Ferguson.
GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1843.



2 The battle soon will yield,
If thou thy part fulfil;
For strong as is the hostile shield,
Thy sword is stronger still.

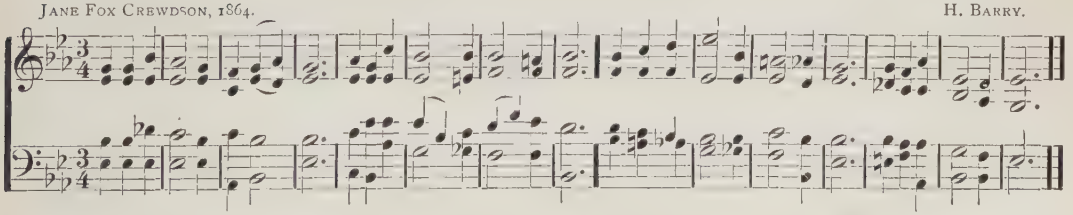
3 Thine armor is divine
Thy feet with victory shod
And on thy head shall quickly shine
The diadem of God.

278 O Saviour, I have naught to plead.

8.8.8.6.
JANE FOX CREWDSON, 1864.

"I have seen God face to face and my life is preserved."

Esthwaite.
H. BARRY.



1 O SAVIOUR, I have naught to plead,
In Earth beneath or Heaven above,
But just mine own exceeding need
And Thine exceeding love.

2 The need will soon be past and gone,
Exceeding great but quickly o'er:
The love unbought is all Thine own
And lasts for evermore.

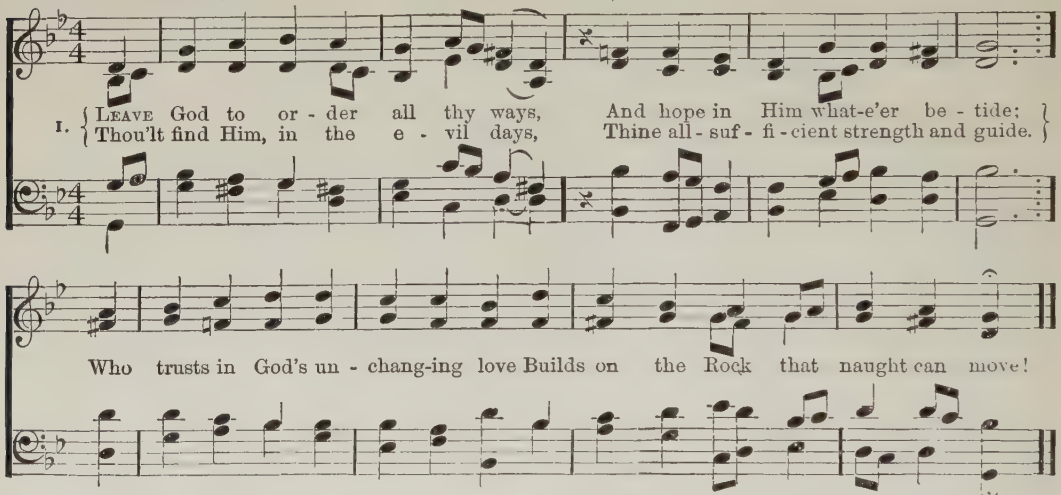
279 Leave God to order all thy ways.

"Blessèd are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

8.8.8.8.8.8. **"Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten."**

Ger. George Neumark, 1653.
Tr. Cath. Winkworth, 1855. *Abr.*

George Neumarck, 1657.
Har. Johann Seb. Bach, *d.* 1750.


1. Leave God to or - der all thy ways, And hope in Him what-e'er be - tide;
Thou'lt find Him, in the e - vil days, Thine all - suf - fi - cient strength and guide.
Who trusts in God's un - chang-ing love Builds on the Rock that naught can move!

2 Only thy restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope, content
To take whate'er His gracious will,
His all-discerning love hath sent.
Doubt not our inmost wants are known
To Him who chose us for His own.

3 Sing, pray, and swerve not from His ways:
But do thine own part faithfully.
Trust His rich promises of grace,
So shall they be fulfilled in thee;
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

280

1 O God of Armies, let me be
Thy soldier, steadfast to my trust,
To fight the good fight manfully
Right thro the cloud of battle dust;
So will I strip the holy sword
And march to serve with Christ my Lord.

2 Nor wait with them that idly sleep,
But hear the long roll calling me,
Strike with my might, each vigil keep,
Nor fear Earth's subtlest enmity;
So will I lift my Captain's song,
Tho days are sharp and nights are long.

3 Soon shall this strife of sin be ended,
Thine hosts come home, their warfare done,
And they be of their King commended
Who have with Him their victory won;
In that full day their souls shall tell
What here they bore,— 'Twill all be well!

M. W. S., 1908.

281

"Neither fear ye their fear."

1 Eternal Father! strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
Oh hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

2 O Saviour! whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Thou who didst walk the foaming deep
And, calm amid its raging, sleep;
Oh hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

3 O Sacred Spirit! who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude
And bid its angry tumult cease
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
Oh hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

4 O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

William Whiting, 1862. *Abr.*

282

1 I'll praise my Maker with my breath
And when my voice is lost in death
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; He made the sky
And earth and seas, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure,
He saves the oppressed, He feeds the poor
And none shall find His promise vain.

Isaac Watts, 1719. *Abr.*

283

1 When melt the seals of revelation,
When Time is told and Earth is done,
When Truth shall show her consummation,
An angel standing in the Sun,
When those last burning trumpets sound,
Then shall the lost light all be found!

2 Bleak was the day and blear the night-
Of bondage and of wincing fear: [time
But He will come Who in that right time
Himself each bitter doubt will clear.
The skies will part before His rod
For all the Israel of God.

3 Then with that breath of seven thunders
The former things shall pass away,
While all that interrupts and plunders
Sweet Life shall into coals decay;
Hear, God, our nethermost appeals
And urge Thy blazing chariot wheels

4 Let lambent stars and golden lightnings
That run less swiftly than Thy word,
Prelude the sudden Eastern brightenings
And then Thy voice of Life be heard.
The Spirit and the Bride to Thee
Cry, — *So, Messiah, let it be!*

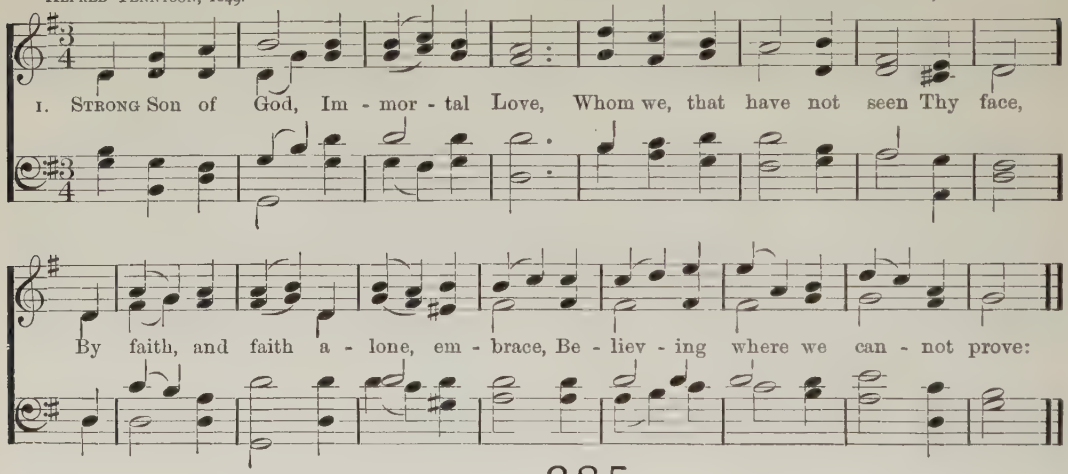
5 Touch with Thy power Man's long de- [lirium,
Bid in that dawn which fades no more,
Roll full the immeasured song of Miriam
Anew upon that further shore.
Deep, deep, let disobedience fall
And Love alone be all in all!

M. W. S., 1910.

284 Strong Son of God, Immortal Love.

"The Creation itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption, into the liberty of the glory of the children of God."

L. M. ALFRED TENNYSON, 1849. **Alsace.** LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, 1800. *Arr.*


1. STRONG Son of God, Im - mor - tal Love, Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith a - lone, em - brace, Be - liev - ing where we can - not prove:

2 Thine are these orbs of light and shade,
Thou madest life in man and brute,
Thou madest Death, and lo, Thy foot
Is on the skull which Thou hast made!

3 Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

4 Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

5 That God, which ever lives and loves,—
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole Creation moves.

285

1 ETERNAL One, in whom we live,
To whom in loss or change we turn,
Our answering hearts within us burn,
As Thou Thy words of love dost give.

2 Contained in Thee, who to the brim
Dost fill Creation with Thy light,
Time, Space and Being breathe Thy might,
And wheel in one surpassing hymn.

3 Our birthright rests in Thee alone;
We trust and hope because Thou art,
Until we see no more in part
And know as also we are known.

4 Then what Thy will is shall we be;
Our souls, that yearned 'tween day and night,
Shall in the joys of perfect sight
Make overwhelming melody.

M. W. S., 1901.

286 Jesus! and shall it ever be.

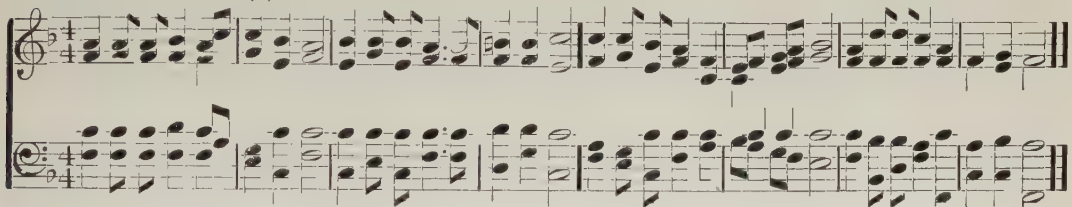
"Take heed lest there shall be any one that maketh spoil of you thro his philosophy!"

L. M.

Joseph Grigg, 1730?
Alt. Benjamin Francis, 1787.

Federal Street.

Henry K. Oliver, 1832.



1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own her star;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Twas midnight with my soul, till He,
Bright morning star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain!
Till then I boast a Saviour slain.
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

287 Faithful, O Lord, Thy mercies are.

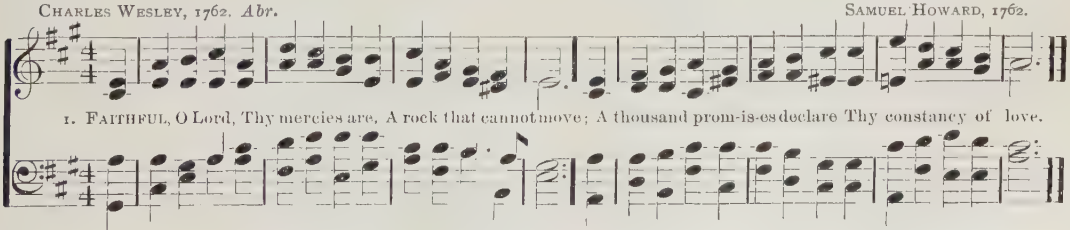
C. M.

"Until the times of restoration of all things."

Lancaster.

Charles Wesley, 1762. *Abr.*

Samuel Howard, 1762.



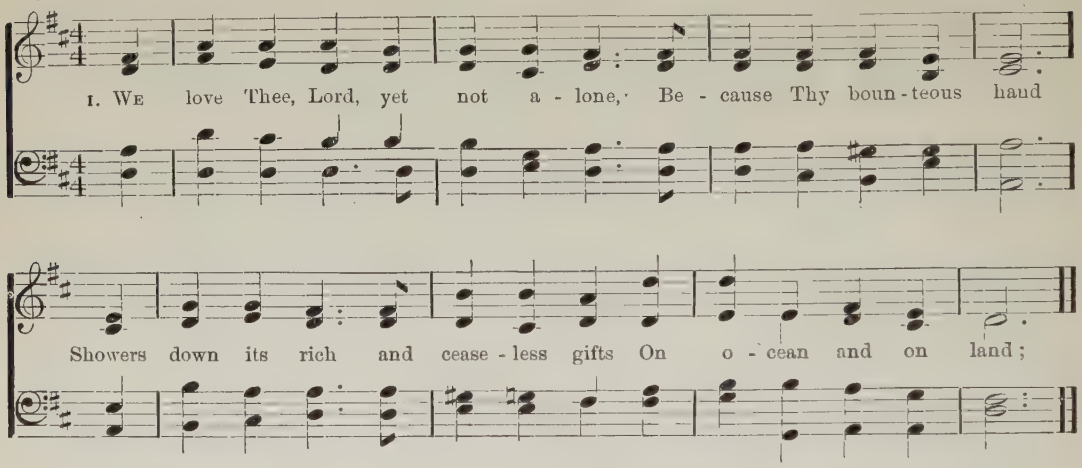
2 Its streams the whole Creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

3 Thro all the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure
And while Thy truth O God remains
Thy goodness must endure.

288 We love Thee, Lord, yet not alone.

C. M. "*A little while, and ye shall see Me.*" St. Mark.

Julia A. Elliott, 1835 *Abr.* Henry J. Gauntlett, 1872


1. We love Thee, Lord, yet not a - lone, Be - cause Thy boun - teous hand
Showers down its rich and cease - less gifts On o - cean and on land;

2 'Tis not alone because Thy names
Of wisdom, power, and love,
Are written on the Earth beneath,
The glorious skies above;

3 We love Thee, Lord, because when we
Had erred and gone astray,
Thou didst recall our wandering souls
Into the heavenward way.

4 Because, when we forsook Thy ways,
Nor kept Thy holy will,
Thou wast not the avenging Judge,
But gracious Father still.

5 Because, when we were bound by sin,
Thou gavest hopes of Heaven;
Yes; much we love, who much have sinned
And much have been forgiven!

289

1 It was no love of mine, dear Lord,
That won Thy love to me;
On me were Thy compassions poured
From that accursèd Tree.

2 And now I hold Thee by no bands
Of saintly prayer or deed:
I hold Thee with my trembling hands,
These hands of guilt and need.

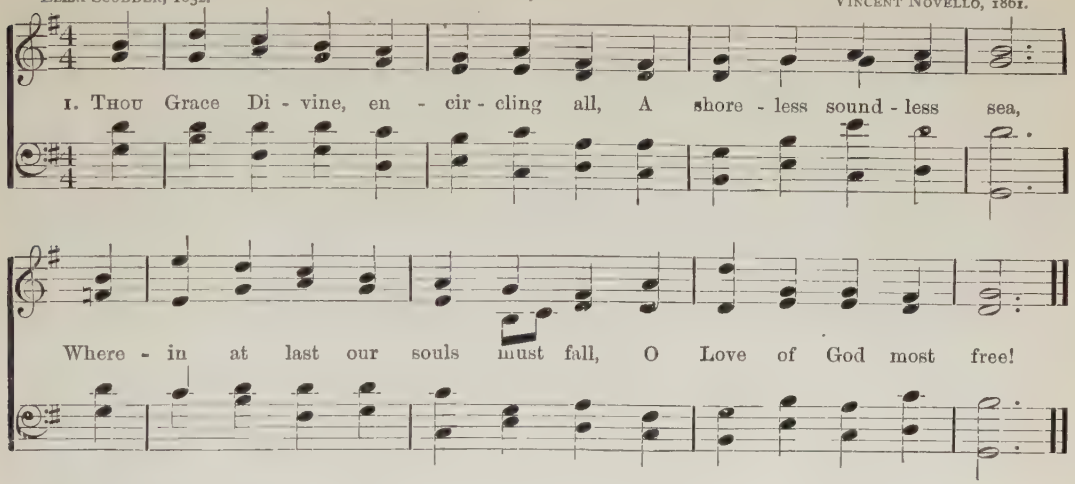
3 Saviour and sinner we have met
And meeting will not part;
The blood that bought me claims me yet,—
Christ hath me in His heart!

4 So, poor yet rich and vile yet pure,
I have mine all in Thee,
Beloved and loving, pledged, secure,
To all Eternity.

Hervey D. Ganse, 1887.

290 Thou Grace Divine, encircling all.

C. M. *"They also shall overcome that are with Him, called, and chosen, and faithful."* **Albano.**

ELIZA SCUDDER, 1852. VINCENT NOVELLO, 1861.

2 When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us safe and slow,
O Love of God most wise!

3 And tho we turn us from Thy face
And wander wide and long,
Thou holdest still in Thine embrace,
O Love of God most strong!

4 The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess Thy sweet control,
O Love of God most kind!

5 And, filled and quickened by Thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O Love of God, to Thee.

291

1 O Lord! I would delight in Thee
And on Thy care depend;
To Thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fullness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied
And glory in Thy name!

3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near,
A fountain which will ever run
With waters sweet and clear?

4 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in Thee;
I must have all things and abound,
While God is God to me!

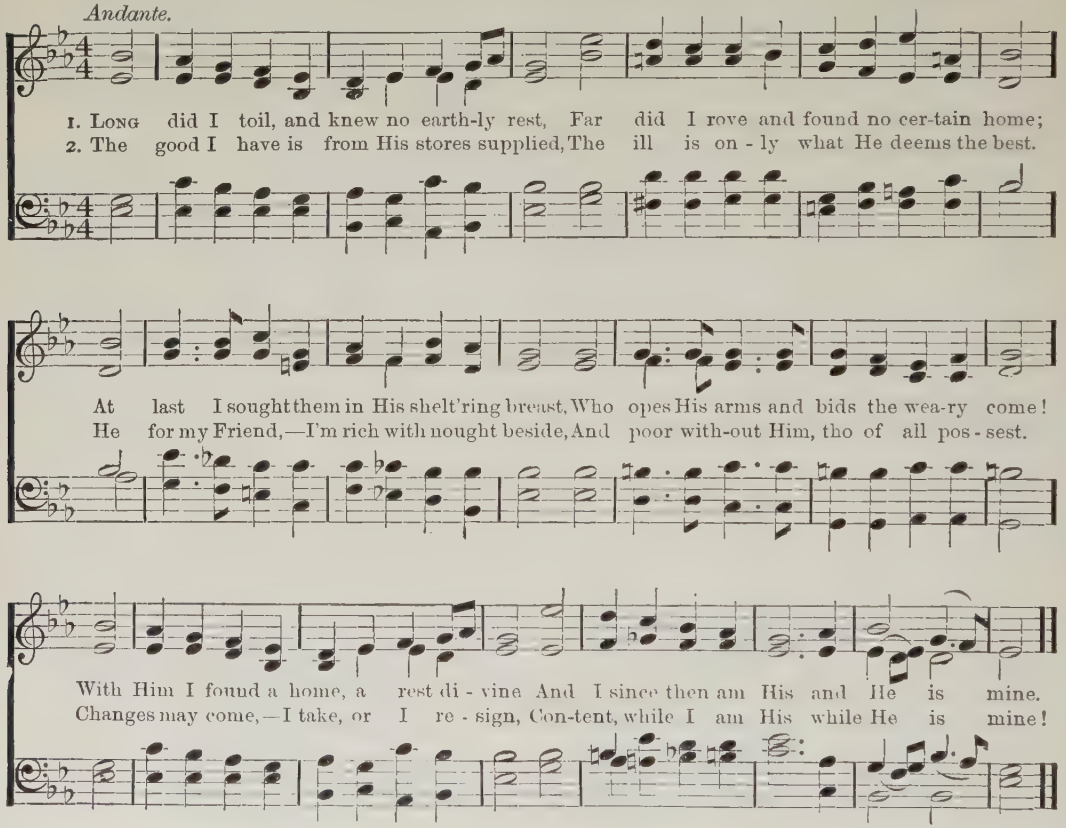
JOHN RYLAND, 1777 *Abr.*

292 Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest.

10.10.10.10.10.10. "*My Beloved is mine, and I am His.*" **Evensong.**

HENRY F. LYTE, 1833. *Abr.* WALTER BOND GILBERT, 1873.

Andante.


1. Long did I toil, and knew no earth-ly rest, Far did I rove and found no cer-tain home;
2. The good I have is from His stores supplied, The ill is on - ly what He deems the best.
At last I sought them in His shelt'ring breast, Who opes His arms and bids the wea-ry come!
He for my Friend,—I'm rich with nought beside, And poor with-out Him, tho of all pos - sest.
With Him I found a home, a rest di - vine And I since then am His and He is mine.
Changes may come,—I take, or I re - sign, Con-tent, while I am His while He is mine!

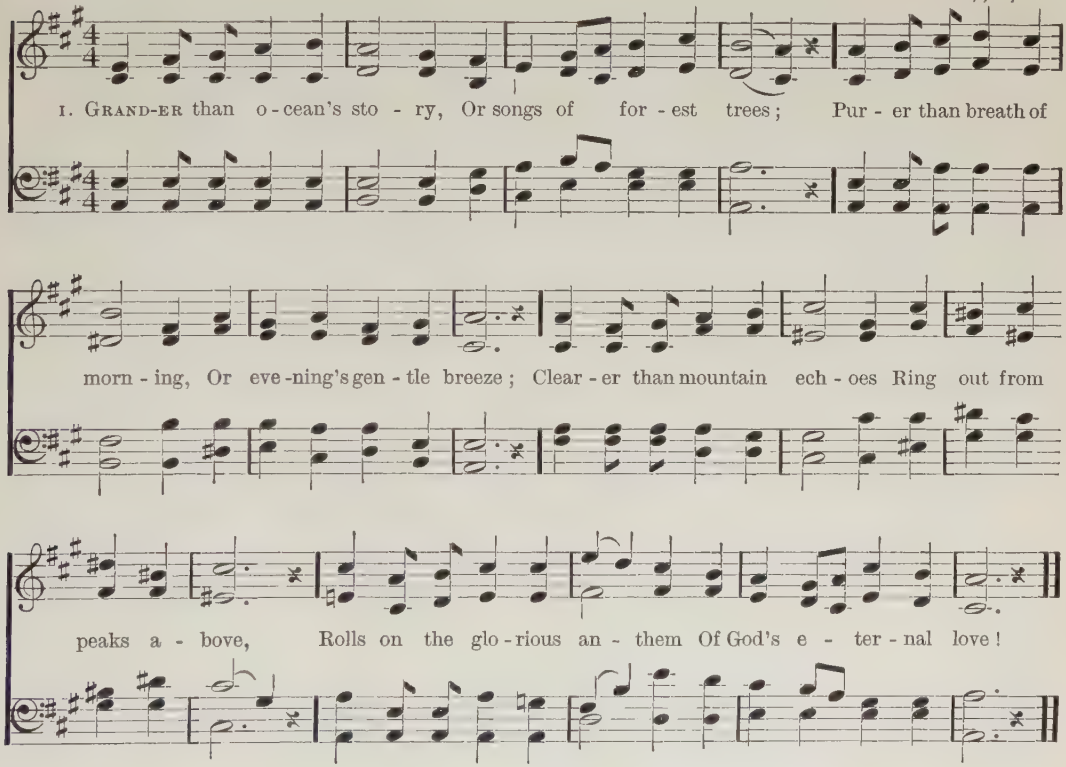
3 While here, alas! I know but half His love,
But half discern Him, and but half adore:
But when I meet Him in the realms above,
I hope to love Him better, praise Him more
And feel and tell, amid the choir divine,
How fully I am His and He is mine!

293 Grander than ocean's story.

"Thou hast seen how that the Lord thy God bare thee, as a man doth bear his son, in all the way that ye went."

7s & 6s. P. **God's Love.**

WILLIAM F. SHERWIN, 1871. WILLIAM F. SHERWIN, , 1872.


1. GRAND-ER than o-cean's sto - ry, Or songs of for - est trees; Pur - er than breath of
morn - ing, Or eve-ning's gen - tle breeze; Clear - er than mountain ech - oes Ring out from
peaks a - bove, Rolls on the glo - rious an - them Of God's e - ter - nal love!

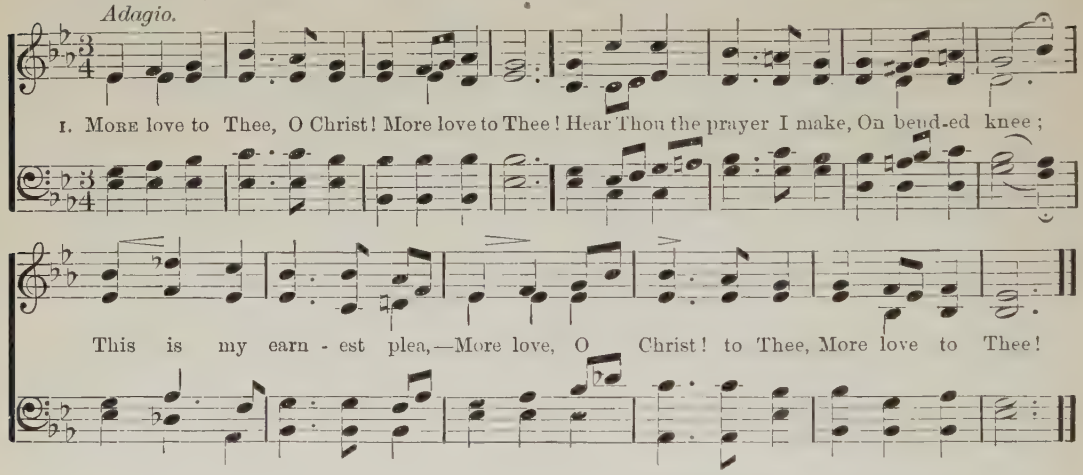
2 Dearer than any lovings
The truest friends bestow;
Stronger than all the yearnings
A mother's heart can know;
Deeper than Earth's foundations
And far above all thought;
Broader than Heaven's high arches —
The love that Christ has brought.

3 Richer than all Earth's treasure,
The wealth my soul receives;
Brighter than royal jewels,
The crown that Jesus gives;
Wondrous the condescension
And grace beyond degree!
I would be ever singing
The love of Christ to me.

294 More love to Thee, O Christ!

6.4.6.4.6.6.4. *"It is the voice of my Beloved that knocketh, saying 'Open to me.'"* **Horbury.**

ELIZABETH PRENTISS, 1856. *Abr.* JOHN B. DYKES, 1860.


Adagio.
1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee! Hear Thou the prayer I make, On bend-ed knee;
This is my earn - est plea,—More love, O Christ! to Thee, More love to Thee!

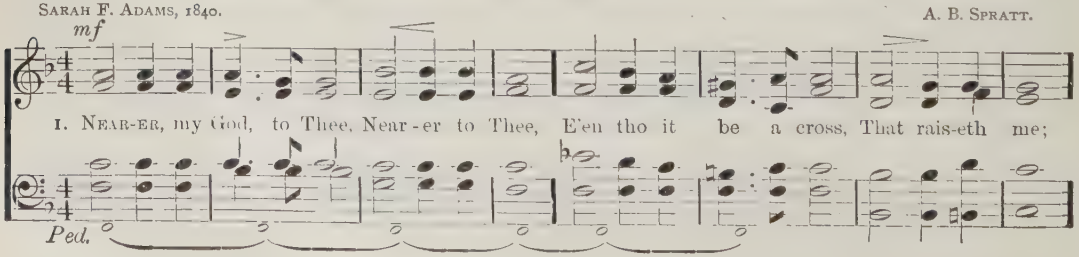
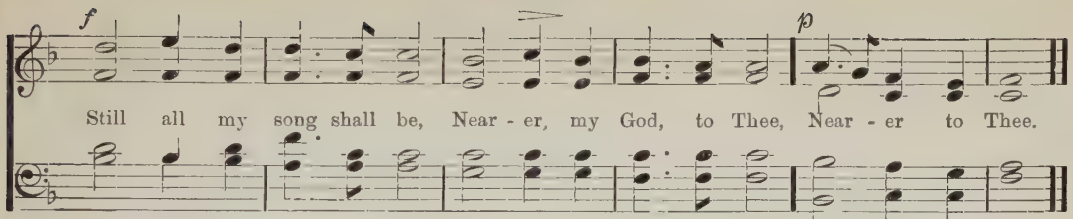
2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best.
This all my prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ! to Thee,
More love to Thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,—
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

295 Nearer, my God, to Thee.

6.4.6.4,6.6.4. *"Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Almighty, and shalt lift up thy face unto God."* **Kedron.**

SARAH F. ADAMS, 1840. A. B. SPRATT.



2 Tho like the wanderer,
The Sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

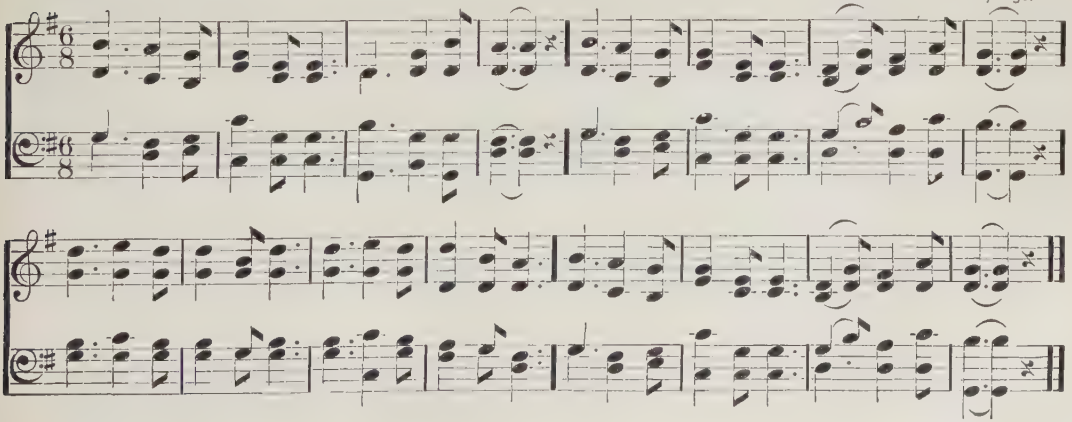
3 There let the way appear
Steps unto Heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Beth-El I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still, all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4. SECOND TUNE. **Bethany.**

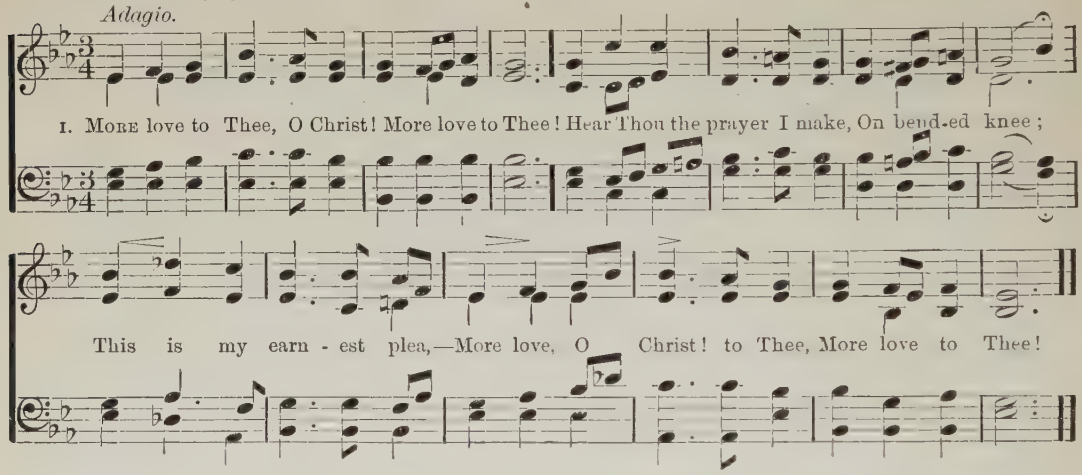
LOWELL MASON, 1856.



294 More love to Thee, O Christ!

6.4.6.4.6.6.4. *"It is the voice of my Beloved that knocketh, saying 'Open to me.'"* **Horbury.**

ELIZABETH PRENTISS, 1856. *Abr.* JOHN B. DYKES, 1860.


Adagio.
1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee! Hear Thou the prayer I make, On bend-ed knee;
This is my earn - est plea,—More love, O Christ! to Thee, More love to Thee!

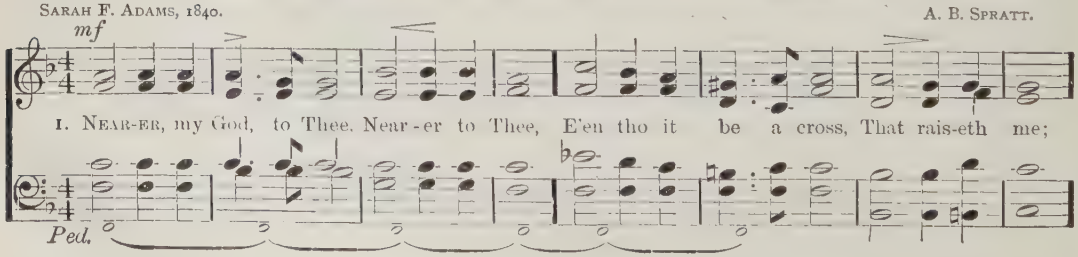
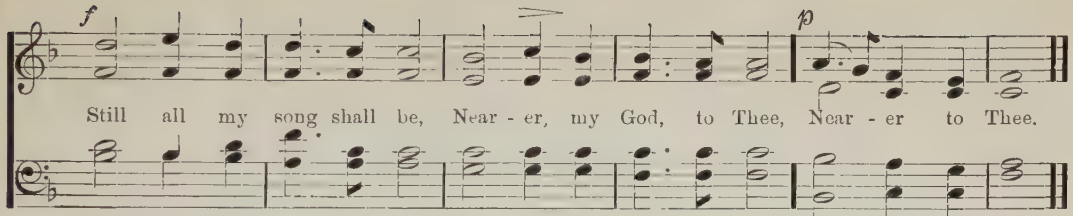
2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best.
This all my prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ! to Thee,
More love to Thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,—
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

295 Nearer, my God, to Thee.

6.4.6.4,6.6.4. *"Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Almighty, and shalt lift up thy face unto God."* **Kedron.**

SARAH F. ADAMS, 1840. A. B. SPRATT.



2 Tho like the wanderer,
The Sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

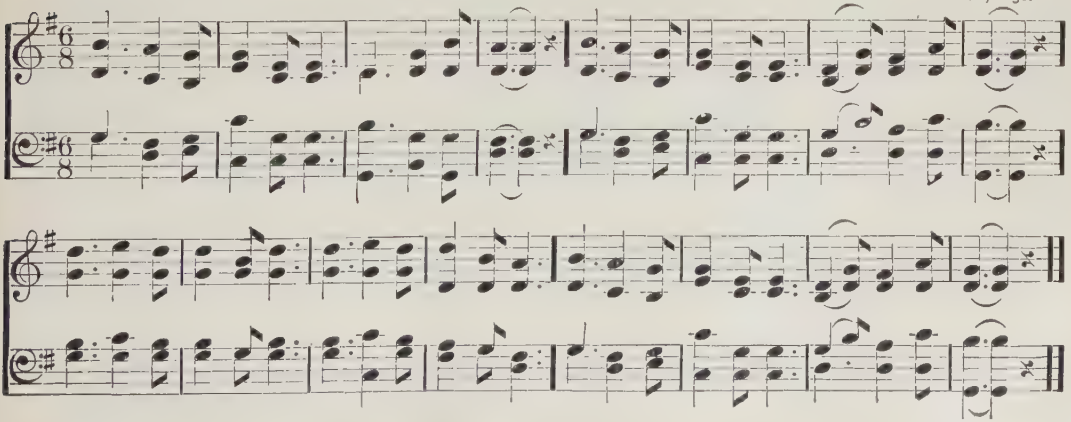
3 There let the way appear
Steps unto Heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Beth-El I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still, all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4. SECOND TUNE. **Bethany.**

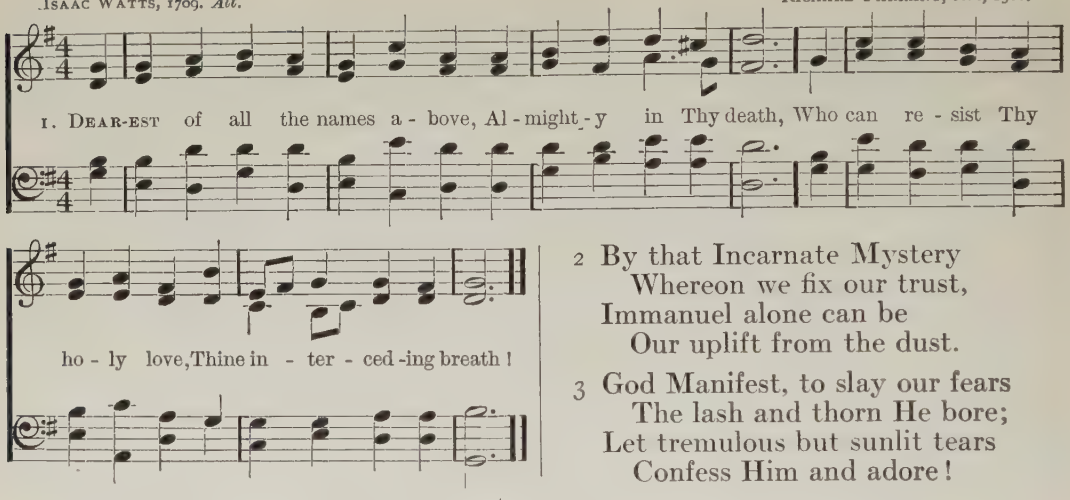
LOWELL MASON, 1856.



296 Dearest of all the names above.

C. M. "*The Word was made flesh.*" **Farrant.**

ISAAC WATTS, 1709. *Alt.* RICHARD FARRANT, *cir.*, 1568.



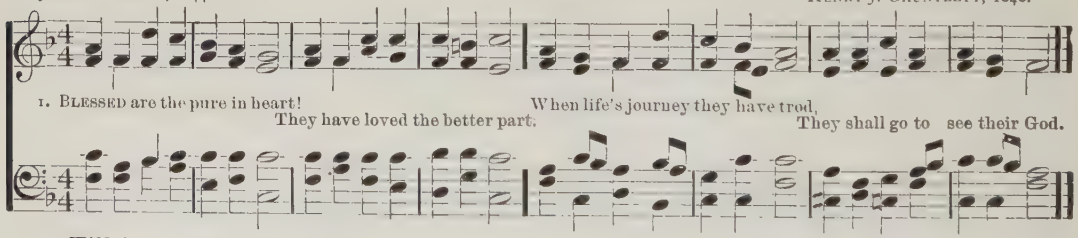
2 By that Incarnate Mystery
Whereon we fix our trust,
Immanuel alone can be
Our uplift from the dust.

3 God Manifest, to slay our fears
The lash and thorn He bore;
Let tremulous but sunlit tears
Confess Him and adore!

297 Blessèd are the pure in heart.

7.7.7.7. "*Earnestly desiring the coming of the day of God.*" **University College.**

JOHN M. NEALE, 1844. HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1848.


1. BLESSED are the pure in heart! They have loved the better part.
When life's journey they have trod, They shall go to see their God.

2 Till in glory they appear,
They shall often see Him here;
And His grace shall learn to know,
In His glorious works below.

3 When the Sun begins to rise,
Spreading brightness thro the skies,
They will love to praise and bless
Christ, the Sun of Righteousness.

4 In the watches of the night,
When the stars are clear and bright,
'Thus the just shall shine,' they say,
'In the resurrection day.'

5 God in everything they see.
First in all their thoughts is He.
They have loved the better part,—
Blessèd are the pure in heart.

298 When glorious in the nightly sky.

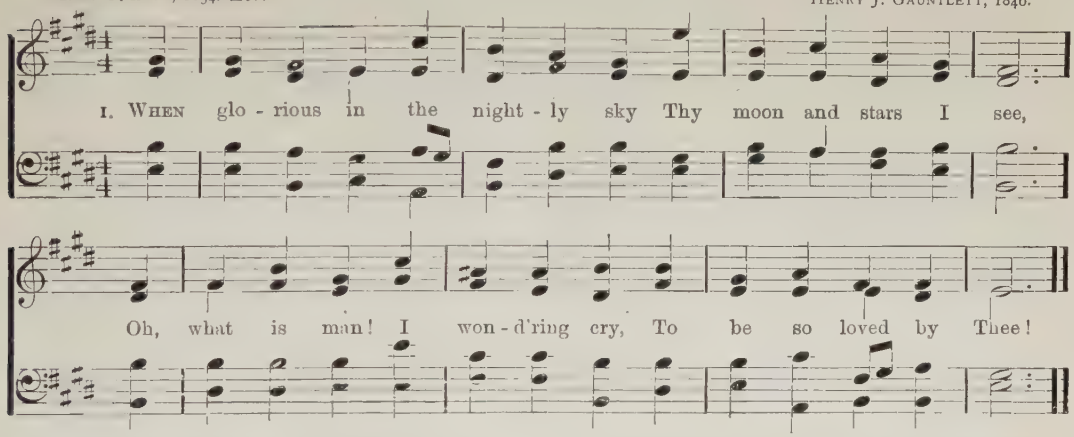
C. M.

HENRY F. LYTE, 1834. *Abr.*

"The promise is to you and to your children."

Nottingham.

HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1846.



2 To him Thou hourly deign'st to give
New mercies from on high;
Didst quit Thy Throne with him to live,
For him in pain to die.

3 Close to Thine own bright seraphim
His favored path is trod;
And all beside are serving him,
That he may serve his God.

299 There is no sorrow, Lord, too slight.

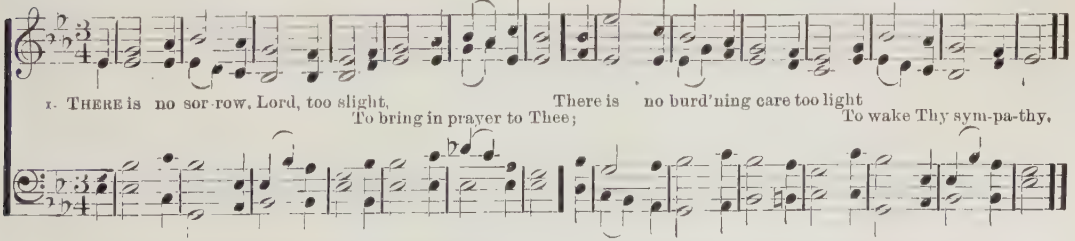
C. M.

JANE FOX CREWDSON, 1864. *Abr.*

"Jesus wept."

St. Columba.

ANCIENT IRISH TUNE.
Har. ROBERT P. STEWART, 1874.



2 There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets Thine ear divine
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

3 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,—
The heart would overflow,
But for that Love which died for sin,
That Love which wept with woe!

300 Jesus, engrave it on my heart.

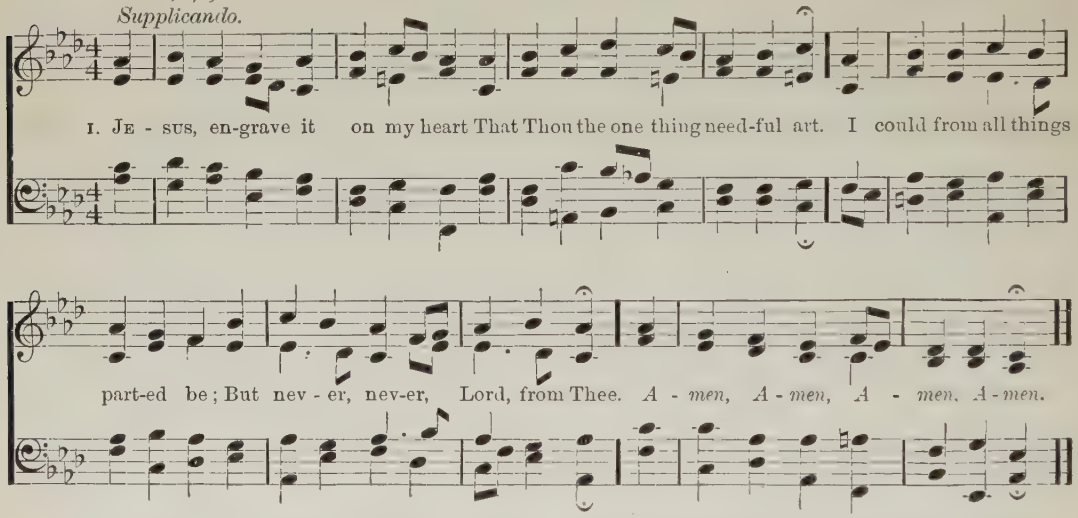
L. M.

SAMUEL MEDLEY, 1789. *Abr.*

"Thou wilt show me the path of life."

Zithri.

JOHANN STAHL, 1544.

Supplicando.

1. JE - SUS, en-grave it on my heart That Thou the one thing need-ful art. I could from all things
part-ed be; But nev - er, nev-er, Lord, from Thee. A - men, A - men, A - men. A - men.

2 Needful Thy presence, dearest Lord,
True peace and comfort to afford.
Needful Thy promise, to impart
New life and vigor to my heart.

3 Needful art Thou, my Guide, my Stay,
Thro all life's dark and weary way;
Nor less in death Thou'lt needful be
To bring my spirit home to Thee. *Amen.*

301 Still, still with Thee, my God!

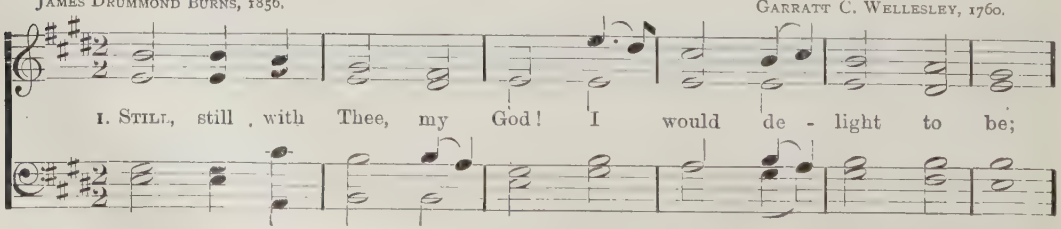
S. M.

JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS, 1856.

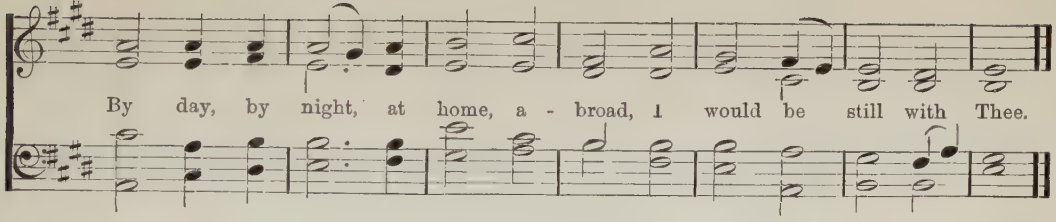
"Of whom shall I be afraid!"

Mornington.

GARRATT C. WELLESLEY, 1760.



Prayer.



2 With Thee, when dawn comes in
And calls me back to care;
Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God! in prayer.

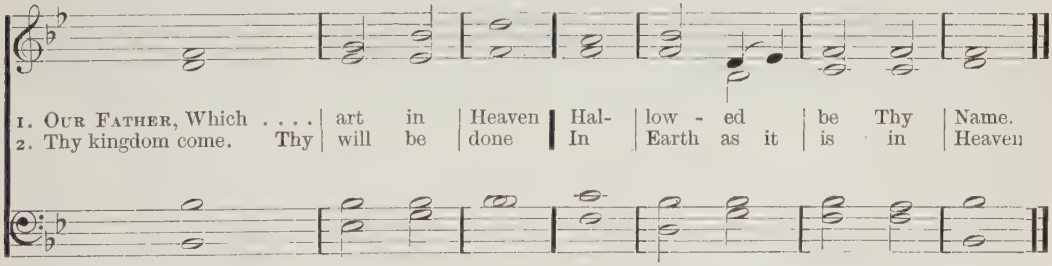
3 With Thee, amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear Thy voice, 'mid clamor loud,
Speak softly to my heart.

4 With Thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting, as the rising, Sun
With Thee my heart would find.

5 With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee!

302 Our Father, Which art in Heaven.

Chant. *"Peace upon the Israel of God."* **Pater Noster.**

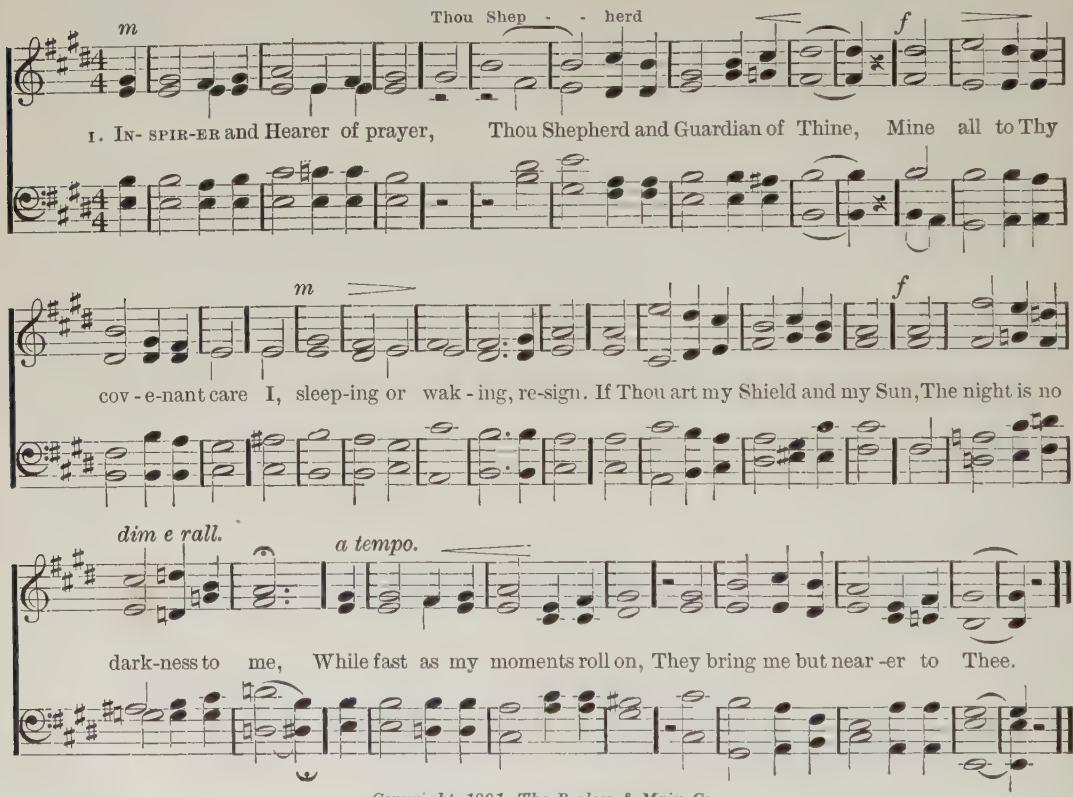
MATTHEW, VI: 9-13. GEORGE A. MACFARREN.

3 Give us this day our | daily | bread.||
And forgive us our debts, as | we for- | give our | debtors.

4 And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | Evil.||
For Thine is the Kingdom and the power and the | glory for- | ever. | *Amen.*

303 Inspirer and Hearer of prayer.

L. M. D. *"Tho I walk in the midst of trouble, Thou wilt revive me."* **Mount Tom.**

Augustus M. Toplady, 1776. *Abr.* Benjamin C. Blodgett, 1890.


Thou Shep - - herd
1. In- spir-er and Hearer of prayer, Thou Shepherd and Guardian of Thine, Mine all to Thy
cov - e-nant care I, sleep-ing or wak - ing, re-sign. If Thou art my Shield and my Sun, The night is no
dim e rall.
a tempo.
dark-ness to me, While fast as my moments roll on, They bring me but near -er to Thee.

Copyright, 1891, The Biglow & Main Co.

2 Thy ministering spirits descend,
To watch while Thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep. [throne,
Bright seraphs, dispatched from the
Fly swift to their stations assigned;
Thine angels elect are sent down,
To guard the redeemed of mankind.

3 Thy worship no interval knows;
Their fervor is still on the wing;
And while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King;
I too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus for ever shall join;
To love and adore without end
Their gracious Creator and mine.

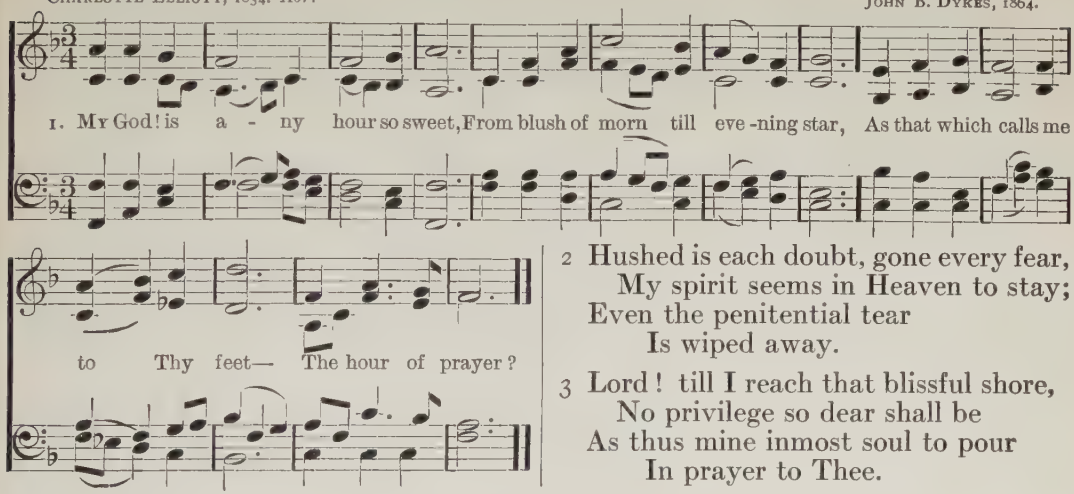
304 My God! is any hour so sweet.

"From the first day that thou didst set thine heart to understand, and to chasten thyself before thy God, thy words were heard."

8.8.8.4.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834. *Abr.*

Prayer.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1864.

2 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear,
My spirit seems in Heaven to stay;
Even the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

3 Lord! till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus mine inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

305 I bow my forehead in the dust.

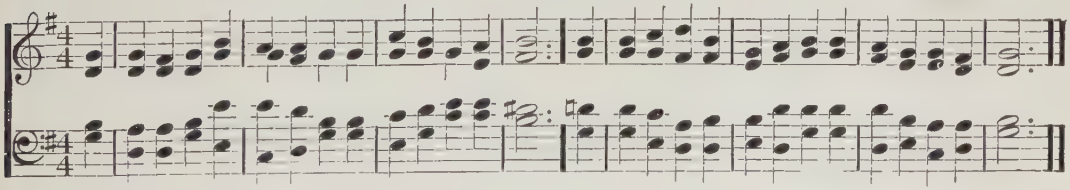
C. M.

"I lift up my soul unto Thee."

St. Flavian.

JOHN G. WHITTIER, 1867. *Abr.*

ABRAHAM BARBER'S PSALTER, 1687.



1 I BOW my forehead in the dust,
I veil mine eyes for shame
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
A prayer without a claim.

2 No offering of mine own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave
And plead His love for love.

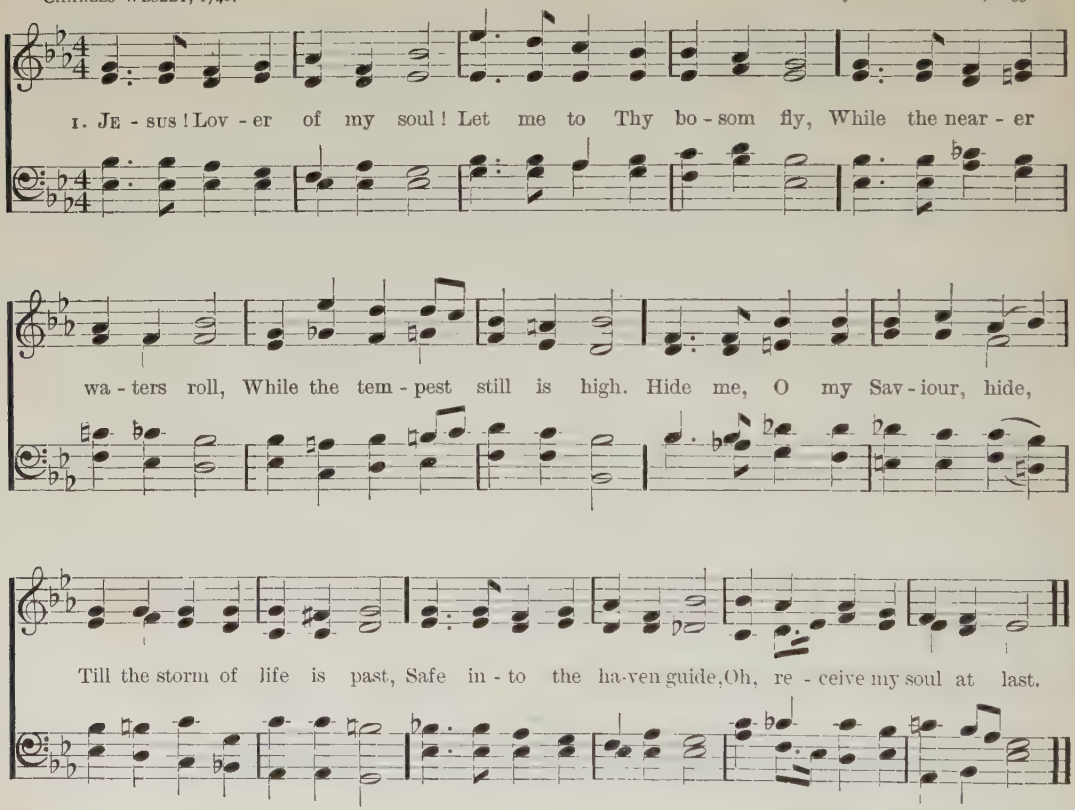
3 I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air:
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

4 I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life or death
His mercy underlies.

306 Jesus! Lover of my soul!

7s, D. "*He maketh the storm a calm.*" **Leyden.**

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740. *Ad. fr.* LOUIS SPOHR, 1833.


1. JE - SUS! Lov - er of my soul! Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er
wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past, Safe in - to the ha-ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall!
Lo! on Thee I cast my care.
Reach me out Thy gracious hand!
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live!

4 Thou O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name:
I am all unrighteousness.
False and full of sin I am:
Thou art full of truth and grace.

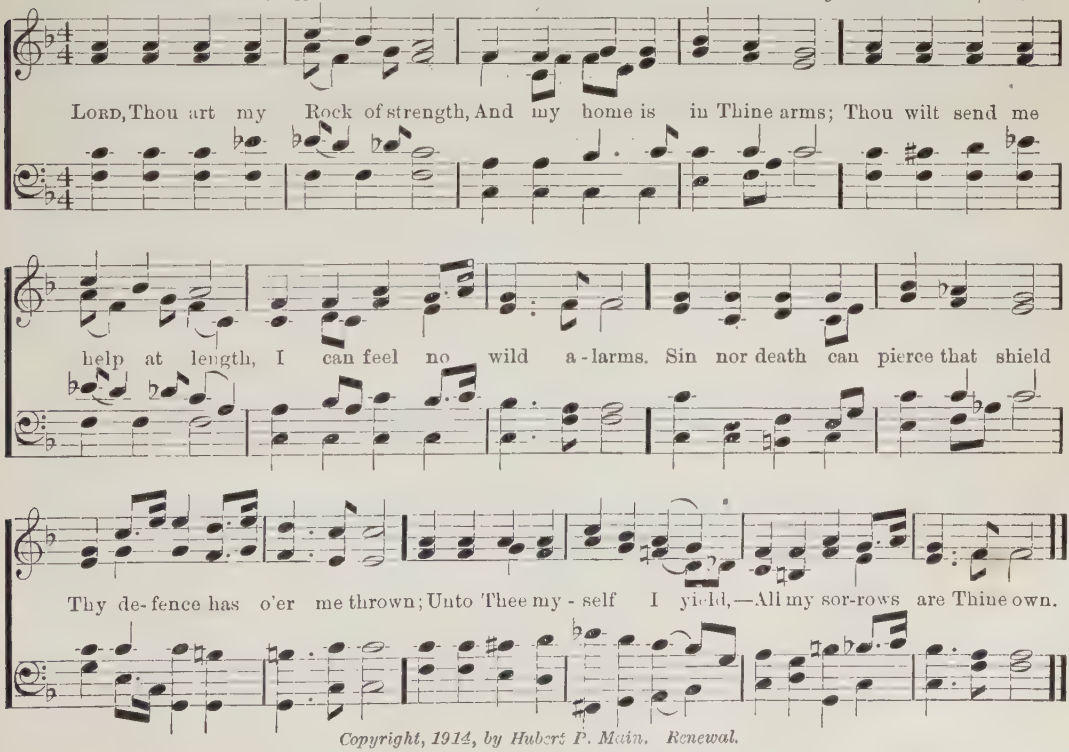
5 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee.
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

307 Lord, Thou art my Rock of strength.

7s, D. "*I am the Lord that healeth thee.*" **Blumenthal.**

Ger. August Hermann Franke, 1711.
Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1855. *Abr.*

Jacques Blumenthal, 1849.
Har. by Hubert P. Main, 1888.


Lord, Thou art my Rock of strength, And my home is in Thine arms; Thou wilt send me
help at length, I can feel no wild a-larms. Sin nor death can pierce that shield
Thy de-fence has o'er me thrown; Unto Thee my-self I yield,—All my sor-rows are Thine own.

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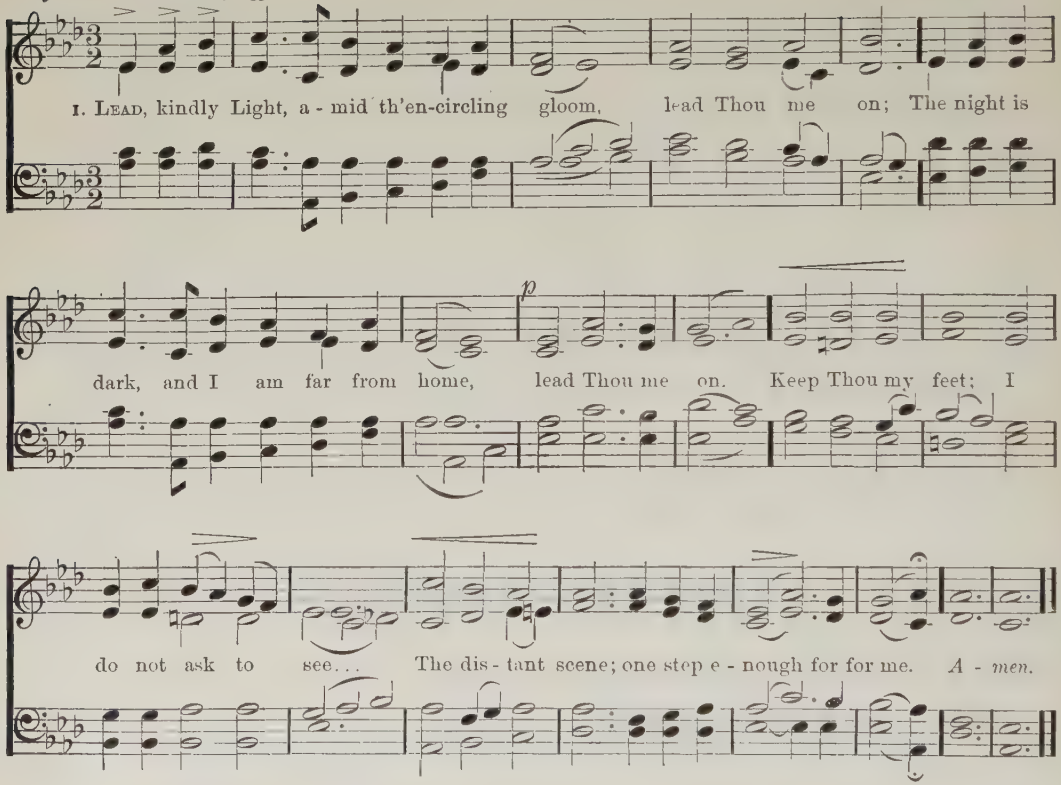
308 Lead, kindly Light.

14.14.10.10.
JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1833.

"Blessèd be my Maker, who giveth me songs in the night."

Lux Benigna.
JOHN B. DYKES, 1868.


1. LEAD, kindly Light, a - mid th'en-circling gloom, lead Thou me on; The night is
dark, and I am far from home, lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I
do not ask to see... The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for for me. A - men.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path: but now—lead *Thou* me on!
I loved the garish day and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will:—remember not past years!

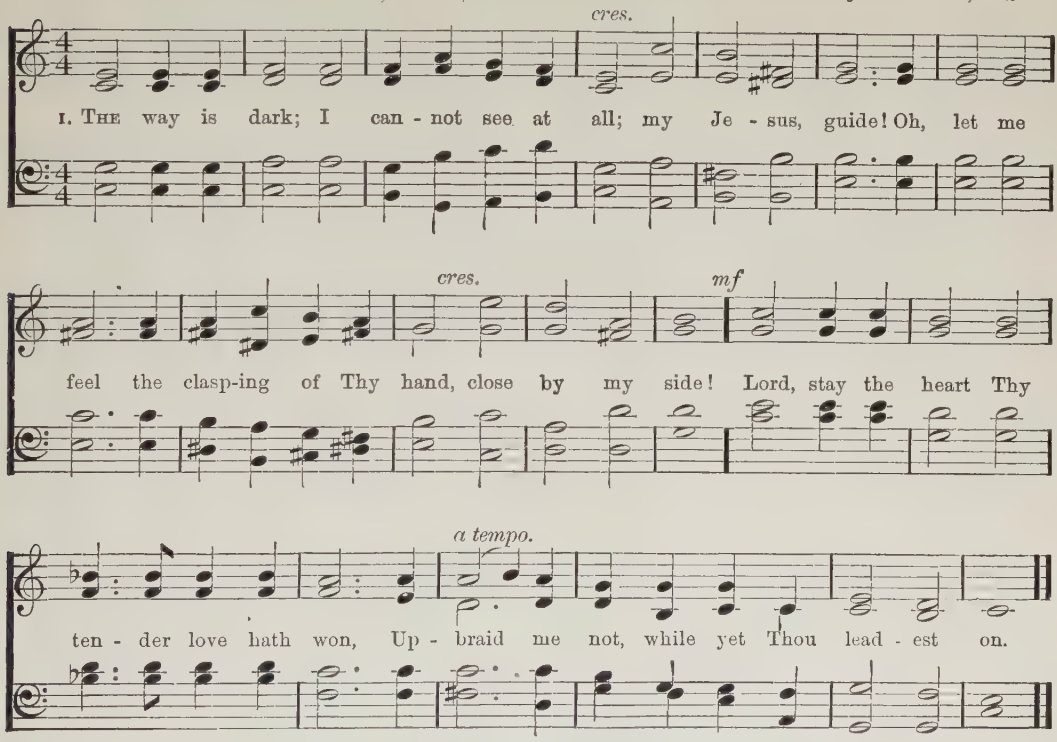
3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till the night is gone
And, with the morn, those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile! *Amen.*

309 The way is dark; I cannot see at all.

14.14.10.10.
JAMES UPHAM, 1869. *Arr.* 1881.

"For Thy name's sake lead me, and guide me."

Lux Expectata.
JOSEPH BARNBY, 1868.


cres.
1. THE way is dark; I can - not see at all; my Je - sus, guide! Oh, let me
cres.
mf
feel the clasp-ing of Thy hand, close by my side! Lord, stay the heart Thy
a tempo.
ten - der love hath won, Up - braid me not, while yet Thou lead - est on.

2 The way is long. I fear I yet may fall. My Jesus, keep!
Oh, let my faith outlast the weary road, no more to weep!
Lord, let me lean upon Thy strength alone,
Till in Thy light I know as I am known.

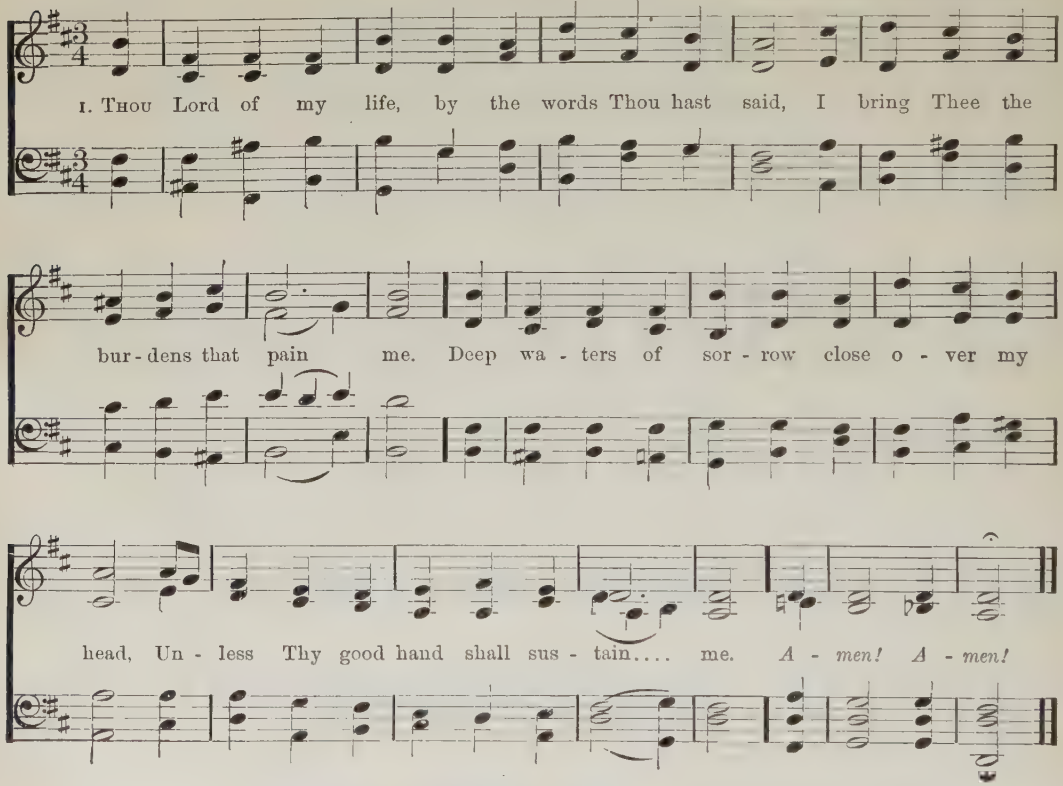
3 The wayfare ends. The radiant gates appear. All trials past!
My spirit hastes and bounds with joy, to be safe home at last.
Darkness and terror, doubt and tears, are o'er.
My thankful life is Thine forevermore!

310 Thou Lord of my life, by the words Thou hast said.

11.9.11.9.
M. W. S., 1887.

"If any man thirst let Him come unto Me."

Oland.
Swedish Koral, 17th Century. *Abr.*


1. Thou Lord of my life, by the words Thou hast said, I bring Thee the
bur - dens that pain me. Deep wa - ters of sor - row close o - ver my
head, Un - less Thy good hand shall sus - tain.... me. A - men! A - men!

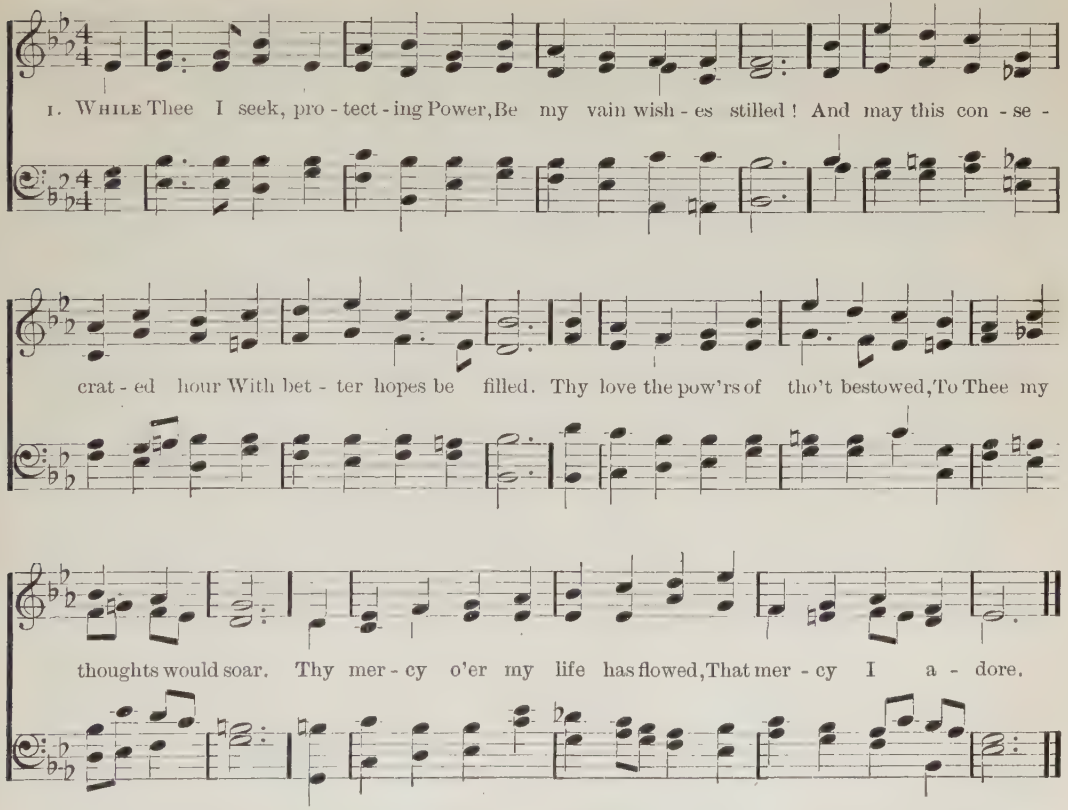
2 O Help of the stricken! O Hope of the lost!
Where else can I go with my crying?
Thou One all-acquainted with grief to Thy cost,
My soul to Thy mercy is flying.

3 Almighty Redeemer, give ear to my prayer!
Uphold me! Abandon me never!
Forgive me my doubts of Thine infinite care.
Enfold me forever and ever. *Amen.*

311 While Thee I seek, protecting Power.

C. M. D. *"The prayers of the saints went up before God."* **Confidence.**

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS, 1786. THOMAS MORLEY, 1865. *Abr.*


1. While Thee I seek, pro - tect - ing Power, Be my vain wish - es stilled! And may this con - se -
crat - ed hour With bet - ter hopes be filled. Thy love the pow'rs of tho't bestowed, To Thee my
thoughts would soar. Thy mer - cy o'er my life has flowed, That mer - cy I a - dore.

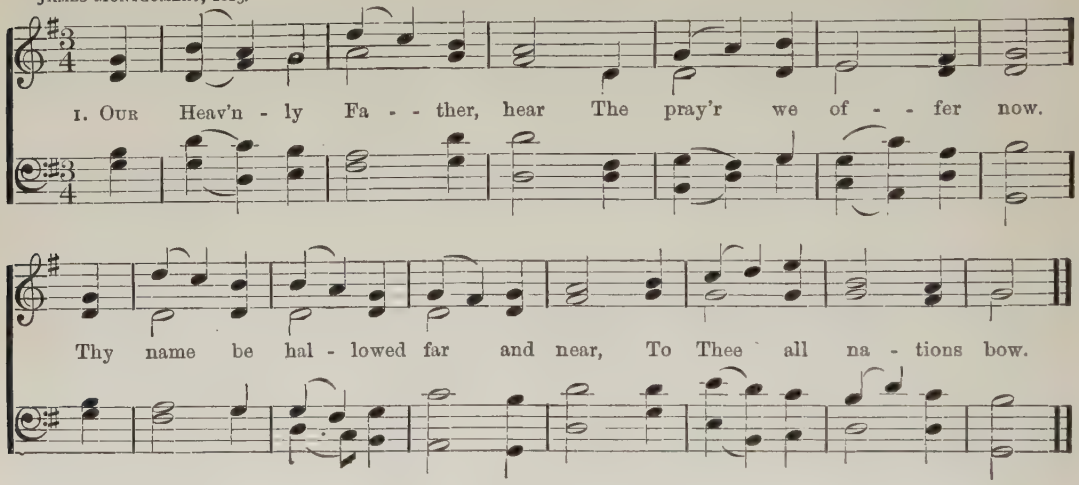
2 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by Thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings the favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lour,
My soul shall meet Thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on Thee.

312 Our Heavenly Father, hear.

S. M. *"They that partake of the benefit are believing and beloved."* Thacher.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825. *From* GEORGE F. HANDEL, 1732.



2 Thy kingdom come. Thy will
On Earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfill
Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply,
While by Thy word we live.
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power
Our feeble hearts defend.
Deliver in the evil hour
And guide us to the end.

5 Thine, then, forever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne and majesty
Of Heaven and Earth are Thine.

313

1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On Thee I cast my care!
With humble confidence look up
And know Thou hear'st my prayer.

2 I want a true regard,—
A single, steady, aim,
Unmoved by threat'ning or reward,—
To Thee and Thy great name.

3 The praying spirit breathe.
The watching power impart.
From all entanglements beneath,
Call off my peaceful heart.

4 Suffer'd no more to rove
O'er all the Earth abroad,
Arrest the pris'ner of Thy love
And shut me up in God!

CHARLES WESLEY, 1742. *Abr.*

314

1 The world's Desire and Hope,
All power to Thee is given;
Now set the last great empire up,
Eternal Lord of Heaven!

2 According to Thy word,
Now be Thy grace revealed
And with the knowledge of the Lord
Let all the Earth be filled.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1782. *Abr.*

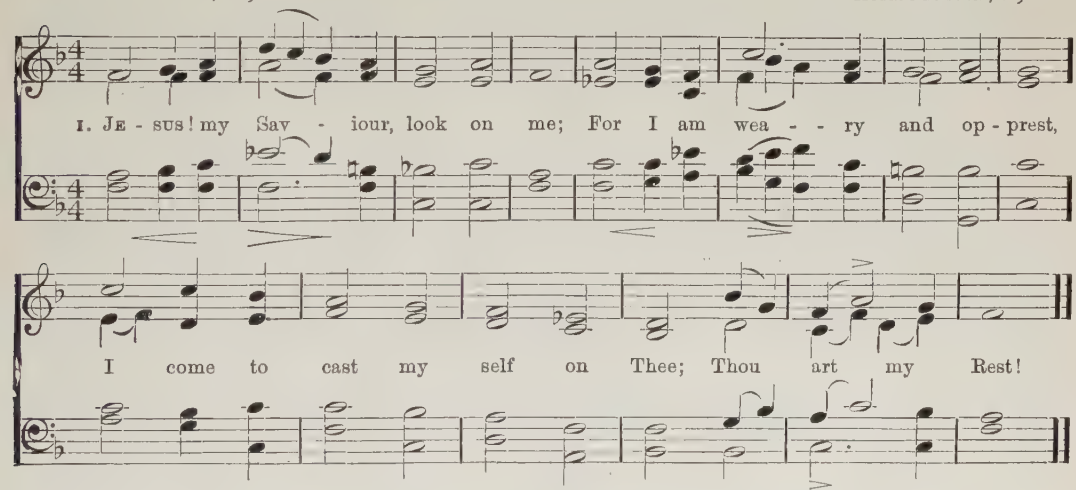
315 Jesus! my Saviour, look on me.

8.8.8.4.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1869. *Abr.*

"Thou numberest my wanderings."

Kirkland.

HUBERT P. MAIN, 1896.

Copyright, 1896, by Hubert P. Main.

2 Look down on me for I am weak,
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek;
Thou art my Strength!

3 I am bewildered on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
Oh send Thou forth some cheering ray;
Thou art my Light!

4 I hear the storms around me rise:
But when I dread th' impending shock,
My spirit to her refuge flies;
Thou art my Rock!

5 Vain is all human aid for me,
Helpless I in the darkness grope.
My sole reliance is on Thee;
Thou art my Hope!

6 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink;
Thou art my Life!

7 Thou wilt mine every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
Thro life, in death, eternally,
Thou art mine All!

316 Saviour! when, in dust, to Thee.

7s, D

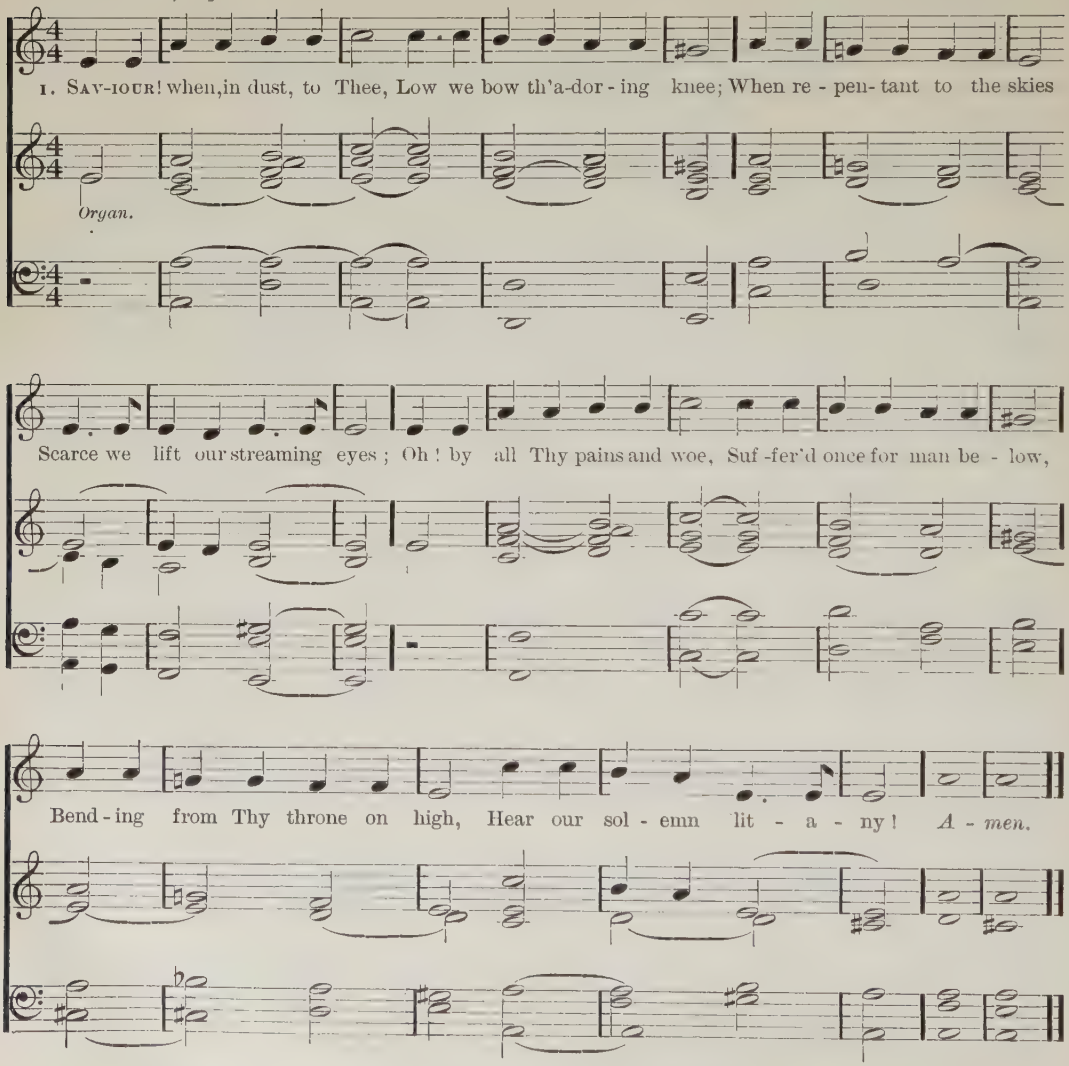
"The Spirit Himself maketh intercession for us."

(ALL VOICES IN UNISON.)

Litany.

ROBERT GRANT, 1815.

J. FOSTER, from JOHN L. HATTON.


1. SAV-IOUR! when, in dust, to Thee, Low we bow th'a-dor-ing knee; When re-pen-tant to the skies
Organ.
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes; Oh! by all Thy pains and woe, Suf-fer'd once for man be-low,
Bend-ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol-emn lit-a-ny! A-men.

2 By Thy birth and early years,
By Thy human griefs and fears,
By Thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness,
By Thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle Tempter's power;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany!

3 By Thine hour of dark despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By the scourge, — the crown of thorn,
By Thy cross, Thy pangs and cries,
By Thy perfect sacrifice,
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany!

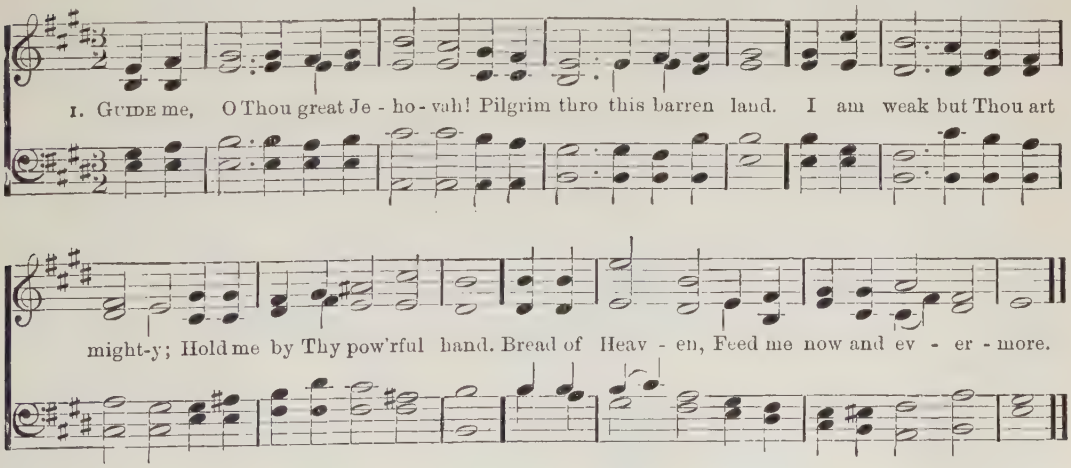
4 By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the sealed sepulchral stone,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power from death to save,
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To Thy throne in Heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn Litany! *Amen.*

317 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah.

8.7.8.7.4.7.
WILLIAM WILLIAMS, 1773.

"Continuing steadfastly in prayer."

Wildersmouth.
EDWARD J. HOPKINS, 1879.


1. GUIDE me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah! Pilgrim thro this barren land. I am weak but Thou art
might-y; Hold me by Thy pow'rful hand. Bread of Heav - en, Feed me now and ev - er - more.

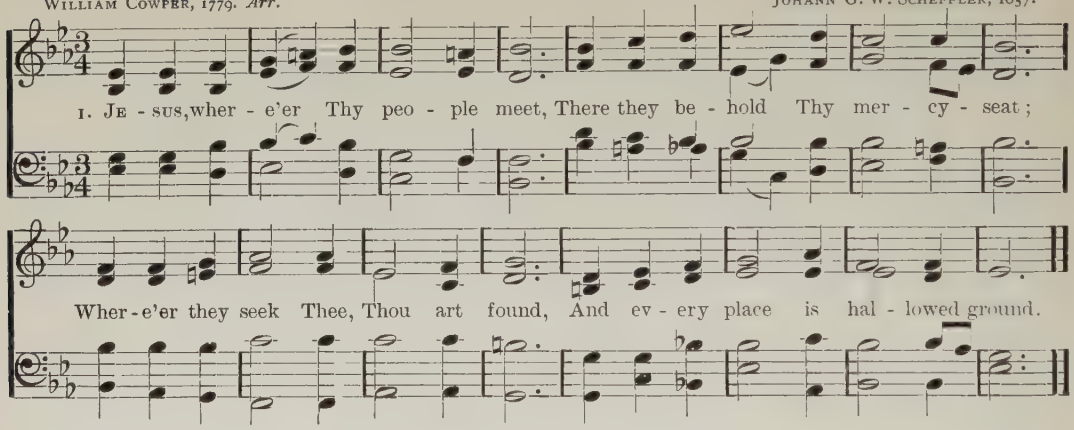
2 Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow.
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey thro.
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fear subside.
Death of death, and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

318 Jesus, where'er Thy people meet.

L. M. "*Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you.*" **Angelus.**

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779. *Arr.* JOHANN G. W. SCHEFFLER, 1657.


1. JE - SUS, wher - e'er Thy peo - ple meet, There they be - hold Thy mer - cy - seat;
Wher - e'er they seek Thee, Thou art found, And ev - ery place is hal - lowed ground.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come
And going take Thee to their home.

3 Behold, at Thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord;
Come Thou and fill this wider space
And bless us with a large increase.

319

1 ON Thee, O God, my soul is stayed
And waits to prove Thine utmost will;
The promise by Thy mercy made,
Thou canst, Thou wilt, in me fulfill.

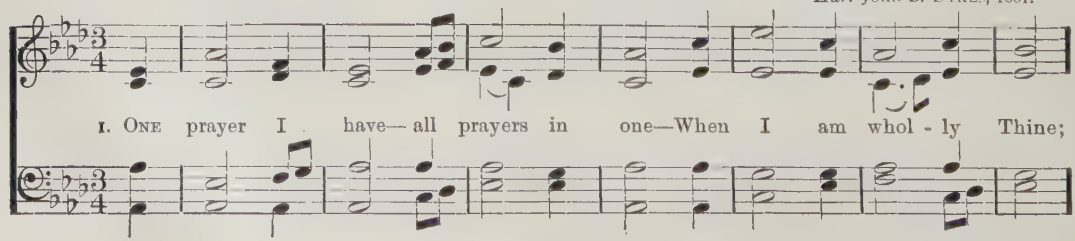
2 See, Lord, the travail of Thy soul
Accomplished in the change of mine
And plunge me, every whit made whole,
In all the depths of love divine!

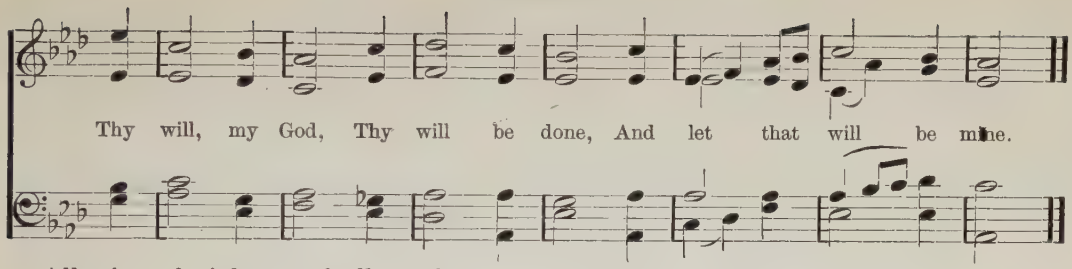
CHARLES WESLEY, 1772. *Abr.*

320 One prayer I have—all prayers in one.

C. M. "*Nevertheless—.*" **Martyrdom.**

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825. HUGH WILSON, 1798. *Har.* JOHN B. DYKES, 1861.





2 All-wise, almighty and all-good,
In Thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.

3 May I remember that to Thee
Whate'er I have I owe
And back, in gratitude, from me
May all Thy bounties flow.

4 And tho Thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign Thy will?
No, let me bless Thy name and say,
"The Lord is gracious still."

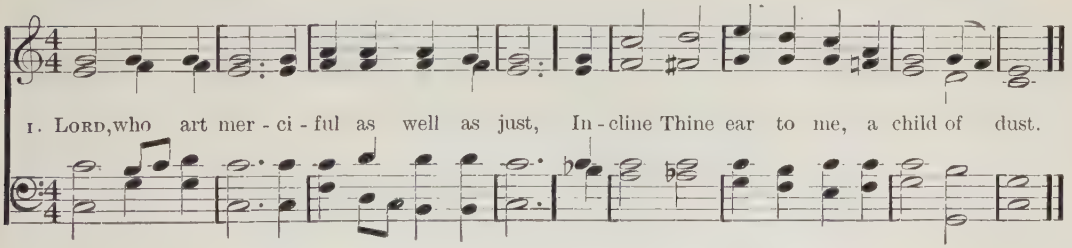
5 A pilgrim thro the Earth I roam,
Of nothing long possest
And all must fail when I go home;
For this is not my rest.

321 Lord, who art merciful as well as just.

10.10.
Imita. from the Persian.
Robert Southey, c. 1810.

"A God which worketh for him that waiteth for Him."

Pax Tecum.
G. T. Caldbeck, 1870.



2 Father Almighty, who hast made me man,
Alas! not what I would, but what I can,

3 I offer Thee. To Heaven, for Thou art there,
I look with sacrifice of humble prayer.

4 Four things, which are not in Thy treasury,
I bring, O Lord, unworthily, to Thee; —

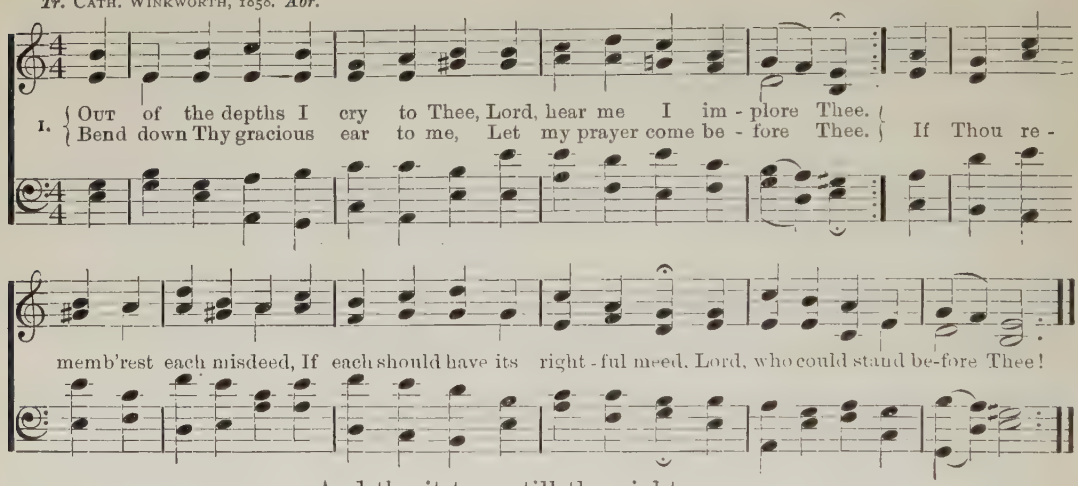
5 I lay before Thee, with this my petition,
Wants, nothingness, my sins and my contrition!

322 Out of the depths I cry to Thee.

"I hope shortly to see thee, and we shall speak face to face."

8.7.8.7.8.8.7. **"Aus tiefer Noth."**

Ger. Martin Luther, 1524.
Tr. Cath. Winkworth, 1858. *Abr.*

Martin Luther, 1524. *Har.*

1. Out of the depths I cry to Thee, Lord, hear me I im - plore Thee.
Bend down Thy gracious ear to me, Let my prayer come be - fore Thee. If Thou re -
memb'rest each misdeed, If each should have its right - ful meed, Lord, who could stand be-fore Thee!

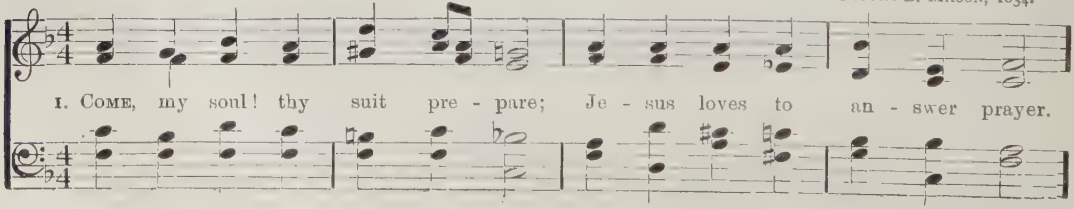
2 And tho it tarry till the night
And round till morning waken,
My heart shall ne'er misdoubt His might,
Nor count itself forsaken;
Our God is merciful and just,
Here is my comfort and my trust,
His help I wait unshaken.

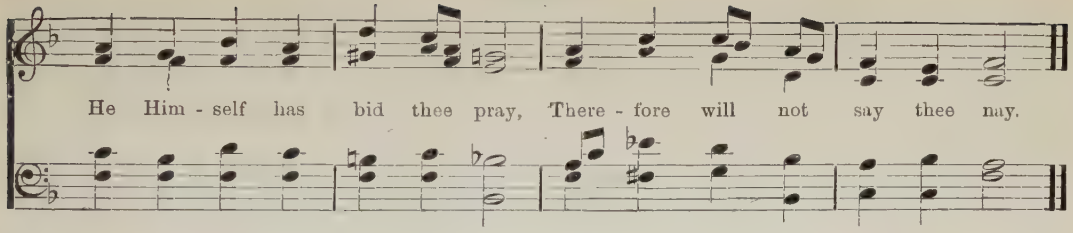
323 Come, my soul! thy suit prepare.

7.7.7.7. *"This is the boldness which we have toward Him."* **Seymour.**

John Newton, 1779. *Abr.*

Carl Maria von Weber, 1826.
Arr. by Timothy B. Mason, 1834.





2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 Lord, I come to Thee for rest.
Take possession of my breast.
There Thy blood-bought right maintain
And without a rival reign.

4 As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face,
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print Thine own resemblance there.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer.
Be my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

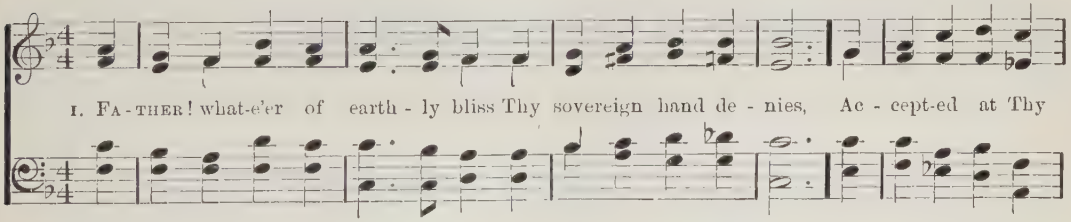
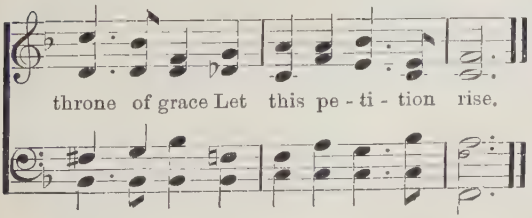
324 Father! whate'er of earthly bliss.

C. M.

ANNE STEELE, 1760. *Abr.*

"Ask in faith, nothing doubting."

Dalehurst.

ARTHUR COTTMAN, 1872. *Har.* B. C. B.



2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free.
The blessings of Thy grace impart
And let me live to Thee.

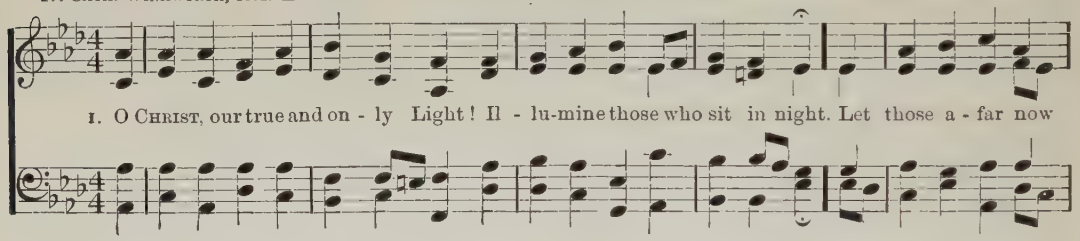
3 Let the sweet hope, that Thou art mine,
My path of life attend.
Thy presence thro my journey shine
And bless its happy end.

325 O Christ, our true and only Light!

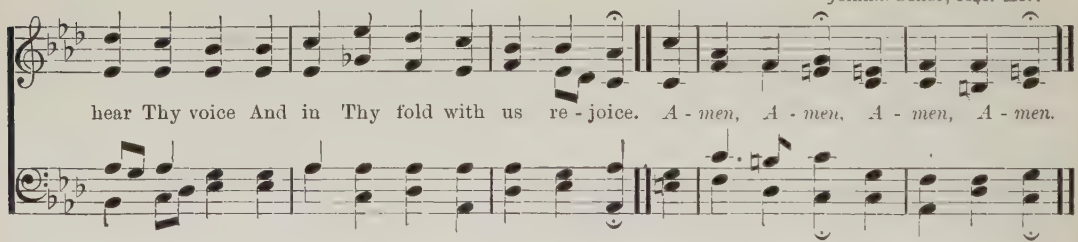
L. M. *"The effect of righteousness shall be quietness and assurance."* **Lebenslicht.**

Ger. Johann Heermann, 1630.
Tr. Cath. Winkworth, 1862. *Abr.*

Joseph Clauder's "Psalmodia," 1630.



Johann Schop, 1641. *Abr.*



2 Fill with the radiance of Thy grace
The souls now lost in error's maze
And all whom in their secret minds
Some dark delusion hurts and blinds.

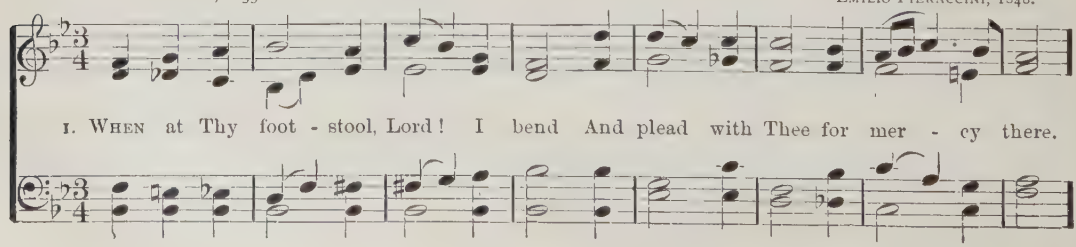
3 Oh, make the deaf to hear Thy word,
And teach the dumb to speak, dear Lord,
Who dare not yet the faith avow,
Tho secretly they hold it now. *Amen.*

326 When at Thy footstool, Lord! I bend.

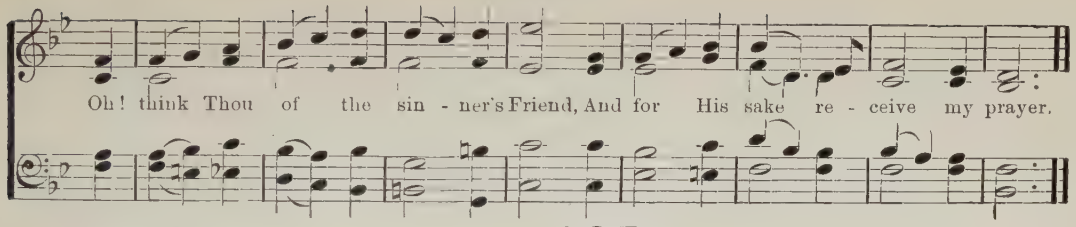
L. M. *"Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you."* **San Salvador.**

Henry Francis Lyte, 1833. *Abr.*

Emilio Pieraccini, 1848.



Prayer.



327

2 Think, Lord! how I am still Thine own,
The trembling creature of Thy hand!
Think how my heart to sin is prone
And what temptations round me stand.

3 Thine eye, Thine ear, they are not dull,
Thine arm can never shortened be;
Behold me here! my heart is full;
Behold and spare and succor me!

1 Lord! take my heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but Thee.
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

2 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive
And by Thee move and in Thee live.

Ger. Nicolaus L. von Zinzendorf, 1735.
Tr. John Wesley, 1739. *Abr.*

328 Of Him, who ever dwelleth.

7.6.7.6.

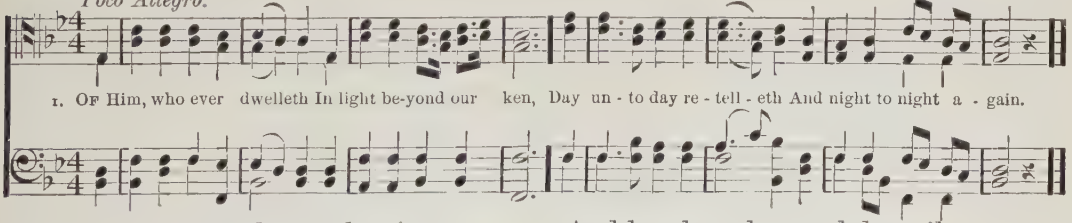
M. W. S., 1907.

Poco Allegro.

"*The shout of a King is among them.*"

Canopy.

From W. A. Mozart.



2 The stars outwatch our sleeping,
Our eyes are kissed with day,
While Thou who hast our keeping
Art never far away.

3 For all the tired and aching,
For all who wake and sigh,
For all whose hopes are breaking,—
Hear Thou our human cry!

4 Uplift each suffering toiler,
Heed his appeal, O God!
And break each proud despoiler
Beneath Thy righteous rod.

5 Let stumbling hate miscarry,
Ward each black stroke of sin,
Let not Thy chariot tarry,
But bring Thy Kingdom in.

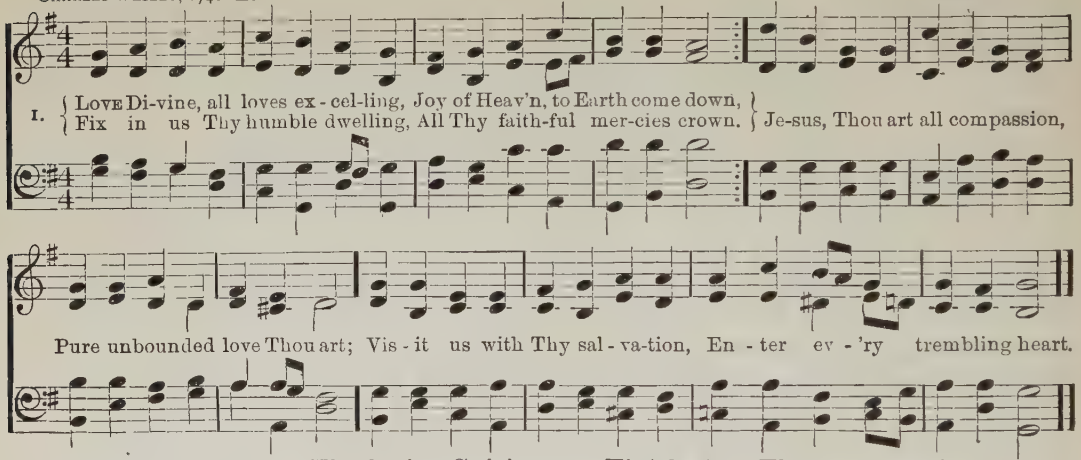
6 Above Thy bow is bended,
These storms Thy winds shall cleanse,
Till, all enigmas ended,
Sound Earth's and Heaven's Amens!

329 Love Divine, all loves excelling.

"That in the ages to come He might shew the exceeding riches of His grace in kindness toward us in Christ Jesus."

8s & 7s, D. — **Ecclesia.**

CHARLES WESLEY, 1746. *Abr.* — GERMAN, 1648.


1. Love Di-vine, all loves ex-cel-ling, Joy of Heav'n, to Earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling, All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown. Je-sus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love Thou art; Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-'ry trembling heart.

2 Breathe, oh, breathe, Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast.
Let us all in Thee inherit.
Let us find Thy promised rest.
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive.
Suddenly return and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.

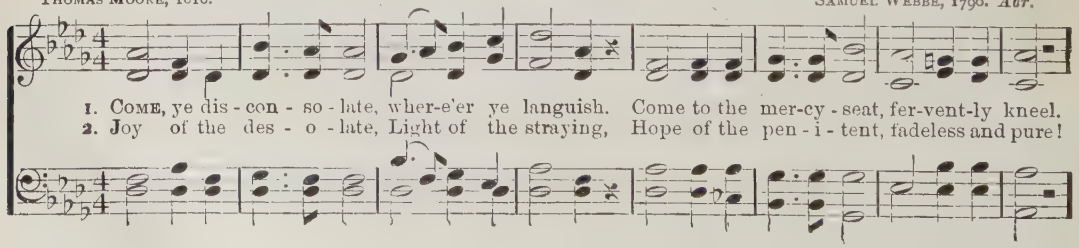
3 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be.
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by Thee.
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in Heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise!

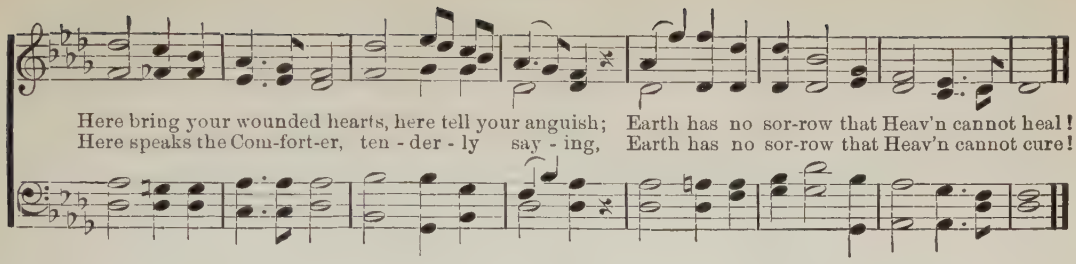
330 Come, ye disconsolate.

"To you it hath been granted in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on Him: but also to suffer."

11.10.11.10. — **Come, ye disconsolate.**

THOMAS MOORE, 1816. — SAMUEL WEBBE, 1790. *Abr.*

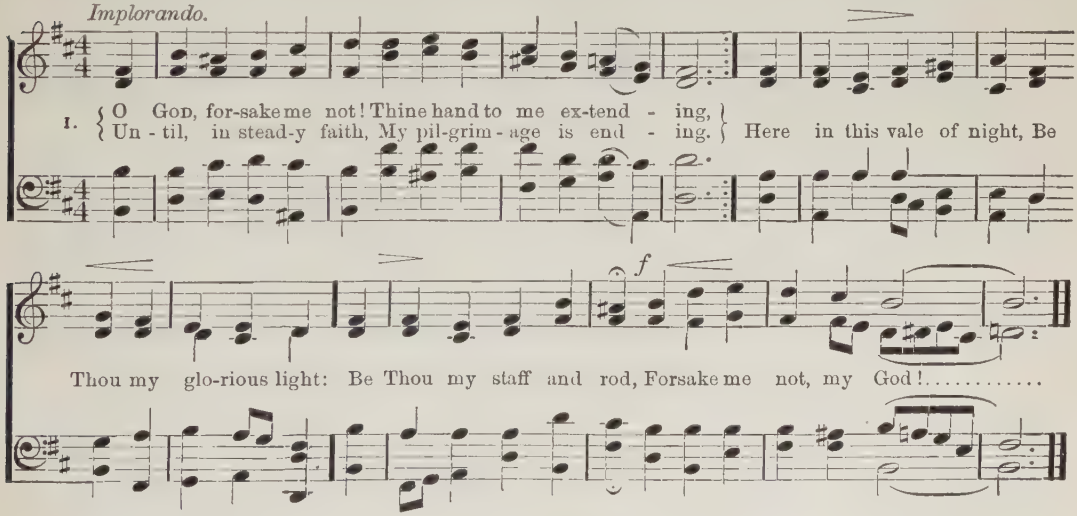

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, wher-e'er ye languish. Come to the mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel.
2. Joy of the des-o-late, Light of the straying, Hope of the pen-i-tent, fadeless and pure!


Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth has no sor-row that Heav'n cannot heal!
Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten - der - ly say - ing, Earth has no sor-row that Heav'n cannot cure!

331 O God, forsake me not!

6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6. "Ach Gott verlass mich nicht."

"That Thine hand might be with me."

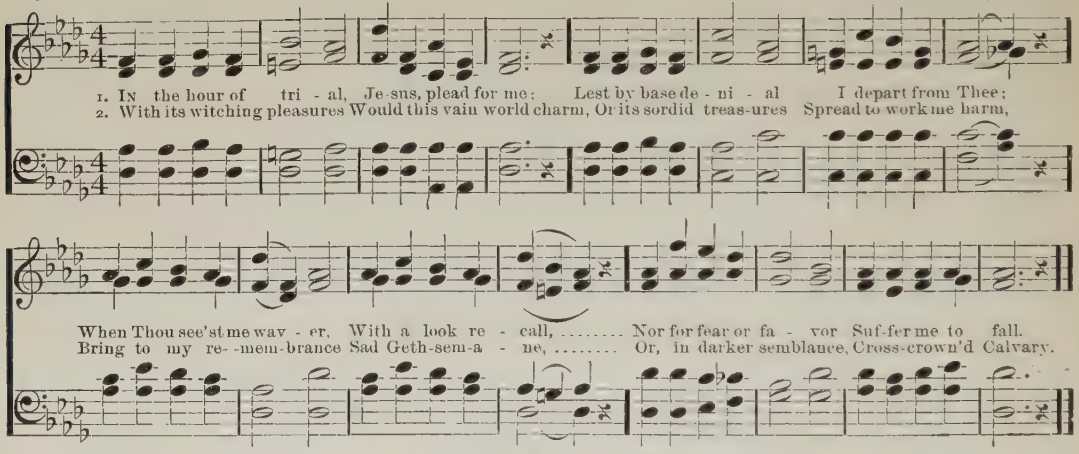
Ger. Salomon Franck, *d.* 1725. *Tr.* M. W. S., 1882. 1648. *Har.* Johann Seb. Bach, 1730.

Implorando.
1. O God, for-sake me not! Thine hand to me ex-tend - ing,
Un - til, in stead-y faith, My pil-grim - age is end - ing.
Here in this vale of night, Be
f
Thou my glo-rious light: Be Thou my staff and rod, Forsake me not, my God!

2 O God, forsake me not!
Teach me Thy way to ponder
And let me nevermore
In sin and folly wander.
Give me the Holy Ghost
Grant an all-conquering trust
And, if my footing slide,
Then, Lord, be at my side.

3 O God! forsake me not!
In danger and in trial,
Stand Thou to strengthen me,
Amid the world's denial.
When fierce temptations near
And courage turns to fear,
Do all that Thou hast willed:
But ne'er forsake Thy child!

332 In the hour of trial.

6s & 5s, D. "*The world passeth away and the lust thereof.*" Penitence.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1834. SPENCER LANE, 1888.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je-sus, plead for me; Lest by base de - ni - al I depart from Thee;
2. With its witching pleasures Would this vain world charm, Or its sordid treas-ures Spread to work me harm,
When Thou see'st me wav - er, With a look re - call, ... Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf-fer me to fall.
Bring to my re- -mem-brance Sad Geth-sem-a - ne, ... Or, in darker semblance, Cross-crown'd Calvary.

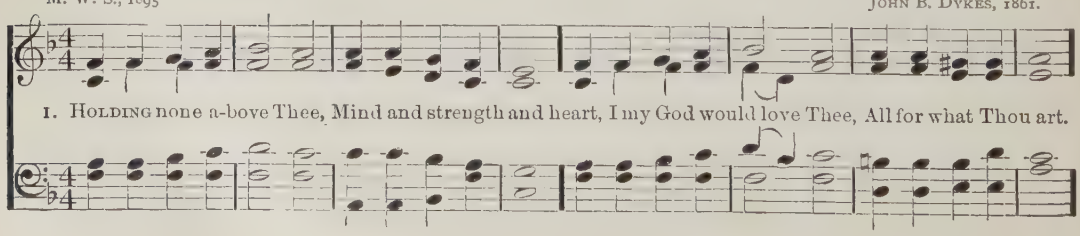
3 If with sore affliction
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice.
Then, upon Thine altar
Freely offered up,
Tho the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drain the cup.

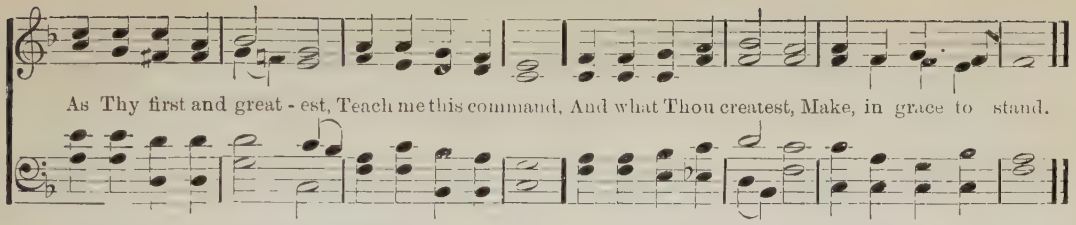
4 When in dust and ashes
To the grave I sink,
While Heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink,
On Thy truth relying
Thro that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me, dying,
To eternal life!

333 Holding none above Thee.

6s & 5s, D. "*And the second is like unto it.*" Magdalena.

M. W. S., 1895 JOHN B. DYKES, 1861.





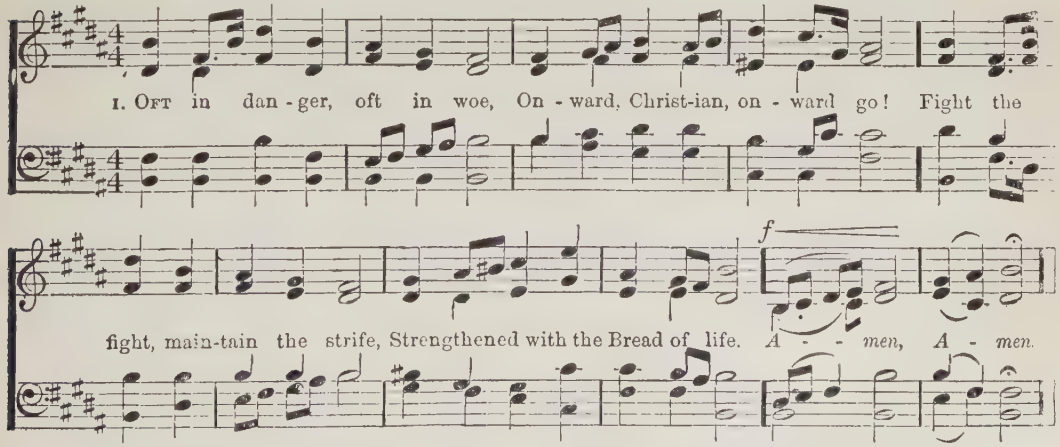
2 Help me love my neighbor
As Thou loved'st me.
Help me share his labor
In Thy sympathy.
Let Thy Spirit only
All my footsteps bend,
To the faint and lonely,
For Thy sake, a friend.

3 So, as truth and beauty
Make one perfect whole,
Joy shall blend with duty
In my deepest soul.
Blessèd most in giving
What to love belongs,
Mine Thy law of living
And Thy statutes songs.

334 Oft in danger, oft in woe.

7.7.7.7. *"Against the world-rulers of this darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness."* **Clarion.**

HENRY KIRKE WHITE, 1804. *Alt.* EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, 1867.


1. Oft in dan - ger, oft in woe, On - ward, Christ-ian, on - ward go! Fight the
f
fight, main-tain the strife, Strengthened with the Bread of life. A - - men, A - men.

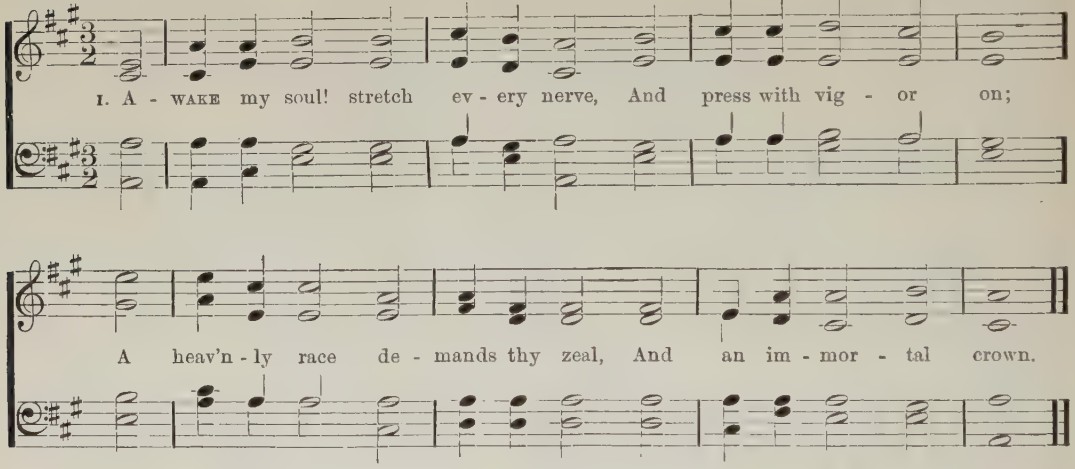
2 Onward, Christian, onward go!
Join the war, and face the foe.
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

3 Let your drooping hearts be glad.
March, in heavenly armor clad.
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Vict'ry soon shall tune your song. *Amen.*

335 Awake my soul! stretch every nerve.

C. M.
PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740.

"Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."

Azmon.
CARL GOTTHILF GLÄSER, 1828.
Arr. LOWELL MASON, 1841.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high.
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

336

1 ROBBED, bruised and dying, once I lay
Upon a lonely road,
When One came journeying on His way
And wondrous mercy showed!

2 He saw me, pitied, came and bound
And bore me to the inn,
Cared wisely for mine every wound,
As He were very kin.

3 He watched beside me all the night,
Till dawn did comfort bring;
Went only when 't was fully light
And paid my reckoning.

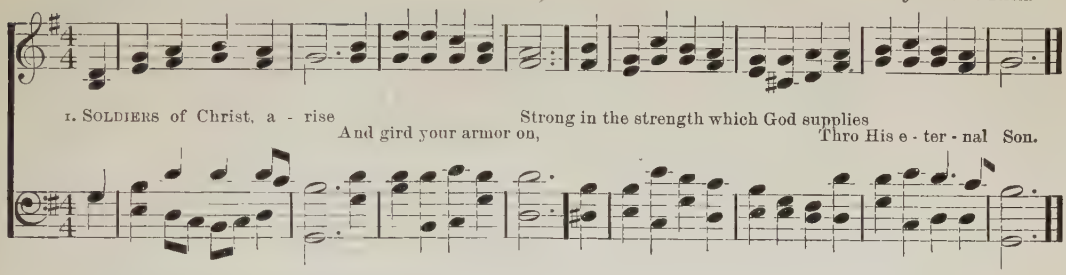
4 So now, to keep the vows I made
Beneath those glowing eyes,
I would my fallen fellow aid
And go and do likewise.

M. W. S., 1886.

337 Soldiers of Christ, arise.

S. M. "*First they gave their own selves to the Lord.*" **St. Augustine.**

CHARLES WESLEY, 1749. *Abr.* JOHN SEB. BACH.



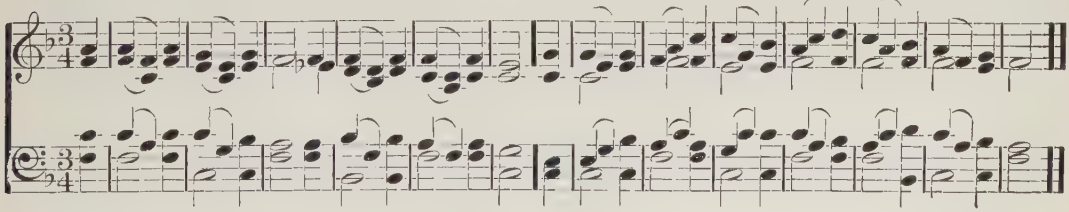
2 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

3 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down
And win the well-fought day.

338 We give Thee but Thine own.

S. M. "*Love ye therefore the strangers, for ye were strangers.*" **Dennis.**

WILLIAM W. HOW, 1854. *Abr.* JOHANN GEORG NAGELI, 1790.



1 WE give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be,
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee;

2 Lo! hearts are bruised and dead
And homes are bare and cold
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.

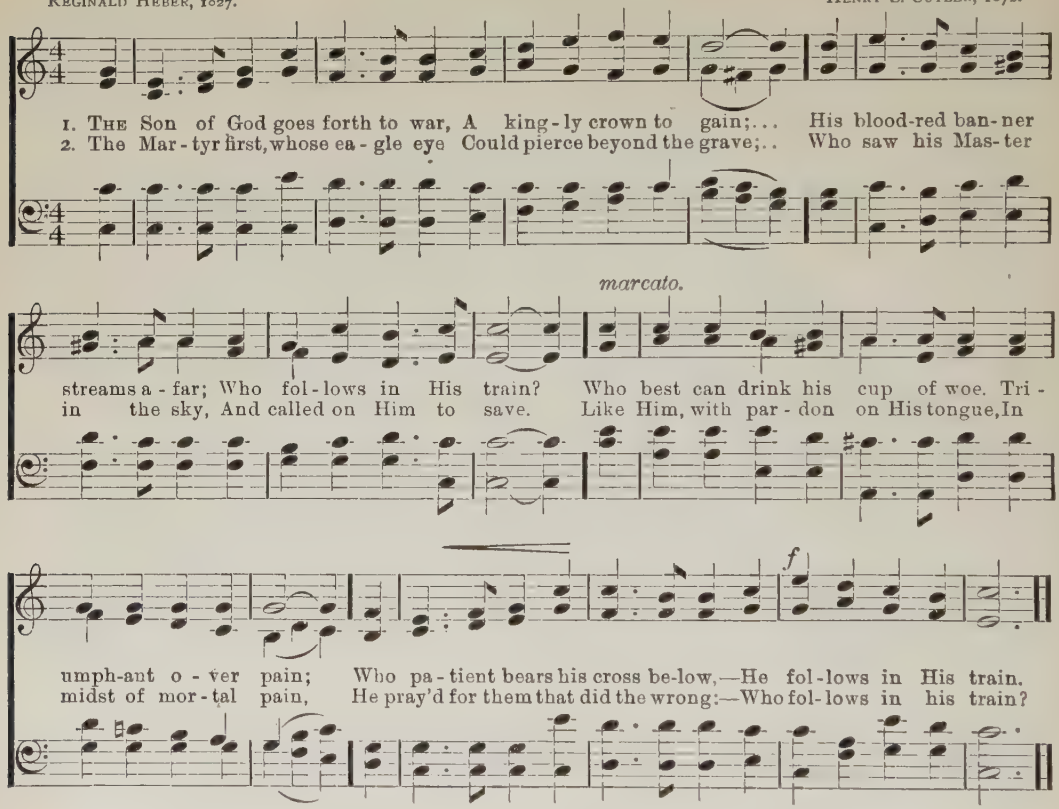
3 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below.

4 And we believe Thy word,
Tho dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

339 The Son of God goes forth to war.

C. M. D. *"God is not unrighteous to forget."* **All Saints.**

Reginald Heber, 1827. Henry S. Cutler, 1872.


1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;... His blood-red ban-ner
2. The Mar-tyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce beyond the grave;.. Who saw his Mas-ter
marcato.
streams a-far; Who fol-lows in His train? Who best can drink his cup of woe. Tri-
in the sky, And called on Him to save. Like Him, with par-don on His tongue, In
f
umph-ant o-ver pain; Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low,—He fol-lows in His train.
midst of mor-tal pain, He pray'd for them that did the wrong:—Who fol-lows in his train?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew
And mocked the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:—
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of Heaven
Thro peril, toil, and pain;—
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

340 Onward, Christian Soldiers!

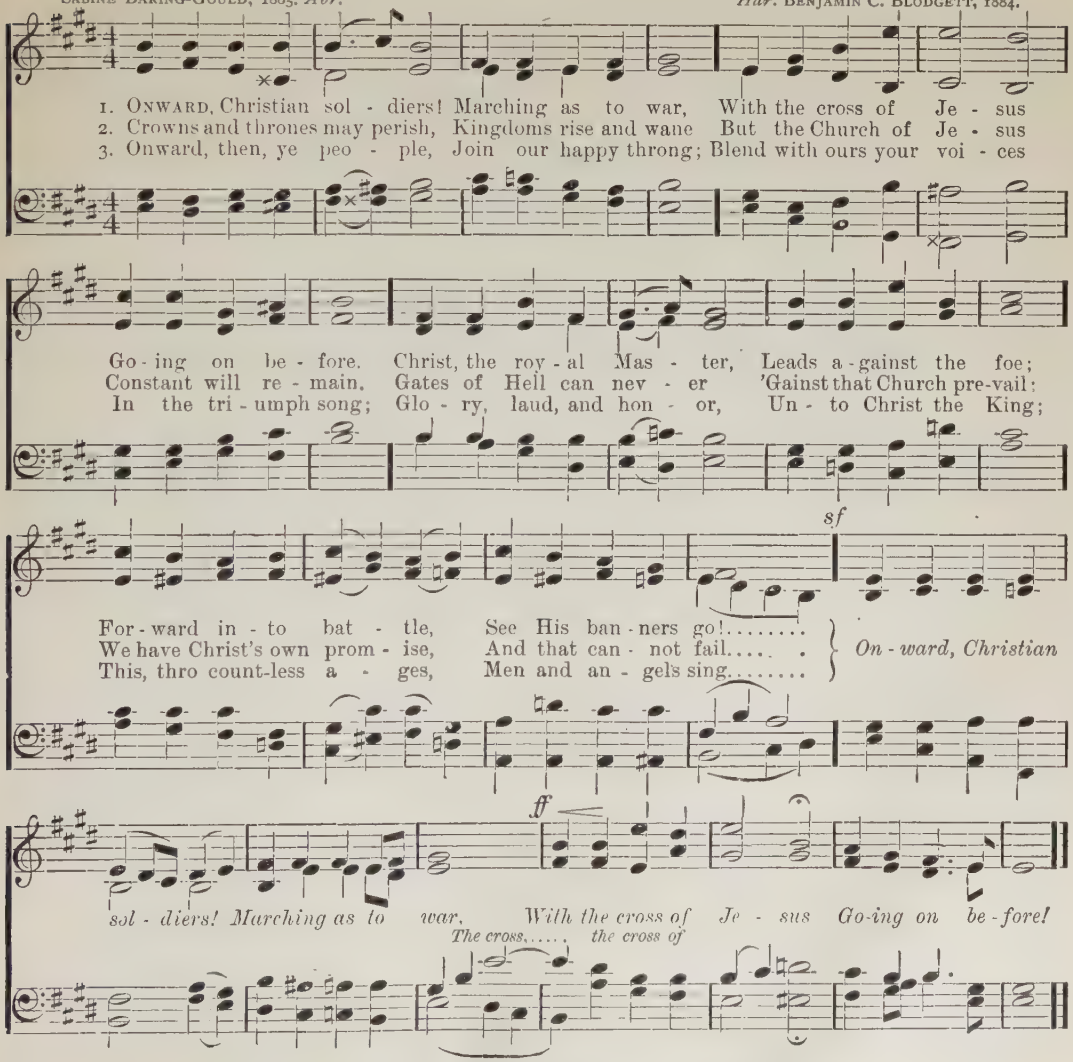
6s & 5s.

"*By the armor of righteousness.*"

St. Gertrude.

SABINE BARING-GOULD, 1865. *Abr.*

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1872.
Har. BENJAMIN C. BLODGETT, 1884.


1. ONWARD, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane But the Church of Je - sus
3. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng; Blend with ours your voi - ces
Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
Constant will re - main. Gates of Hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church pre-vail:
In the tri - umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King;
sf
For - ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban - ners go!.....
We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that can - not fail.....
This, thro count-less a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.....
On - ward, Christian
ff
sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore!
The cross,..... the cross of

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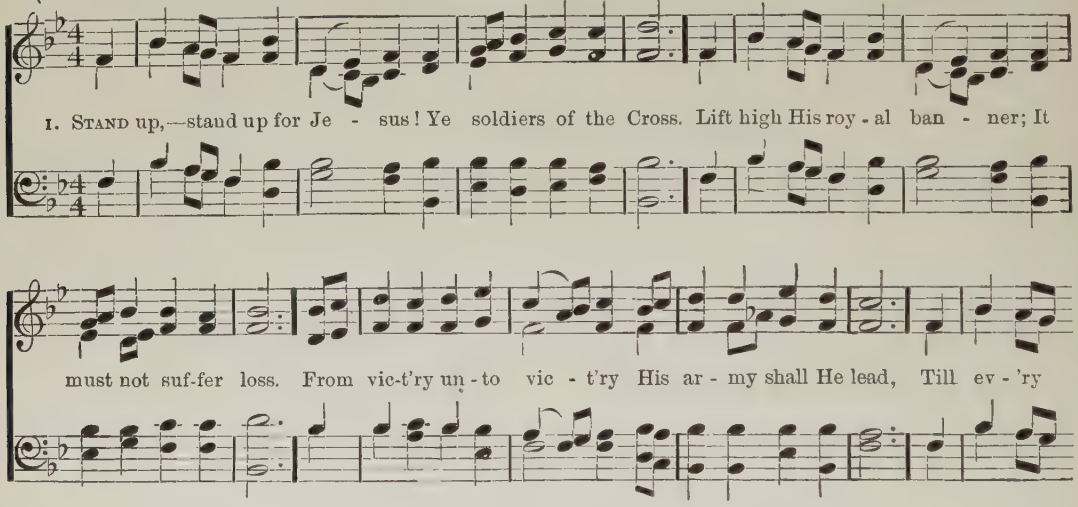
341 Stand up,—stand up for Jesus!

7s & 6s, D. *"Quit you like men."* **Ellacombe.**

George Duffield, 1858.
(The entire and authentic text.)

St. Gall Gesangbuch, 1851.


1. Stand up,—stand up for Je - sus! Ye soldiers of the Cross. Lift high His roy - al ban - ner; It
must not suf-fer loss. From vic-t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead, Till ev - 'ry
foe is vanquish'd And Christ is Lord in-deed.

2 Stand up,—stand up for Jesus!
The solemn watchword hear.
If while ye sleep He suffers,
Away with shame and fear.
Where'er ye meet with evil,
Within you or without,
Charge, for the God of Battles
And put the foe to rout.

3 Stand up,—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey.
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day.
Ye that are men now serve Him,
Against unnumber'd foes.
Let courage rise with danger
And strength to strength oppose.

4 Stand up,—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the Gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there!

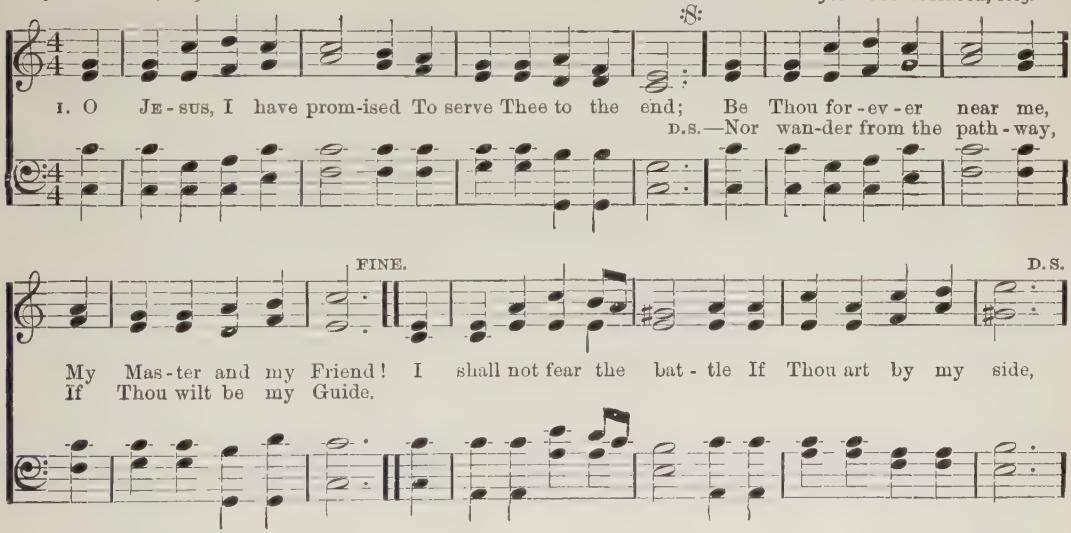
5 Stand up,—stand up for Jesus!
Each soldier to his post.
Close up the broken column
And shout thro all the host!
Make good the loss so heavy,
In those that still remain
And prove to all around you
That death itself is gain.

6 Stand up,—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song.
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He, with the King of Glory,
Shall reign eternally!

342 O Jesus, I have promised.

7s & 6s, D. "*The God whose I am, whom also I serve.*" **Miriam.**

JOHN E. BODE, 1869. *Abr.* JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK, 1865.


:S:
1. O Je-sus, I have prom-ised To serve Thee to the end; Be Thou for-ev-er near me,
D.S.—Nor wan-der from the path-way,
FINE.
D.S.
My Mas-ter and my Friend! I shall not fear the bat-tle If Thou art by my side,
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

2 Oh, let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will!
Oh, speak to reassure me,
To hasten or control!
Oh, speak and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul!

3 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end,—
Oh, give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend!

343 Man the life-boat!

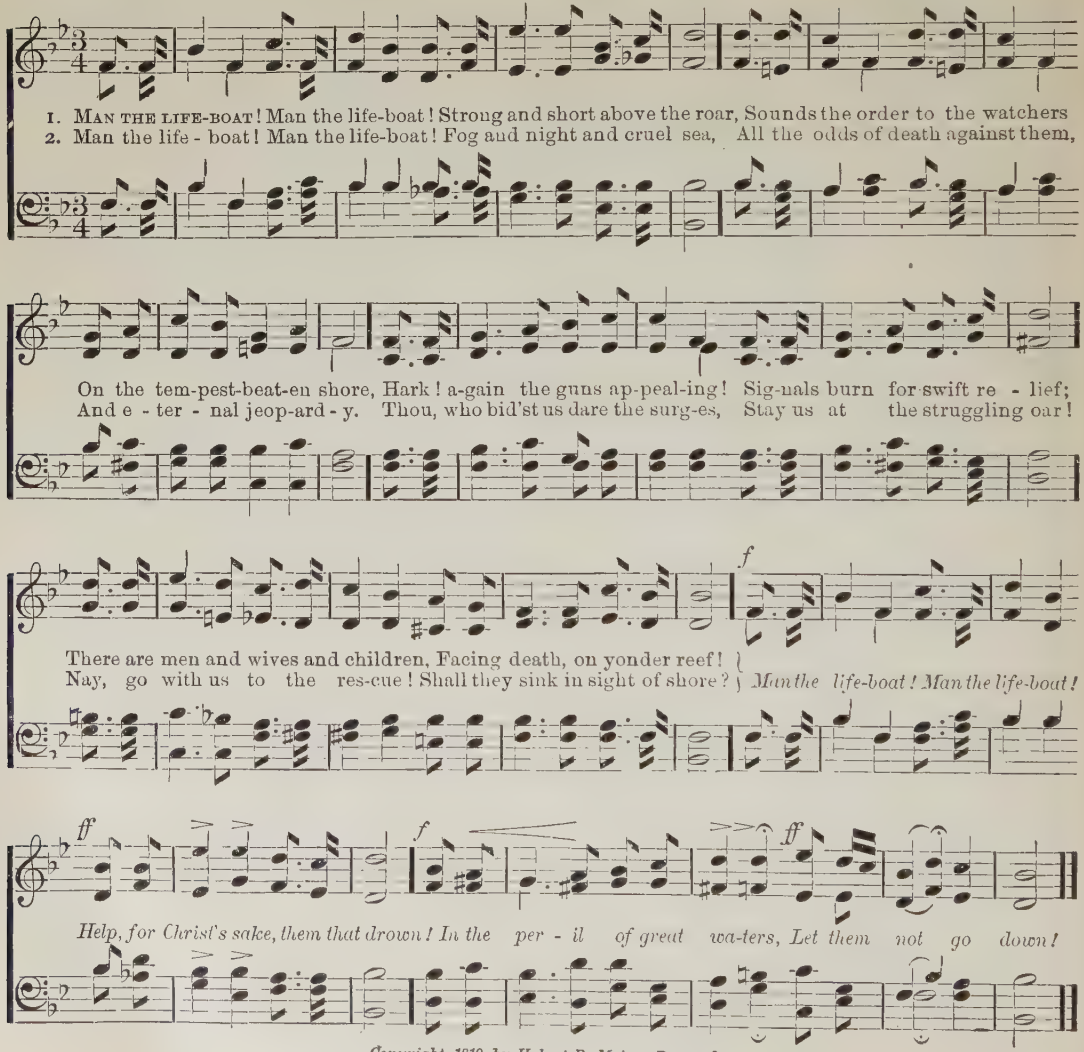
8s & 7s, D. With chorus.

M. W. S., 1890.

"Whom shall we send? and who will go?"

Life-Boat.

Hubert P. Main, 1890.


1. Man the life-boat! Man the life-boat! Strong and short above the roar, Sounds the order to the watchers
2. Man the life - boat! Man the life-boat! Fog and night and cruel sea, All the odds of death against them,
On the tem-pest-beat-en shore, Hark! a-gain the guns ap-peal-ing! Sig-nals burn for swift re - lief;
And e - ter - nal jeop-ard - y. Thou, who bid'st us dare the surg-es, Stay us at the struggling oar!
There are men and wives and children, Facing death, on yonder reef!
Nay, go with us to the res-cue! Shall they sink in sight of shore?
Man the life-boat! Man the life-boat!
Help, for Christ's sake, them that drown! In the per - il of great wa-ters, Let them not go down!

Copyright, 1819, by Hubert P. Main. Renewal.

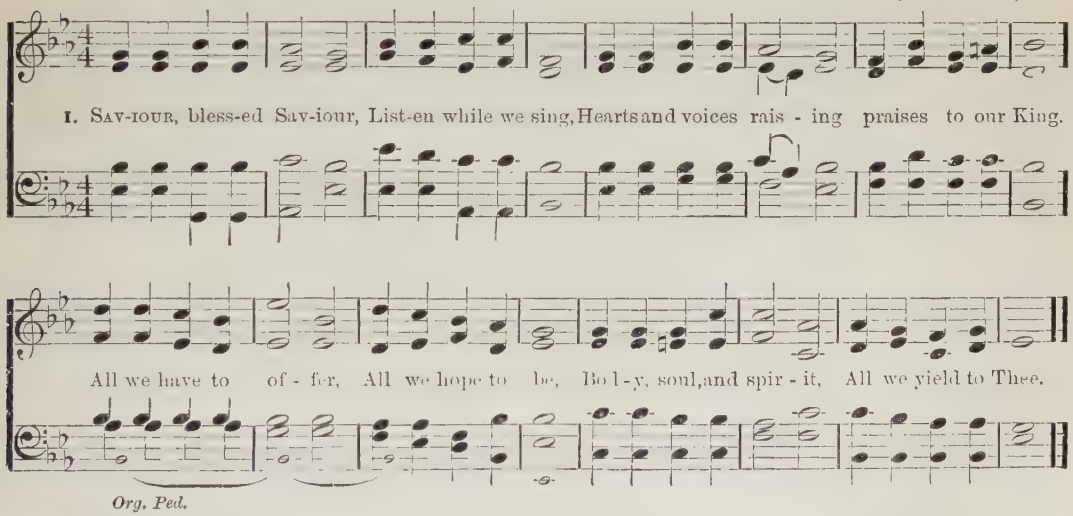
3 Man the life-boat! Man the life-boat!
Courage, fellow men! 'Tis He,
Guiding us to your deliverance,
Once that trod the Galilee!
Lo, the Church that carrieth Jesus,
Not death's flood-gates shall o'erwhelm;
Scourging storms but urge us shoreward,
Life and love are at the helm!

4 Man the life-boat! Man the life-boat!
Think how once on breaking deck
Thou didst stand aghast, till Jesus
Brought thee from the lurching wreck.
To the oars then! O Redeemer,
Let Thy heart thrill every hand,
Till the souls in mortal danger
Find thro Thee the solid land.

344 Saviour, Blessèd Saviour.

6s & 5s, D. "*Rejoice in the Lord alway.*" Papworth.

GODFREY THRING, 1862. *Abr.* EWARD J. HOPKINS, 1870.


1. SAV-IOUR, bless-ed Sav-iour, List-en while we sing, Hearts and voices rais - ing praises to our King.
All we have to of - fer, All we hope to be, Bo l - y, soul, and spir - it, All we yield to Thee.
Org. Ped.

2 Higher then, and higher,
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal.
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

3 Great, and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here;
True and everlasting
Are the glories there;
Where no pain nor sorrow,
Toil nor care, is known,
Where the angel legions
Circle round Thy throne.

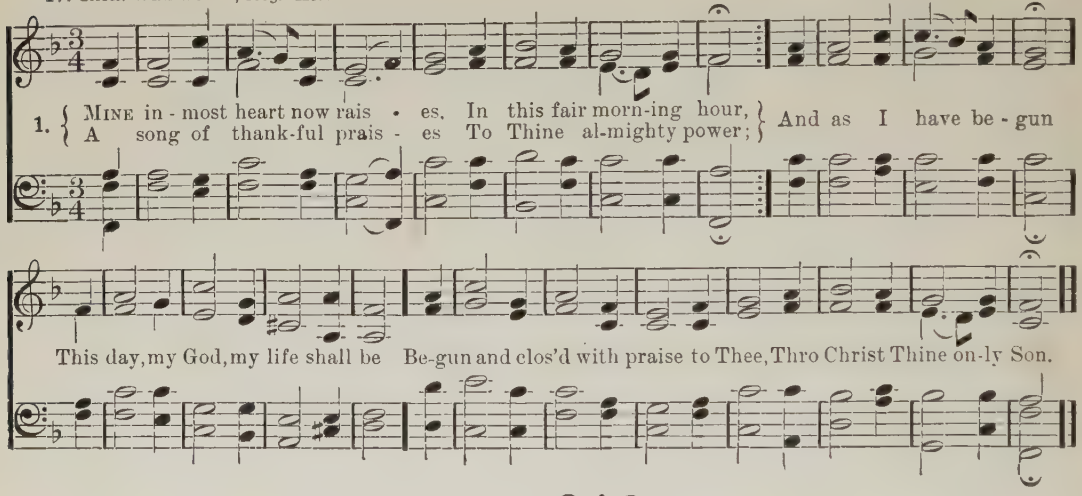
345 Mine Inmost Heart now Raises.

"*It is of God that hath mercy.*"

7.6.7.6.6.8.8.6. **Aus Meines Herzens Grunde.**

Ger. Anon, 1592.
Tr. Cath. Winkworth, 1863. *Abr.*

David Wolder's Gesangbuch, 1598.
Harmonized.


1. Mine in - most heart now rais - es. In this fair morn-ing hour,
A song of thank-ful prais - es To Thine al-mighty power;
And as I have be - gun
This day, my God, my life shall be Be-gun and clos'd with praise to Thee, Thro Christ Thine on-ly Son.

2 And now to Thy good pleasure
Do I mine all commend
And most what most I treasure,
O mine Almighty Friend!
Order my course for me
And bless whate'er I undertake,
Since I in all my choice would make
As seemeth best to Thee.

3 Amen! I say, not fearing
That God rejects my prayer;
I doubt not He is hearing
And granting me His care.
And so I go my way
And joyfully put forth my hands
To do the work His will commands
And serve Him thro this day.

346

1 'Tis not that I did choose Thee;
For, Lord, that could not be;
This heart would still refuse Thee:
But Thou hast chosen me.
'Tis Thou hast set me free
And from the sin that stained my soul
Thou hast of old ordained me whole,
That I should live to Thee.

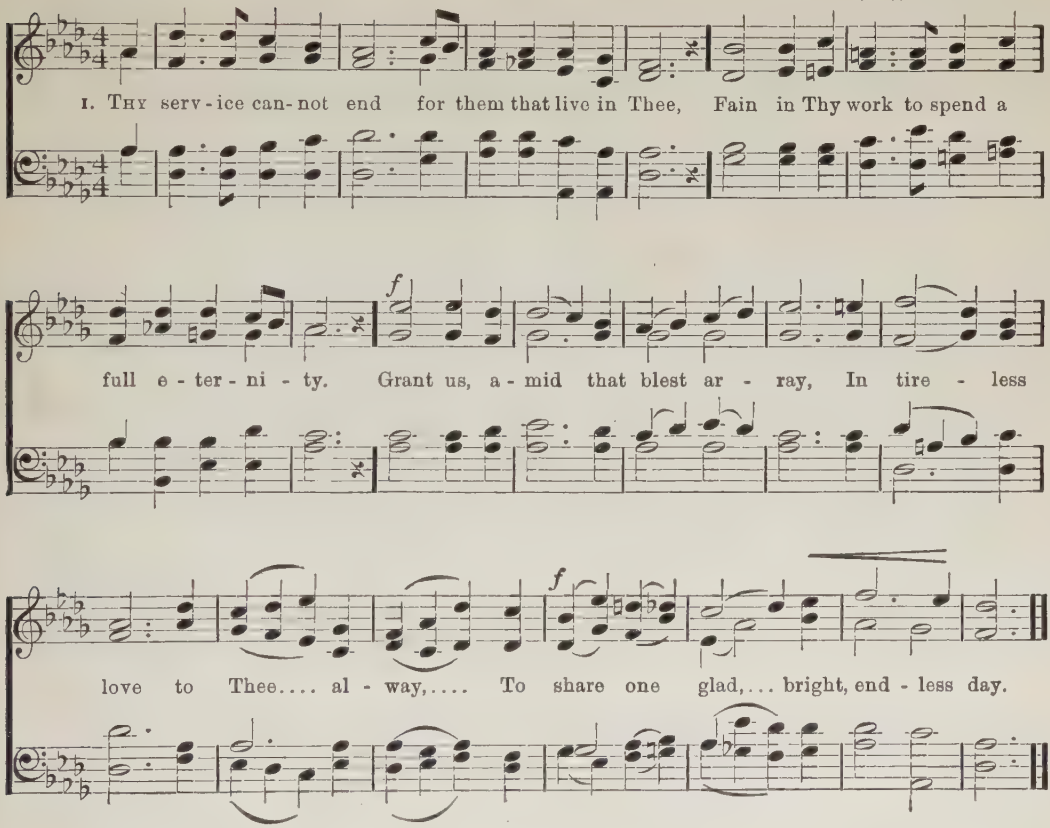
2 'Twas sovereign mercy called me
And taught mine opening mind;
The world had else enthralled me
To heavenly glories blind.
For Thy rich grace athirst,
My heart owns none but Thee above
And if on earth Thyself I love,
Thou must have loved me first.

Josiah Conder, 1837. *Alt.*

347 Thy service cannot end.

6.6.6.6.8.8.8. "*Enter into the joy of thy Lord.*" **Antiphon.**

M. W. S., 1904. WILLIAM ALPERS, 1844, *arr.* B. C. B.

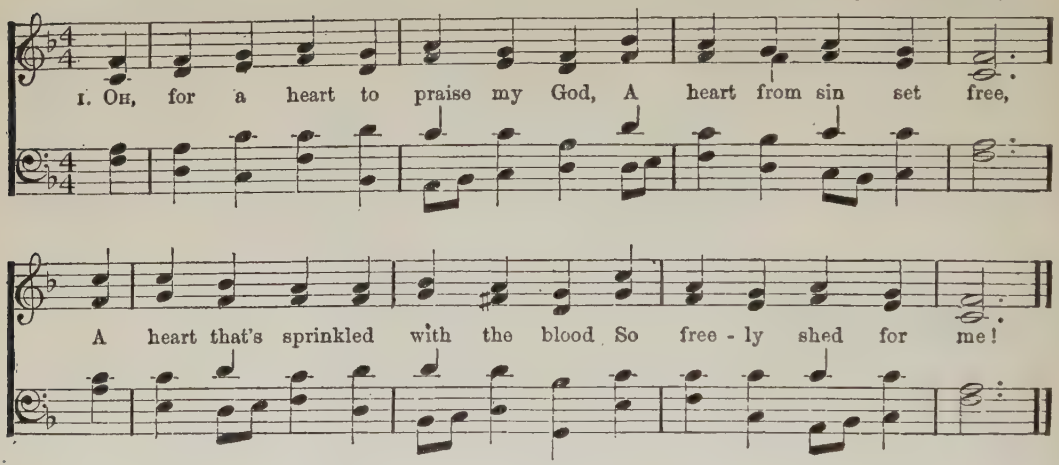

1. Thy serv-ice can-not end for them that live in Thee, Fain in Thy work to spend a
full e-ter-ni-ty. Grant us, a-mid that blest ar-ray, In tire-less
love to Thee.... al-way,.... To share one glad,... bright, end-less day.

Arrangement Copyright, 1885, by Biglow & Main.

2 So now on Earth below, along this pilgrim track,
March we triumphantly and no good thing we lack;
Noonlight and starlight, Thou, our Guide,
Shalt lead us on, each need supplied,
Till in Thy likeness satisfied.

348 Oh, for a heart to praise my God.

C. M. "Ye have purified your souls in your obedience to the truth." Tudor.

Charles Wesley, 1742. John Marbecke's Book, 1550. *Har.* Henry J. Gauntlett, 1846.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed
And filled with love divine,
Perfect and right and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine!

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart!
Come quickly from above,
Write Thy new name upon my heart,—
Thy new, best name of Love.

349

1 God of the prophets, those whose word
Of old Thy tokens spake,
Once more Thy world-wide truth be heard,
Their burdening call outbreak!

2 Bid that deep voice of righteousness
Spare not, but cry aloud,
Confronting with Thy sure redress
The cruel and the proud.

3 Inspire again their fire and fan
Who seek not Earth's reward,
Nor fear the face of wrathful man:
But wield Thy naked sword!

4 Bewildered souls to Thee shall turn,
Thy paths shall be made straight
And furious wrong, flung back, shall learn
That God alone is great!

M. W. S., 1907.

350

1 LORD, as to Thy dear Cross we flee
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
To form our souls for Heaven.

2 Help us, thro good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
Let kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

4 Should friends misjudge or foes defame
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

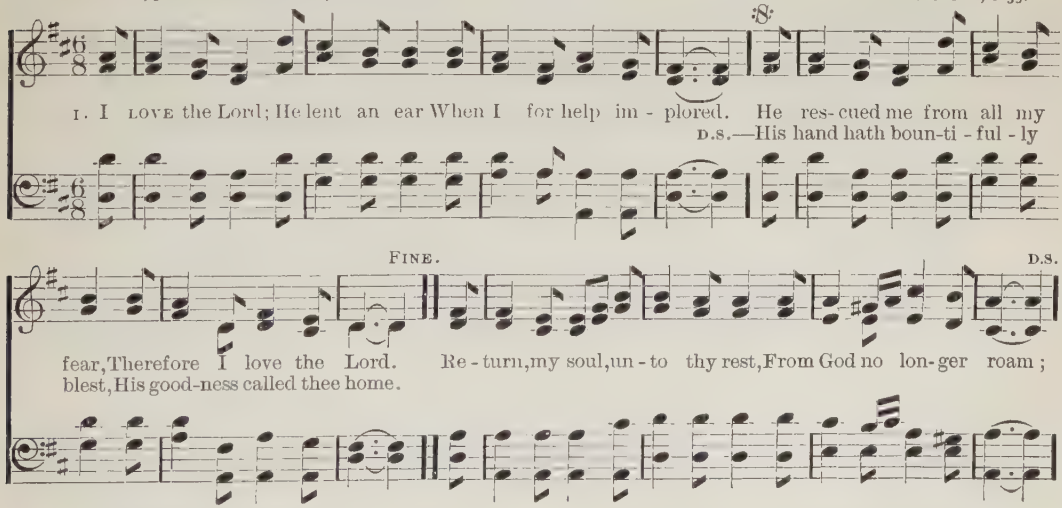
5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
Oh may we lead the pilgrim's life
And follow Thee to Heaven!

JOHN H. GURNEY. 1838.

351 I love the Lord; He lent an ear.

C. M. D. *"The Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of Him."* **Jerusalem.**

PSALM CXVI, JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822. LOUIS SPOHR, 1835.


1. I LOVE the Lord; He lent an ear When I for help im - plored. He res - cued me from all my
D.S.—His hand hath boun-ti - ful - ly
FINE.
D.S.
fear, Therefore I love the Lord. Re - turn, my soul, un - to thy rest, From God no lon-ger roam;
blest, His good-ness called thee home.

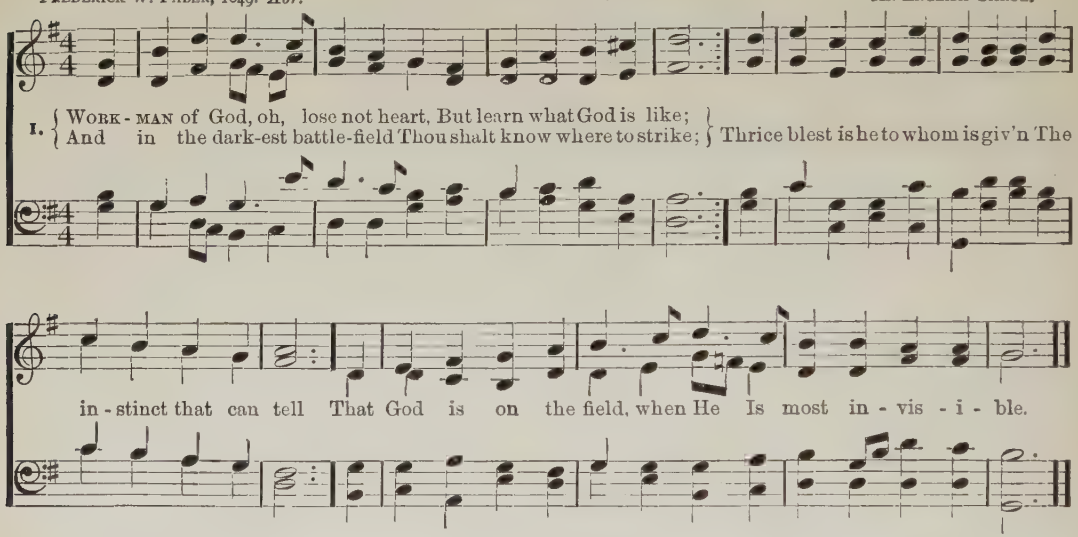
2 What shall I render unto Thee,
My Saviour, in distress
For all Thy benefits to me,
So great and numberless?
This will I do for Thy love's sake
And thus Thy love proclaim;
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take
And call upon Thy name.

3 Thou God of covenanted grace!
Hear and record my vow,—
While in Thy courts I seek Thy face
And at Thine altar bow;
Henceforth myself to Thee I give,
With single heart and eye,
To walk before Thee while I live
And bless Thee when I die.

352 Workman of God, oh, lose not heart.

C. M. D. — *"In nothing terrified by your adversaries."* — Anglia.

Frederick W. Faber, 1849. *Abr.* — An English Carol.


1. Work-man of God, oh, lose not heart, But learn what God is like;
And in the dark-est battle-field Thou shalt know where to strike;
Thrice blest is he to whom is giv'n The
in-stinct that can tell That God is on the field, when He Is most in-vis-i-ble.

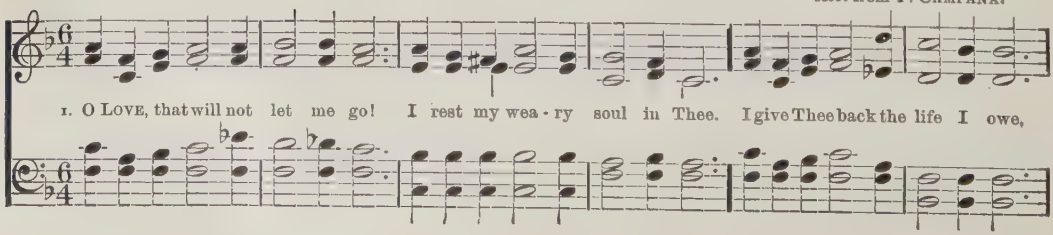
2 God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And of all things on Earth least like
What men agree to praise;

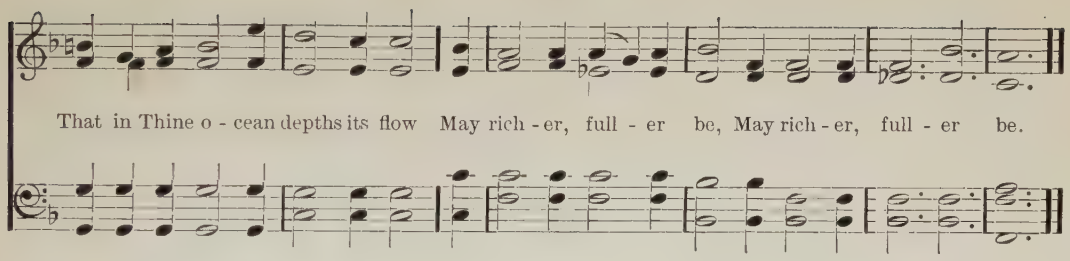
For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

353 O Love, that will not let me go!

8.8.8.8.6.6. — *"Because He first loved us."* — La Monte.

George Matheson, 1882. — Arr. from F. Campana.





2 O Light, that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee.
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

3 O Joy, that seekest me thro pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee.
I trace the rainbow thro the rain
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

4 O Cross, that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee.
I lay in dust life's glory dead
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

354 A charge to keep I have.

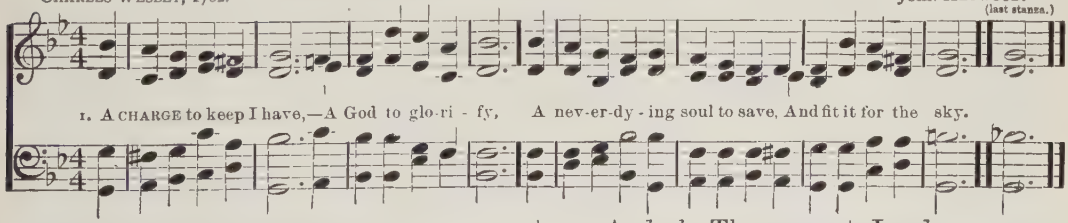
S. M.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1762.

"If by the Spirit ye mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live."

Aston.

JOHN HEYWOOD. (last stanza.)



2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
Oh may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray
And on Thyself rely!
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

355 Like the eagle, upward, onward.

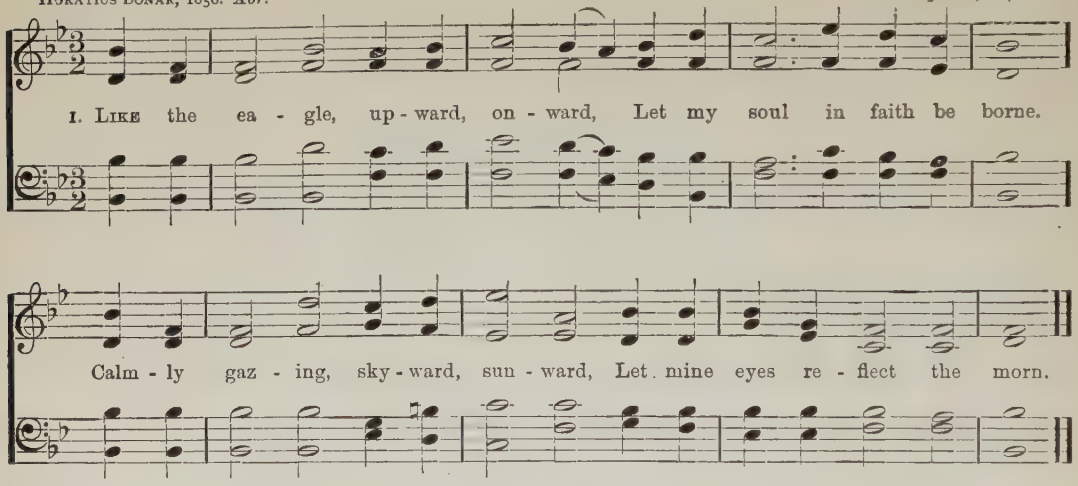
8s & 7s.

"*According as each hath received a gift, ministering it.*"

Stockwell.

Horatius Bonar, 1856. *Abr.*

Darius E. Jones, 1846.



2 Where the Cross, God's love revealing,
Sets the fettered spirit free,
Where it sheds its wondrous healing,
There, my soul, thy rest shall be!

3 Oh, may I, no longer dreaming,
Idly waste my golden day;
But, each precious hour redeeming,
Upward, onward press my way!

356 Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult.

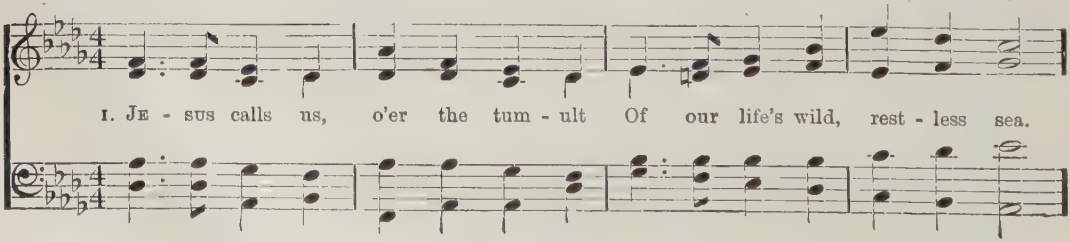
8s & 7s.

"*Not a hearer that forgetteth: but a doer that worketh.*"

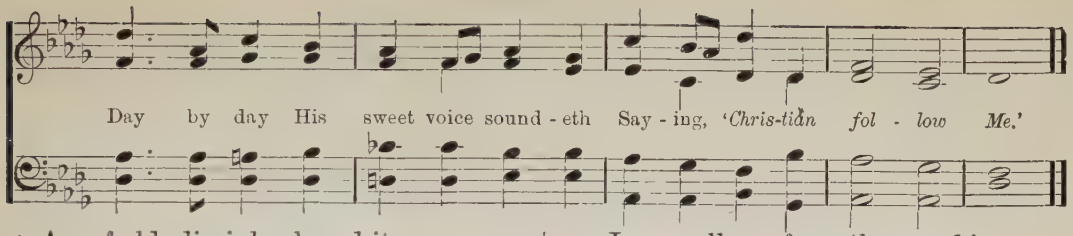
New Jersey.

Cecil F. Alexander, 1852.

Walter B. Gilbert, 1870.



Consecration.



2 As, of old, disciples heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home and toil and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake;

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.

4 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, '*Christian, love Me more.*'

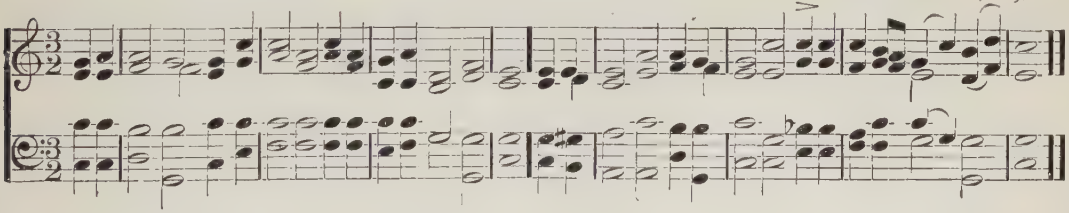
5 Jesus calls us; by Thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

357 Courage, brother, do not stumble.

8s & 7s.
NORMAN MACLEOD, *Abr.*

"*Gird up thy loins.*"

Louise.
HUBERT P. MAIN, 1869.



1 COURAGE, brother, do not stumble,
Tho thy path be dark as night.
There's a star to guide the humble,—
Trust in God and do the right.

2 Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light,
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God and do the right.

3 Trust no party, sect, or faction;
Trust no leaders in the fight;
But in every word and action
Trust in God and do the right.

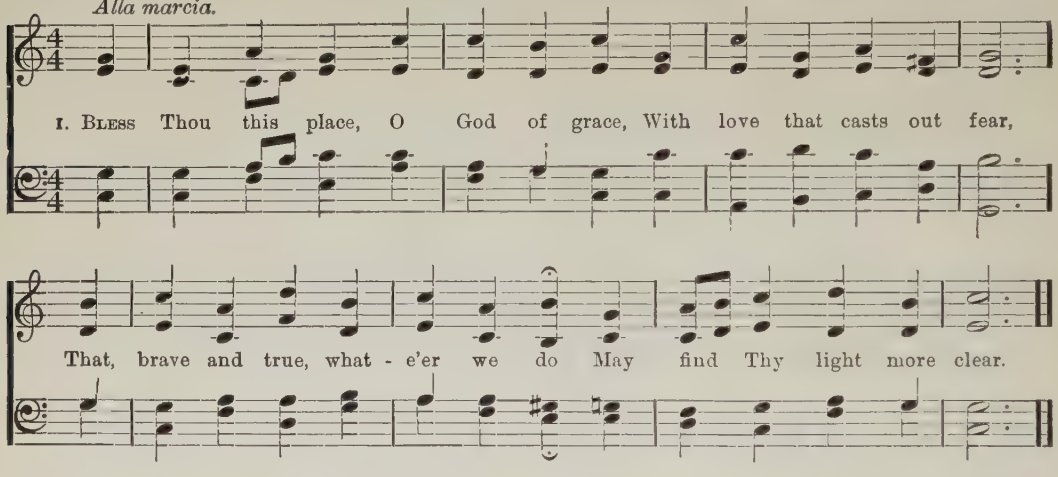
4 Trust no lovely forms of passion;
Fiends may look like angels bright;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion,
Trust in God and do the right.

5 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight.
Cease from man and look above thee,
Trust in God and do the right.

358 Bless Thou this place, O God of grace.

C. M. "*The God of your fathers spake to me yesternight.*" St. Anne.

M. W. S., 1904. WILLIAM CROFT, 1708.

Alla marcia.

1. Bless Thou this place, O God of grace, With love that casts out fear,
That, brave and true, what - e'er we do May find Thy light more clear.

2 Thy care surround this goodly ground,
Watch o'er it night and day,
Control, ordain, impel, maintain,
Enlarge our life alway.

3 Our being draw to love Thy law
And walk at liberty;
So, well begun in Thy dear Son,
We shall indeed be free.

4 Help us to see in all things Thee
And while Thy ways we learn
Go with us, teach that kindling speech
Wherewith our hearts shall burn.

5 Out from this door may evermore
Press an unquailing throng,
Who know the art a rugged part
To cheer with holy song.

6 With chains of gold our spirits hold
About Thy feet, till time
Is overpast, and full at last
The bells of glory chime.

359

1 Arise, O King of grace, arise!
And enter to Thy rest; [eyes,
Lo! Thy Church waits with longing
Thus to be owned and blest.

2 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth His court maintain,
With love and power divine.

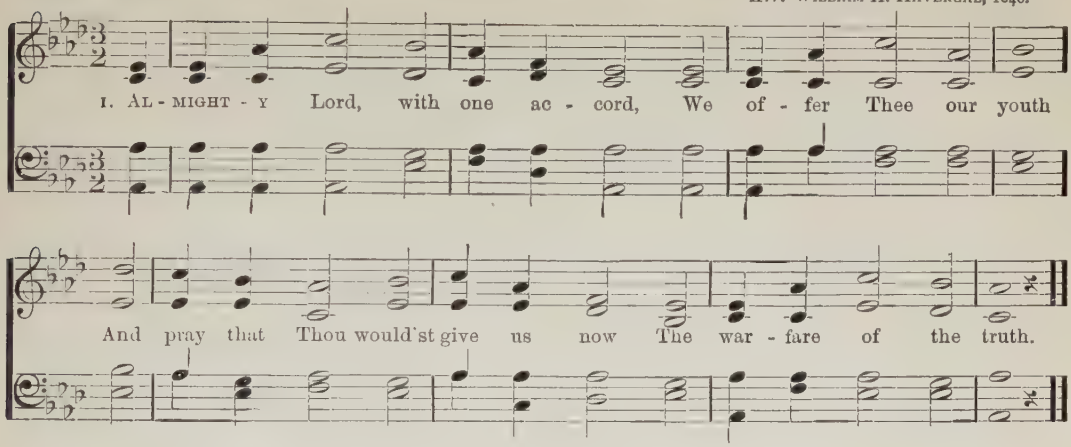
3 Here let Him hold a lasting throne
Whileas His kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn His crown
And shame confound His foes.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. *Abr.*

360 Almighty Lord, with one accord.

C. M. *"This is My covenant which ye shall keep, between Me and you, and thy seed after thee."* Evan.

M. W. S., 1896. Celtic Melody. *Arr.* William H. Havergal, 1846.



2 Thy cause doth claim our souls by name,
Thereto Thou makest strong;
In all the land, one steadfast band,
May we to Christ belong.

3 Let fall on every College hall
The lustre of Thy cross,
So love shall dare Thy work to share
And count all else as loss.

4 Our hearts be ruled, our spirits schooled,
Alone Thy will to seek
And where we find Thy holy mind,
Instruct our lips to speak.

5 With conscience pure and purpose sure
May we do all; and then—
No more in part, but as Thou art,
Know Thee, our Lord! Amen.

361

1 By all true sons who 've loved these walls,
The living and the dead,
We sing our happy College halls
And days too quickly sped.

2 Thy smile, O God of wisdom, still
Enlarge all labors here,
Let joy Thy gracious plans fulfil
With every ampler year.

3 Let generous hope and high behest
These brightening ways adorn,—
Our Mother's ancient honor rest
On children yet unborn.

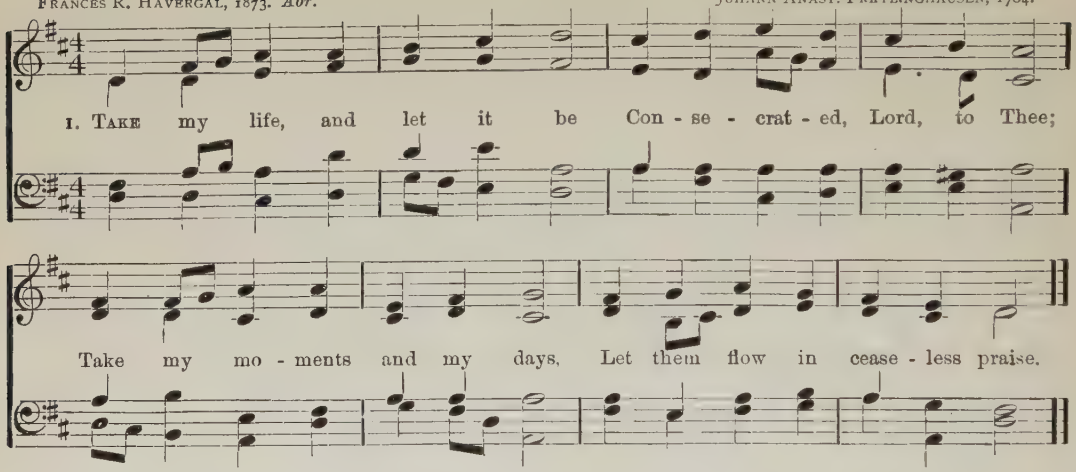
4 What toil and trust whilere begun
Increase from more to more,
Till all the tasks of Time are done
And Man's long march is o'er.

M. W. S., 1896

362 Take my life, and let it be.

7.7.7.7. *"We may have a strong encouragement."* **Lubeck.**

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1873. *Abr.* JOHANN ANAST. FREYLINGHAUSEN, 1704.



2 Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee;
Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

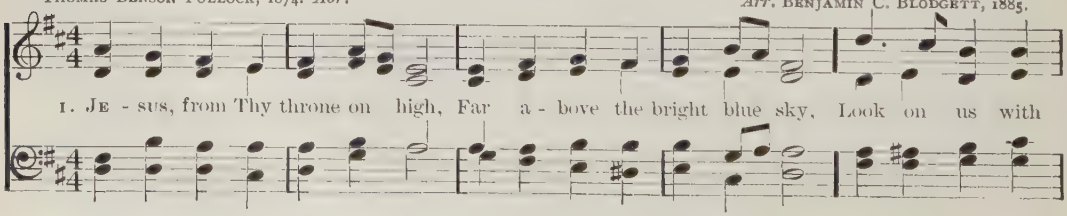
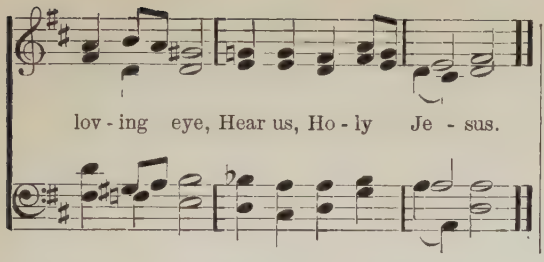
3 Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee;
Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

4 Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my will and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.

5 Take my heart, it *is* Thine own!
It shall be Thy royal throne.
Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all!—for Thee.

363 Jesus, from Thy throne on high.

7.7.7.6. *"While he was yet young he began to seek after the God of his father."* **Nazareth.**

THOMAS BENSON POLLOCK, 1874. *Abr.* KARL REINECKE. *Arr.* BENJAMIN C. BLODGETT, 1885.



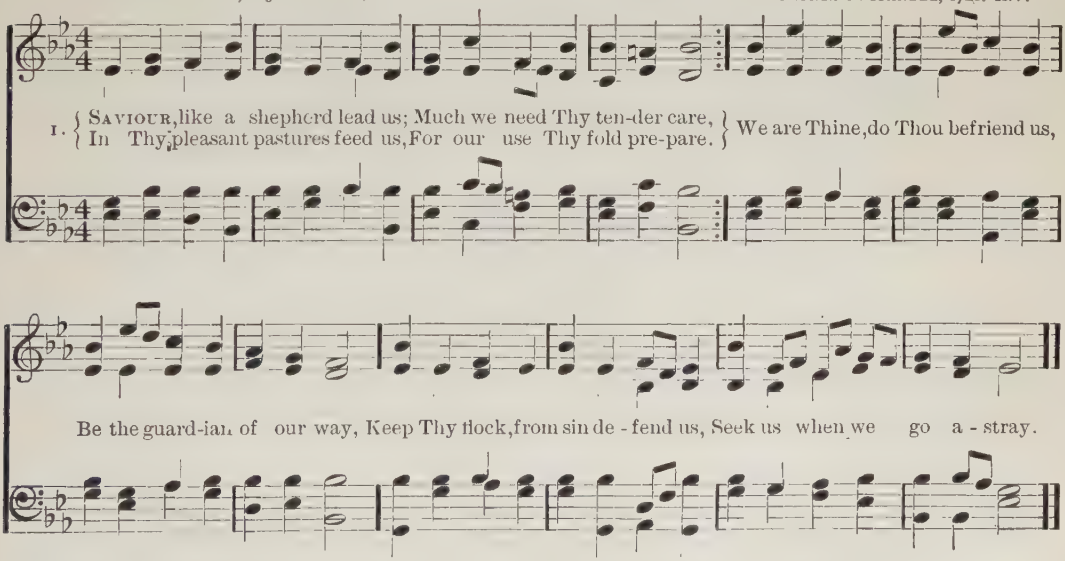
2 Little hearts may love Thee well,
Little lips Thy love may tell;
Little hymns Thy praises swell.
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 May we prize our Christian name,
May we guard it free from blame,
Shunning all that causes shame,
Hear us, Holy Jesus!

364 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us.

8s & 7s, D. *"That we may be fellow workers with the truth."* Harmony.

Dorothy Ann Thrupp, 1838. *Arr.* George F. Handel, 1721. *Arr.*

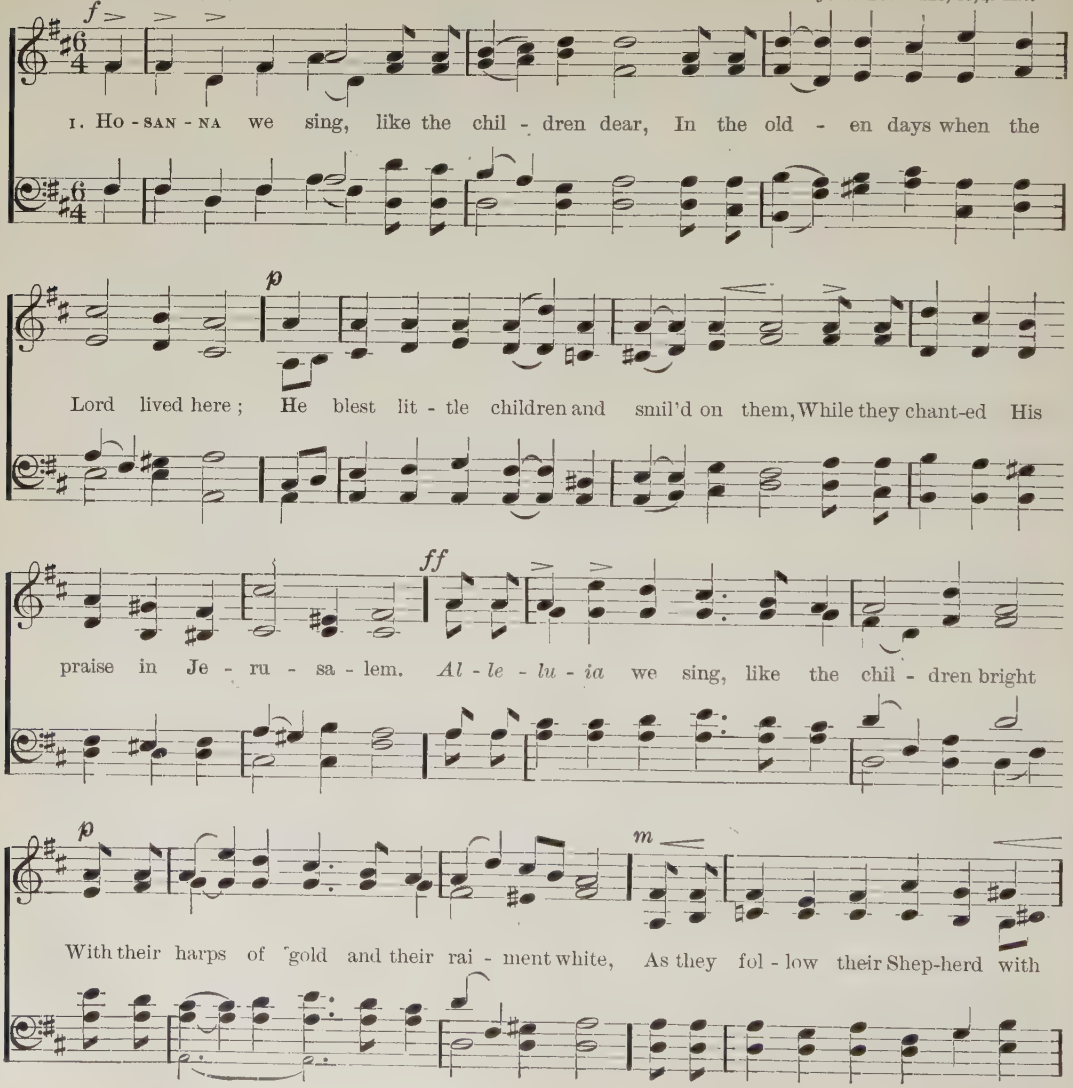

1. { Saviour, like a shepherd lead us; Much we need Thy ten-der care, / In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy fold pre-pare. } We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
Be the guard-ian of our way, Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray.

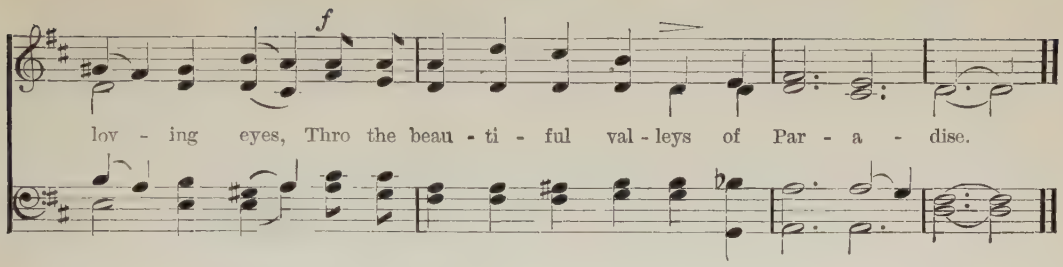
2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful tho we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse and power to free;
Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early help us do Thy will;
Holy Lord, our only Saviour!
With Thy grace our bosoms fill.

365 Hosanna we sing, like the children dear.

108, 9 & 118, P. "*Can the children of the bride chamber fast?*" **Zion's King.**

GEORGE S. HODGES, 1874. JOHN B. DYKES, 1874. *Alt.*


f
1. HO - SAN - NA we sing, like the chil - dren dear, In the old - en days when the
p
Lord lived here; He blest lit - tle children and smil'd on them, While they chant-ed His
ff
praise in Je - ru - sa - lem. Al - le - lu - ia we sing, like the chil - dren bright
p
m
With their harps of gold and their rai - ment white, As they fol - low their Shep-herd with

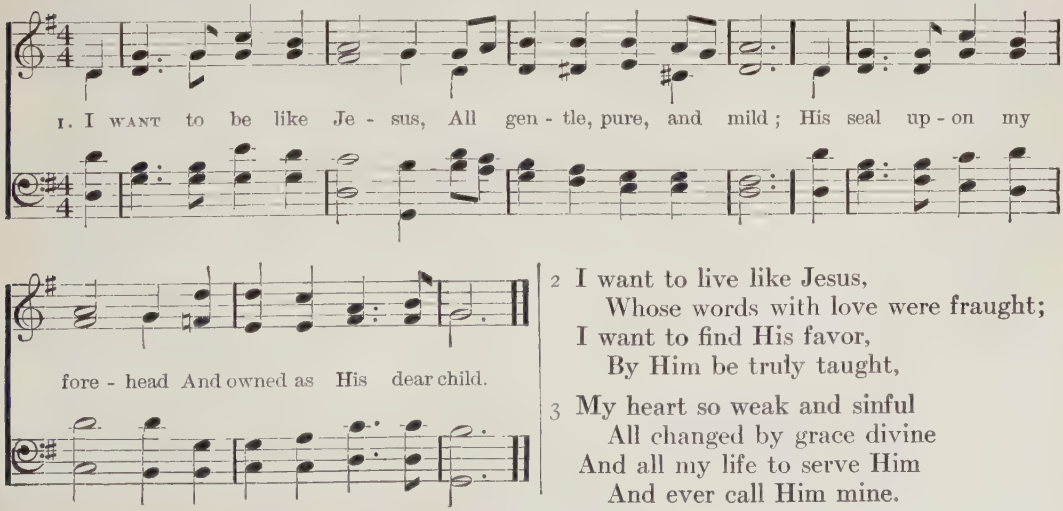


2 Hosanna! we sing, for He bends His ear
And rejoices the hymns of His own to hear;
We know that His heart will never wax cold
To the lambs that He feeds in His earthly fold.
Alleluia we sing in the Church we love,
Alleluia resounds in the Church above;
To Thy little ones, Lord, may such grace be given,
That we lose not our part in the song of Heaven!

366 I want to be like Jesus.

7.6.7.6. *"The incorruptible apparel of a meek and quiet spirit."* **Benhanan.**

William Meynell Whittemore, 1842. *Abr.* Friedrich von Flotow, 1847. *Arr.*



2 I want to live like Jesus,
Whose words with love were fraught;
I want to find His favor,
By Him be truly taught,

3 My heart so weak and sinful
All changed by grace divine
And all my life to serve Him
And ever call Him mine.

367 Saviour, Thou of life the lender.

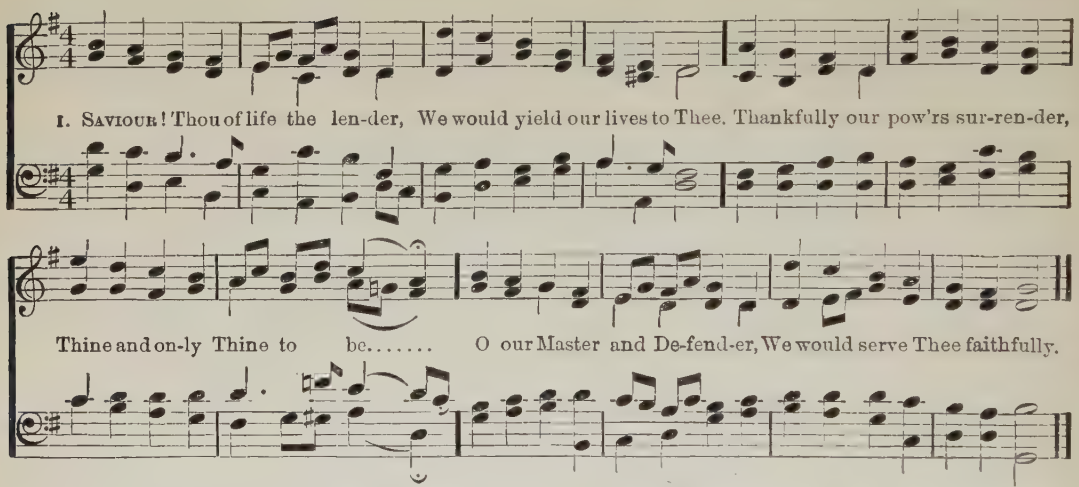
8.7.8.7.8.7.

"He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness."

Smith College.

JOHN BURTON, 1806 (?). *Alt.*

ROBERT SCHUMANN, 1829.
Arr. BENJAMIN C. BLODGETT, 1885.


1. SAVIOUR! Thou of life the len-der, We would yield our lives to Thee. Thankfully our pow'rs sur-ren-der,
Thine and on-ly Thine to be..... O our Master and De-fend-er, We would serve Thee faithfully.

2 Send us, Lord, where Thou wilt send us,
Only do Thou guide our way.
By Thy grace thro life attend us,
Gladly then shall we obey.
With Thy constant love befriend us
All, as children of the day.

3 Write Thy Name upon our foreheads,
Write our names upon Thy hand.
Marching onward with hosannas,
In Thine holy pilgrim-band,
May we in that heavenly country,
With Thy ransomed armies stand.

368 The morning bright, with rosy light.

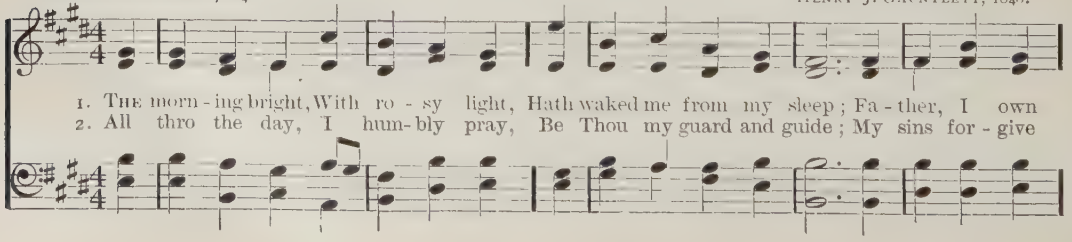
8.6.8.6.

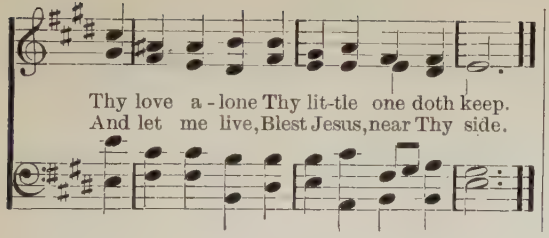
"Whereby we say Abba."

Heliotrope.

THOMAS O. SUMMERS, 1846.

HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1846.


1. THE morn-ing bright, With ro-sy light, Hath waked me from my sleep; Fa-ther, I own
2. All thro the day, I hum-bly pray, Be Thou my guard and guide; My sins for-give

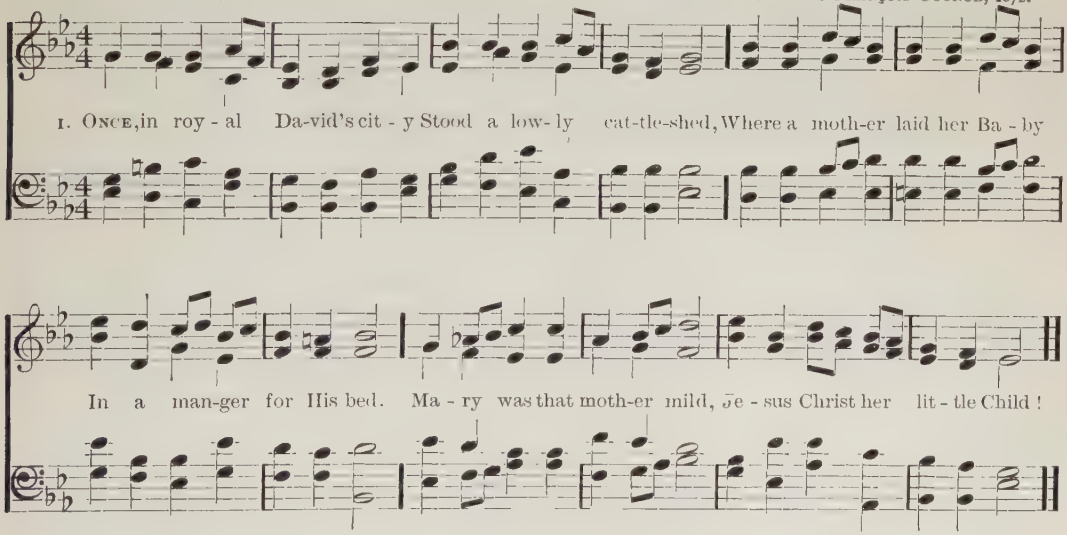


3 Oh make Thy rest
Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace!
Make me like Thee;
Then shall I be
Prepared to see Thy face.

369 Once, in royal David's city.

8.7.8.7.7.7. *"Like a cloud of dew in the heat of harvest."* **Annus Domini.**

Cecil F. Alexander, 1848. *Abr.* Charles François Gounod, 1872.


1. Once, in roy - al Da-vid's cit - y Stood a low - ly cat-tle-shed, Where a moth-er laid her Ba - by
In a man-ger for His bed. Ma - ry was that moth-er mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child!

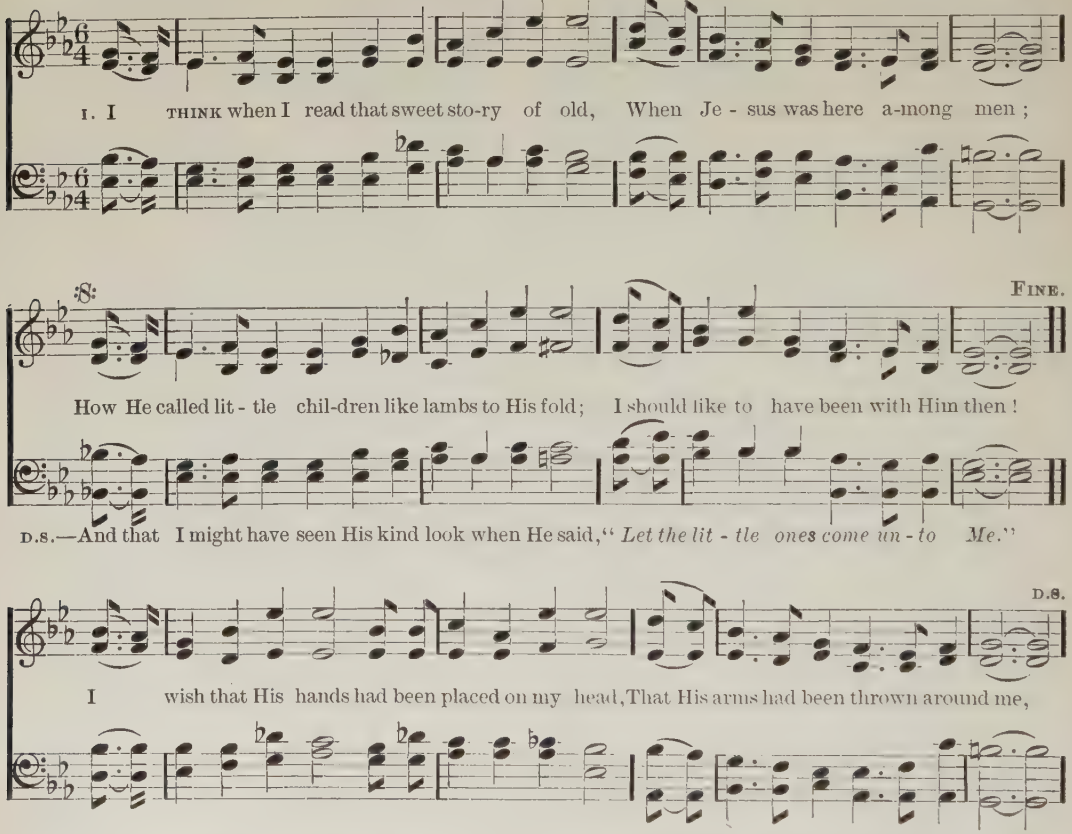
2 And thro all His wondrous childhood
He would honor and obey,
Love and watch the lowly mother,
In whose gentle arms He lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

3 Oh, our eyes at last shall see Him!
Thro His own redeeming love;
For that child, so dear and gentle,
Is our Lord in Heaven above
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

370 I think when I read that sweet story.

11s, 8s & 9s, P. *"He shall drink of the brook."* **Lambfold.**

JEMIMA LUKE, 1841. DAVENANT, *Arr.* HUBERT P. MAIN, 1890.


1. I THINK when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When Je - sus was here a-mong men ;
How He called lit - tle chil-dren like lambs to His fold; I should like to have been with Him then !
FINE.
D.S.—And that I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."
D.S.
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arms had been thrown around me,

2 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go
And ask for a share in His love ;
For if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,
In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare
For all that are washed and forgiven.
How many dear children are gathering there !—
"*For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.*"

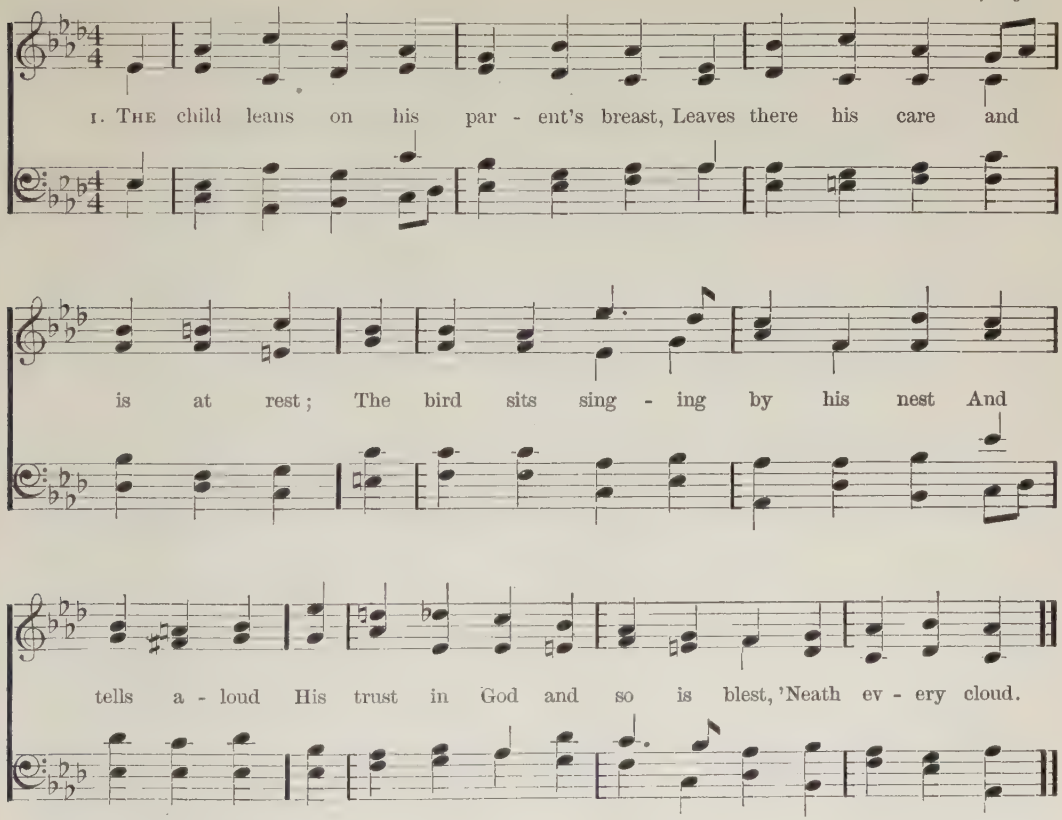
3 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall
Never heard of that heavenly home ;
I would like them to know there is room for them all
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
I long for the joy of that glorious time.
The sweetest, the brightest, the best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

Copyright, 1919, by Hubert P. Main. (Renewal.)

371 The child leans on his parent's breast.

8s & 4s, P. *"Before I formed thee, I knew thee."* **Hubert.**

ISAAC WILLIAMS, 1842. M. W. S., 1883.


1. THE child leans on his par - ent's breast, Leaves there his care and
is at rest; The bird sits sing - ing by his nest And
tells a - loud His trust in God and so is blest, 'Neath ev - ery cloud.

Copyright by Biglow & Main, 1885.

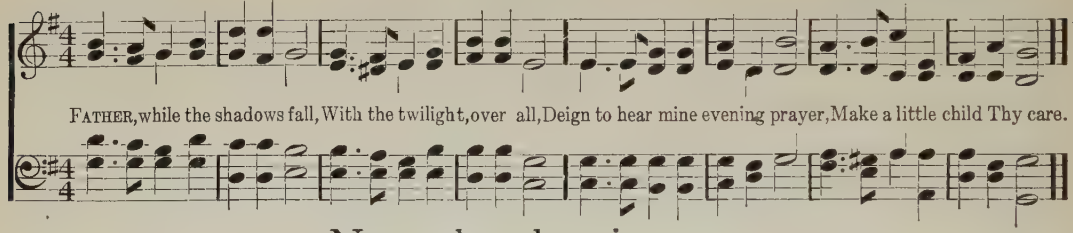
2 He has no store and sows no seed,
Yet sings aloud and doth not heed.
By flowing stream or grassy mead,
He sings to shame
Men, who forget, in fear of need,
A Father's name.

3 The heart that trusts forever sings,
Feeleth as light as it had wings,
A well of peace within it springs.
Come good or ill,
Whate'er today, tomorrow, brings,
It is His will.

372 Father, while the shadows fall.

7.7.7.7. "*Thou art ever with Me and all that is Mine is thine.*" **Shadowlight.**

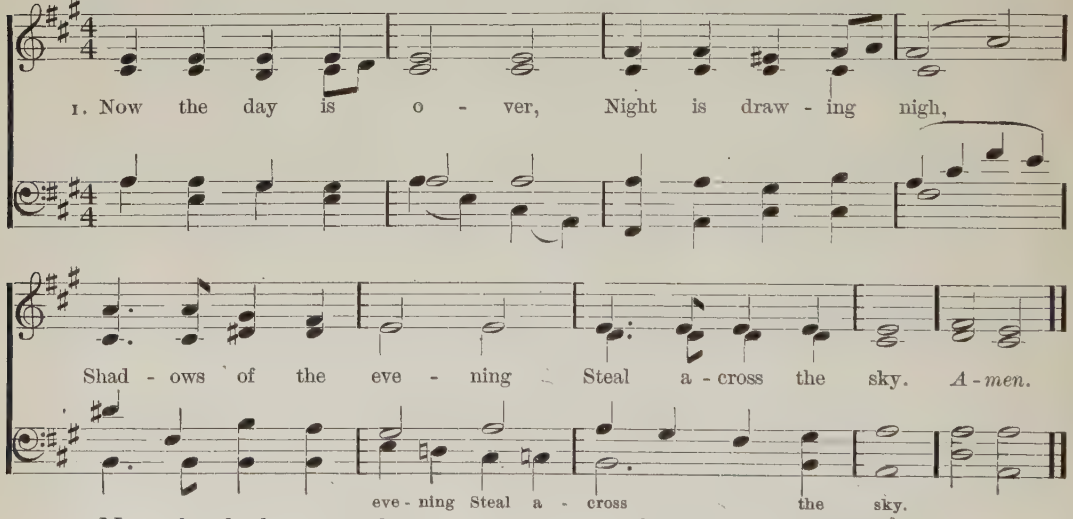
EMILY H. MILLER, 1868. *Abr.* WILLIAM H. MONK, 1881. *Abr.*



373 Now the day is over.

6.5.6.5. "*I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep.*" **Twilight.**

SABINE BARING-GOULD, 1865. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1868.



2 Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

3 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose,
With Thy tend'rest blessing
May our eyelids close.

4 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the angry sea.

5 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

6 Thro the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

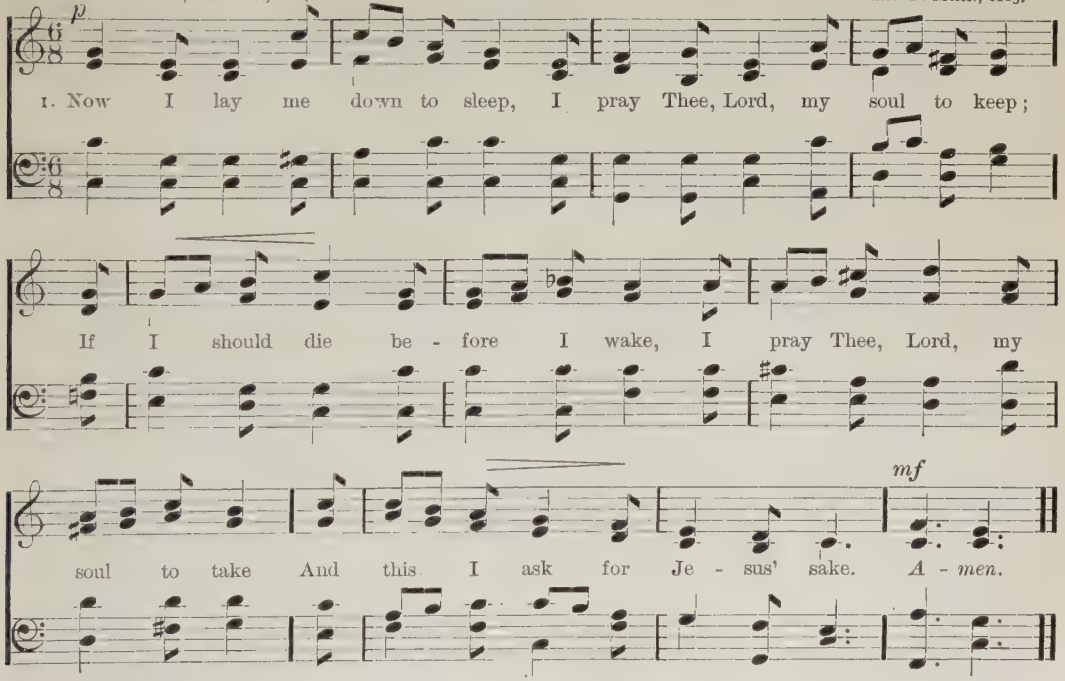
7 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure and fresh and sinless,
In Thine holy eyes. *Amen.*

374 Now I lay me down to sleep.

7s & 8s. *"I am but a little child; I know not how to go out or come in."* **Lambherd.**

First Stanza, Anon.
2d & 3d Stanzas, M. W. S., 1884.

Hubert P. Main, 1883.


p
1. Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die be - fore I wake, I pray Thee, Lord, my
mf
soul to take And this I ask for Je - sus' sake. A - men.

Copyright, 1911, by Hubert P. Main. Renewal.

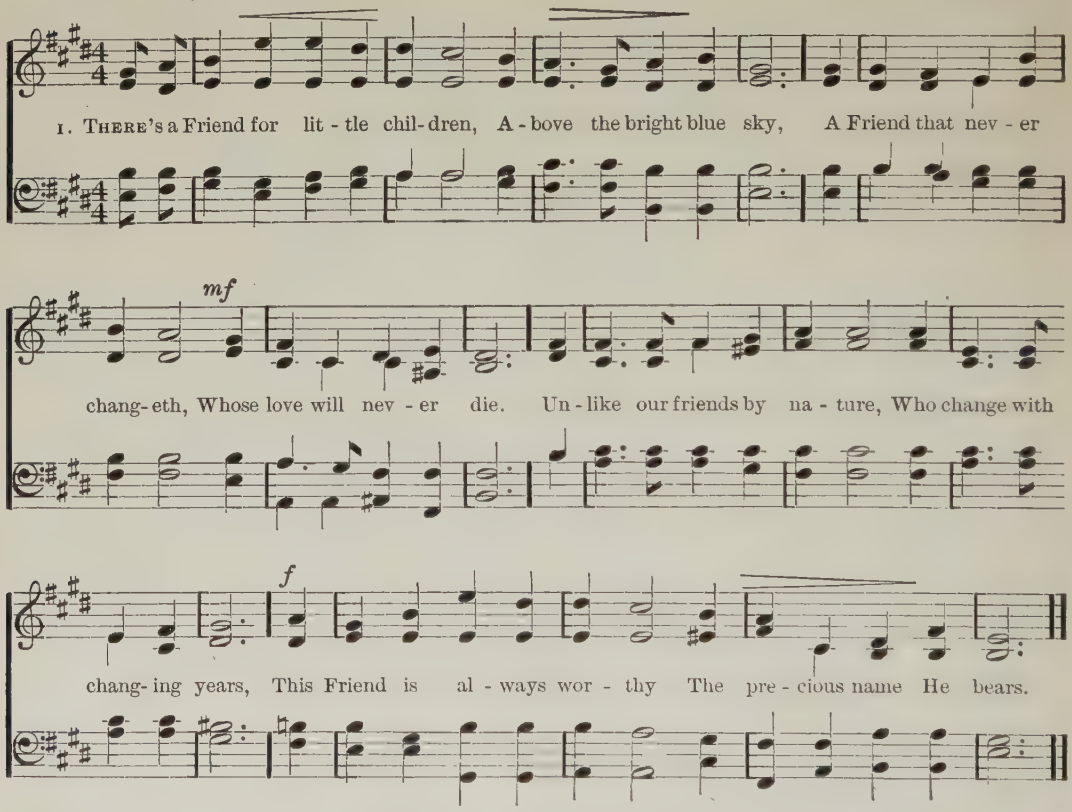
2 Now the light begins to break,
To Thee, O God, my prayer I make.
Keep me this day from every ill,
Help me to know and do Thy will,
With Jesus' love my spirit fill. *Amen.*

3 By and by, when, one by one, [done,
These days and nights of Earth are
With those I love, redeemed from guile,
May I awake beneath His smile,
Whom I have prayed to all the while.
Amen.

375 There's a Friend for little Children.

8s, 7s & 6s, P. *"Their angels do always behold the face of My Father."* Shelter.

Albert Midlane, 1860. *Abr.* Samuel Smith, 1871.


1. There's a Friend for lit - tle chil-dren, A - bove the bright blue sky, A Friend that nev - er
mf
chang-eth, Whose love will nev - er die. Un - like our friends by na - ture, Who change with
f
chang-ing years, This Friend is al - ways wor - thy The pre - cious name He bears.

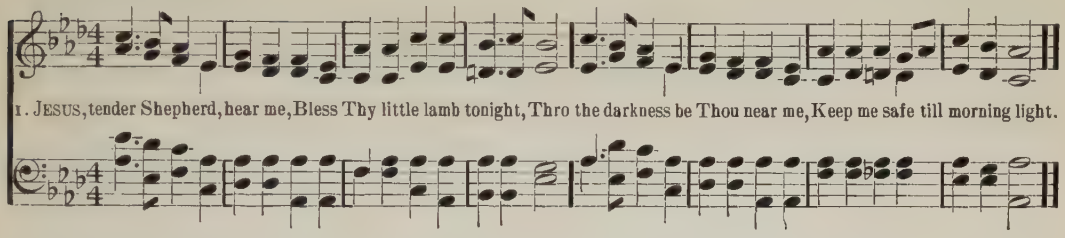
2 There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessèd Saviour
And to their Father cry, —
A rest from every trouble,
From sin and danger free,
There every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

3 There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky
And all who look to Jesus,
Shall wear it by-and-by.
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will sure bestow
On all who love their Saviour
And walk with Him below.

376 Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me.

8.7.8.7. *"Come ye and let us walk in the light of the Lord."* **Northminster.**

MARY L. DUNCAN, 1839. ANON.


1. JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me, Bless Thy little lamb tonight, Thro the darkness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morning light.

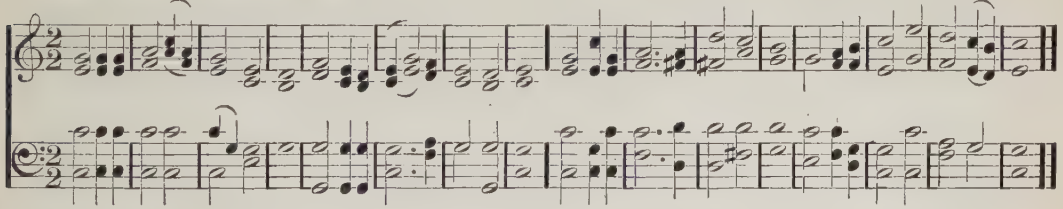
2 All this day Thy hand has led me
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

3 Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me when I die to Heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

377 Hushed was the evening temple hymn.

L. M. *"The child grew on in favor with the Lord."* **Zephyr.**

JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS, 1856. *Rew.* WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1843.



1 HUSHED was the evening temple hymn,
The sacred lamp was burning dim,
When thro that silence of the shrine
To Samuel came a voice divine.

2 That aged priest of Israel slept:
But watch the little Levite kept;
So what from Eli's sense was sealed
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 Oh, give me Samuel's listening ear,
Each whisper of Thy word to hear,
A heart, by day or night, that still
Answers the breathing of Thy will.

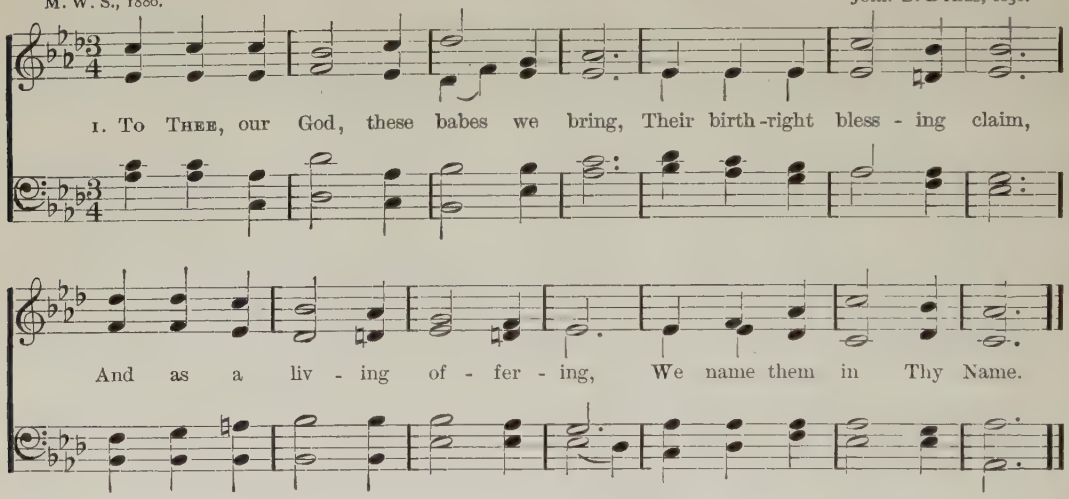
4 It yet is Shiloh for that child,
'Heard of God,' namesake unbeguiled,
Who now no open vision needs,
But saith, — 'Speak, Lord; Thy servant heeds.'

378 To Thee, our God, these babes we bring.

C. M. M. W. S., 1886.

"Else were your children unclean: but now are they holy."

St. Agnes. John B. Dykes, 1858.



2 Of Christian faith and wedlock born,
Now are they holy, Lord;
The promise to our children sworn
Rests on Thy covenant word.

3 These bright baptismal drops we pour
About their tender brows; [more
Cleanse Thou their spirits more and
And seal our joyful vows.

4 By Thy regenerating choice
Draw all their hearts to Thee,
To recognize the Saviour's voice
And God's dear children be.

5 Faithful Creator, Holy Child,
All-Gracious Paraclete,
Fold safe Thy lambs amid this wild
And homeward guide their feet.

379

1 In token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the cross upon thee here
And stamp thee His alone.

2 In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His Name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and His shame.

3 In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He travelled by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame
And sit thee down on high,

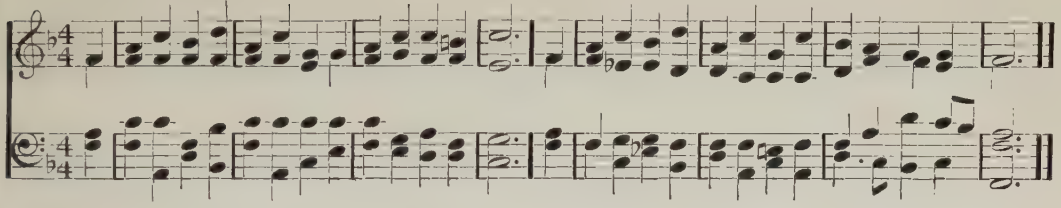
4 Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own;
So may the brow that wears His cross
Hereafter share His crown.

Henry Alford, 1832.

380 Am I a soldier of the Cross?

C. M. "*His commandments are not grievous.*" York.

Isaac Watts, 1709. *Abr.* Andro Hart's Scotch Psalter, 1615.



1 Am I a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
Then shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease?
While others fought to win the prize
And sailed thro bloody seas?

3 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

4 When that illustrious day shall rise
And all Thine armies shine
In robes of victory thro the skies
The glory shall be Thine.

381

1 As Simeon in his arms received
That Child of Promise, we,
Who have not seen yet have believed,
Accept our charge from Thee.

2 Our hands do also hold Thy gifts,
A treasury unpriced;
Take Thou what love to Love uplifts;
We kiss their souls to Christ!

3 Purge them indeed, Thou Flood of [Grace!
One lifelong melody
Make every heart, — a holy vase
Of purest fragrancy.

4 When they are old and we are gone, [one,
Undisinherited
May they those heights scale, one by
Where Thy fair fold is spread.

5 Thou, Flowing Love, art that release
Whereof the ages heard!
Now let Thy servants go in peace,
According to Thy word.

M. W. S., 1918.

382

1 Print, Lord, upon our hearts that sign
Of glory and of pain,
That Cross of hope and life divine,
Where Love by sin was slain.

2 That precious sacrifice and death
Be not by us denied!
We will confess, with every breath,
Christ and Him crucified.

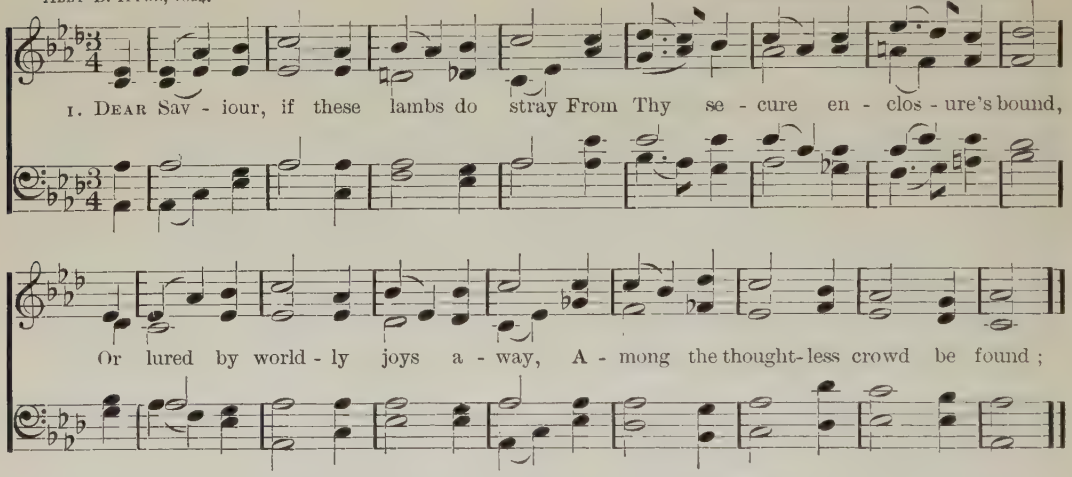
3 That ransom and reproach to claim
Be ours, — that cross to bear!
And when the King His own shall [name,
May we be numbered there.

M. W. S., 1908.

383 Dear Saviour, if these lambs do stray.

L. M. *"This is My covenant which ye shall keep between Me and you and thy seed after thee."* **Louvan.**

Abby B. Hyde, 1824. Virgil C. Taylor, 1847. Har. Benjamin C. Blodgett, 1887.


1. Dear Sav - iour, if these lambs do stray From Thy se - cure en - clos - ure's bound,
Or lured by world - ly joys a - way, A - mong the thought-less crowd be found;

2 Remember still that they are Thine,
That Thy dear sacred name they bear;
Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of covenant grace they wear.

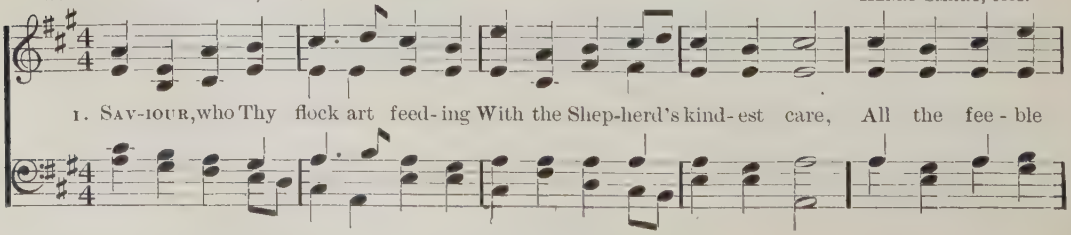
3 In all their erring, sinful years,
Oh! let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember all the prayers and tears
Which consecrated them to Thee.

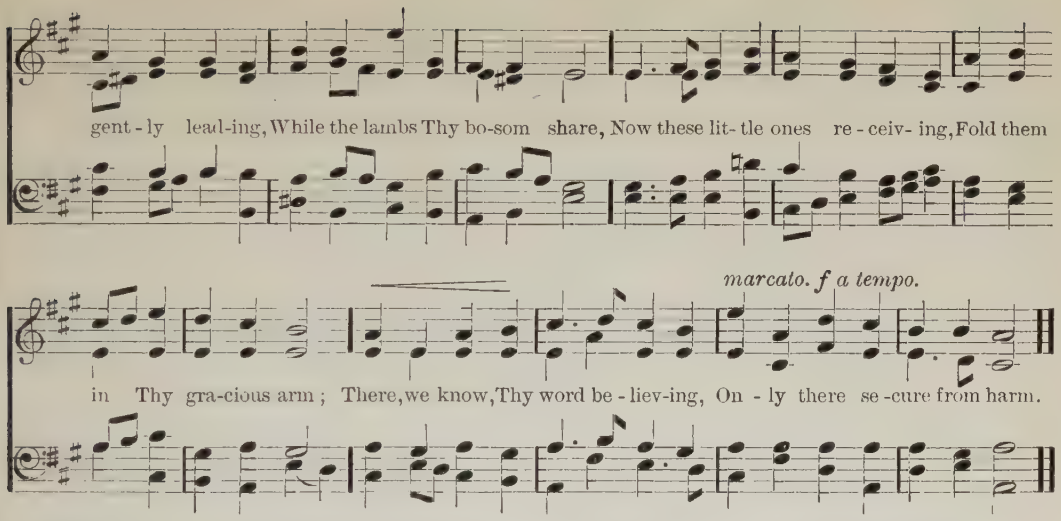
4 So when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn Thou their feet from folly's way,
The wand'rers to Thy fold restore.

384 Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding.

8.7.8.7. D. *"He shall gather the lambs in His arm."* **Rex Gloriæ.**

William A. Muhlenburg, 1826. Henry Smart, 1868.




gent - ly lead-ing, While the lambs Thy bo-som share, Now these lit- tle ones re - ceiv- ing, Fold them
marcato. f a tempo.
in Thy gra-cious arm; There, we know, Thy word be - liev-ing, On - ly there se -cure from harm.

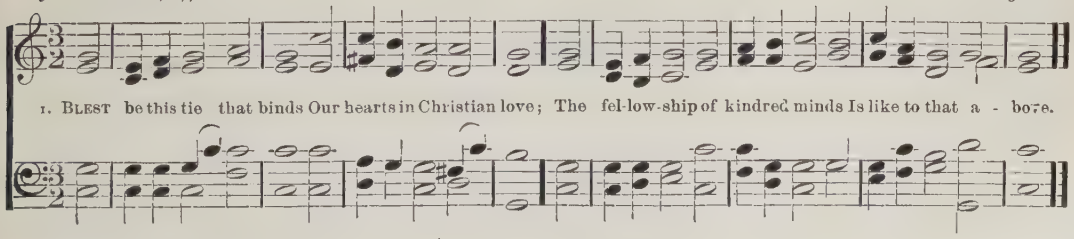
2 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the Lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

385 Blest be this tie that binds.

S. M. *"One Lord, one faith, one baptism."* **Boylston.**

JOHN FAWCETT, 1772. *Abr.* LOWELL MASON, 1832.



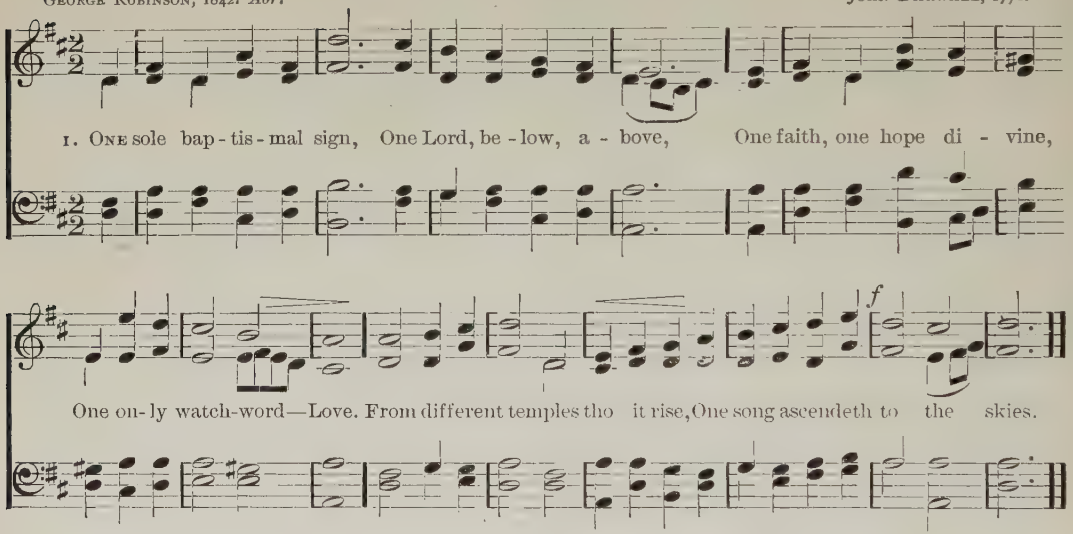
2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 From sorrow, toil and pain
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Thro all eternity.

386 One sole baptismal sign.

6.6.6.6.8.8. "*God gave unto them the like gift as unto us.*" **Darwall.**

GEORGE ROBINSON, 1842. *Abr.* JOHN DARWALL, 1770.

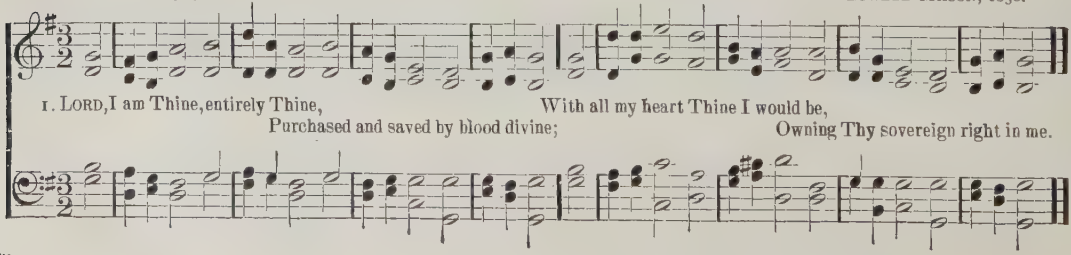

1. ONE sole bap - tis - mal sign, One Lord, be - low, a - bove, One faith, one hope di - vine,
f
One on - ly watch-word—Love. From different temples tho it rise, One song ascendeth to the skies.

2 Head of Thy Church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew!
Then shall Thy perfect will be done
When Christians love and live as one.

387 Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine.

L. M. "*Prisoners of hope.*" **Rockingham.**

SAMUEL DAVIES, 1760. *Abr.* LOWELL MASON, 1830.


1. LORD, I am Thine, entirely Thine, With all my heart Thine I would be,
Purchased and saved by blood divine; Owning Thy sovereign right in me.

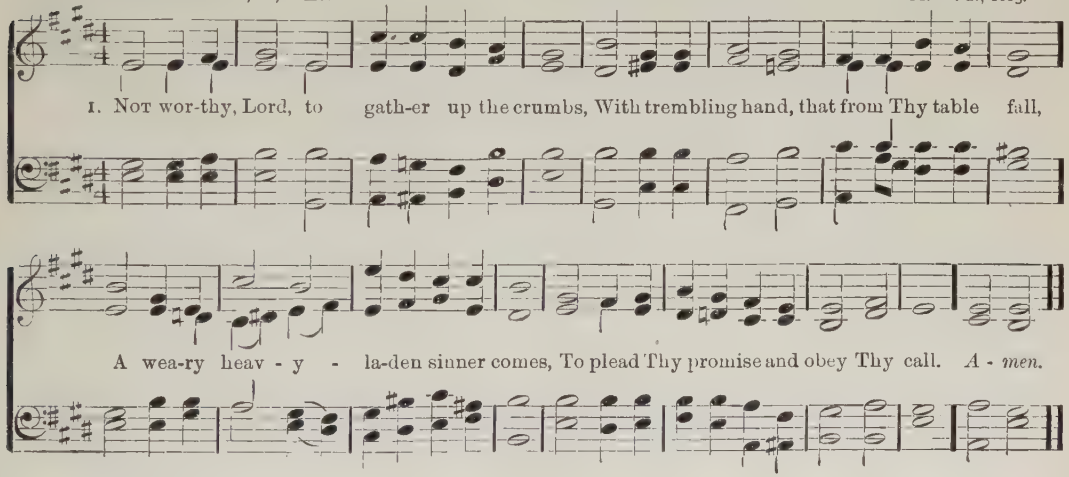
2 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
Be Thine thro all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
Thereto is set this solemn seal.

3 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of Thy grace;
Thee my new Master now I call,
To Thee I consecrate mine all.

388 Not worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs.

10.10.10.10. *"This Man receiveth sinners and eateth with them."* **Meridian.**

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH, 1870. *Abr.* M. W. S., 1885.


1. Not wor-thy, Lord, to gath-er up the crumbs, With trembling hand, that from Thy table fall,
A wea-ry heav - y - la-den sinner comes, To plead Thy promise and obey Thy call. A - men.

Copyright 1886, by Biglow & Main.

2 I am not worthy to be thought Thy child,
Nor sit the last and lowest at Thy board.
Too long a wand'rer and too oft beguiled,
I only ask one reconciling word.

3 I hear Thy voice; Thou bid'st me come and rest;
I come, I kneel, I clasp Thy piercèd feet!
Thou bid'st me take my place, a welcome guest,
Among Thy saints and of Thy banquet eat.

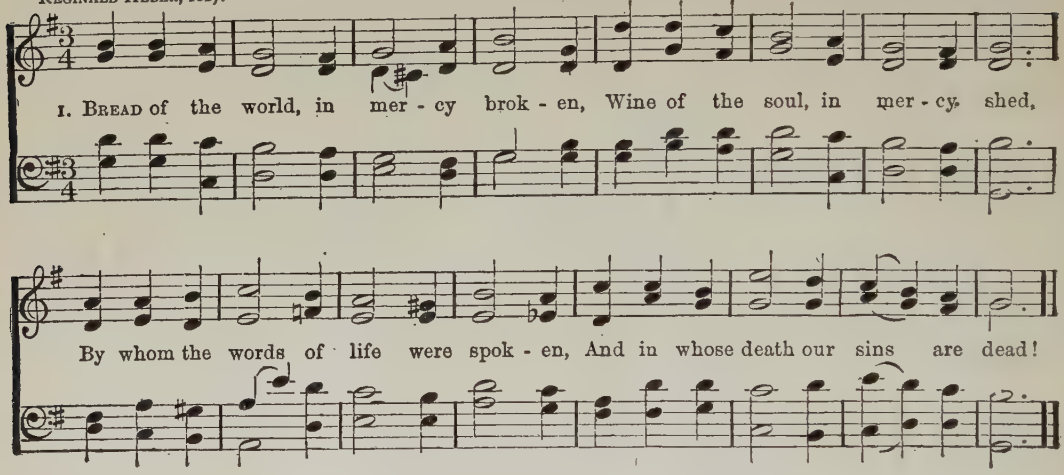
4 My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,
My prayer can only lose itself in Thee,
Dwell Thou forever in my heart and there,
Lord! let me sup with Thee,—sup Thou with me. *Amen.*

389 Bread of the world, in mercy broken.

9.8.9.8.
REGINALD HEBER, 1827.

"Is it not a communion of the blood of Christ?".

Grace Church.
IGNACE PLEYEL. *Arr.*


1. BREAD of the world, in mer - cy brok - en, Wine of the soul, in mer - cy shed,
By whom the words of life were spok - en, And in whose death our sins are dead!

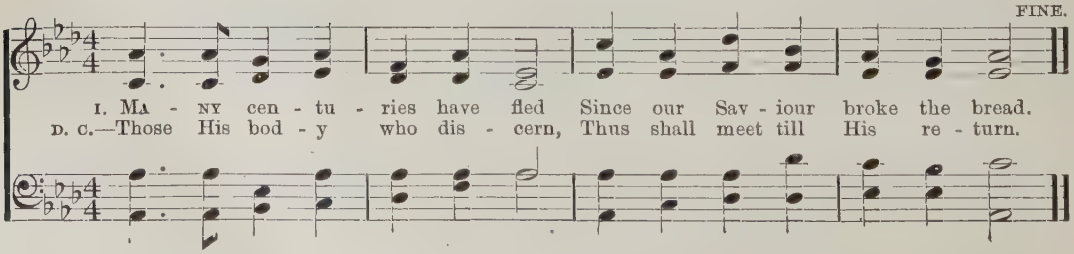
2 Look on the hearts by sorrow broken
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
Be Thy last Passover the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

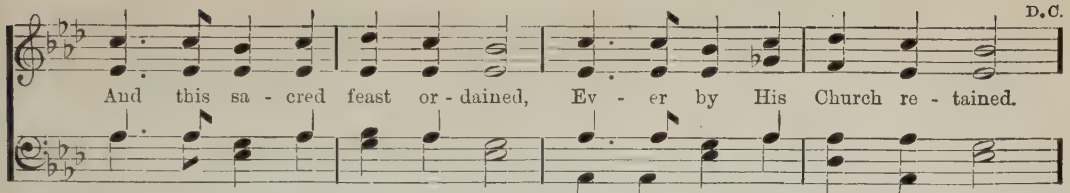
390 Many centuries have fled.

7.7.7.7.7.7.
JOSIAH CONDER, 1836. *Abr.*

"My glory and the lifter up of my head."

Spanish Hymn.
Arr. by BENJAMIN CARR, 1824.


FINE.
1. MA - NY cen - tu - ries have fled Since our Sav - iour broke the bread.
D. C.—Those His bod - y who dis - cern, Thus shall meet till His re - turn.



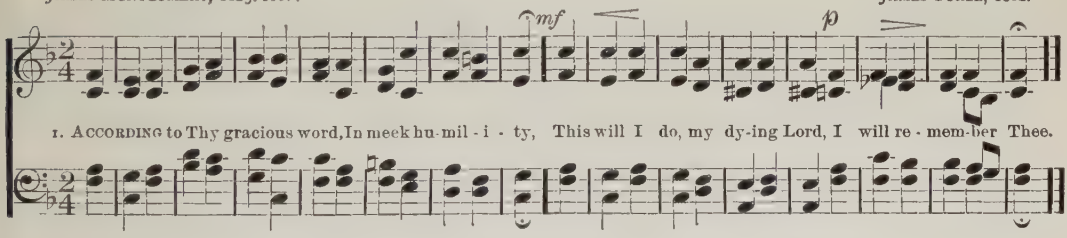
2 Thro the Church's long eclipse,
When from priest or pastor's lips
Truth divine was never heard,—
'Mid the famine of the word,
Still these symbols witness gave
To His love who died to save.

3 All who bear the Saviour's name,
Here their common faith proclaim;
Tho diverse in tongue or rite,
Here, One Body we unite;
Breaking thus one mystic bread,
Members of one common Head.

391 According to Thy gracious word.

C. M.
JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825. *Abr.*

"*Thy comforts delight my soul.*"

St. John.
JAMES TURLE, 1862.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from Heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take
And thus remember Thee.

3 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains
And all Thy love to me? —
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee!

4 And when these failing lips grow dumb
And mind and memory flee, [come,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom
Then, Lord, remember me!

392

1 My God! accept my heart this day
And make it always Thine,
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.

2 Before the Cross of Him who died,
Behold I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified;
Let Christ be all in all.

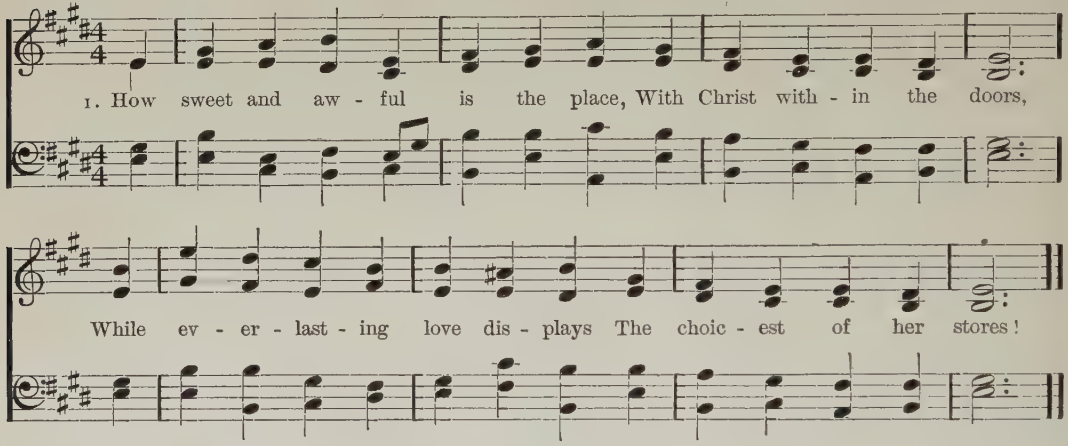
3 May the dear blood once shed for me
My blest atonement prove;
That I, from first to last, may be
The purchase of Thy love.

MATTHEW BRIDGES, 1848. *Abr.*

393 How sweet and awful is the place.

C. M. "*To Thy Name and to Thy memorial is the desire of our soul.*" **Dundee.**

Isaac Watts, 1707. *Abr.* Andro Hart's Psalter, 1615.


1. How sweet and aw - ful is the place, With Christ with - in the doors,
While ev - er - last - ing love dis - plays The choic - est of her stores!

394

2 While all our hearts and all our song,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, with thankful tongue,
"Lord! why was I a guest?

3 Why was I made to hear Thy voice
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice
And rather starve than come?

4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
Compelled us sweetly in;
Else we had still refused to taste
And perished in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the Earth to come;
Send Thy victorious word abroad
And bring the strangers home.

1 O STRENGTH unwearied, Grace unspent,
Love, nothing shall repeal!
By Thy last will and testament,
Here at Thy feet we kneel.

2 Thy real presence we would know,
Would feel Thy holy breath;
Let mystic light this feast o'er flow,
As we show forth Thy death!

3 Thine open secret we believe,
In this fond legacy
We would Thy very self receive
And thus commune with Thee.

4 Long time hath been since that Goodbye,
That night so lone and black;
But Thy dear Daystar climbs the sky
Whence Thou art coming back!

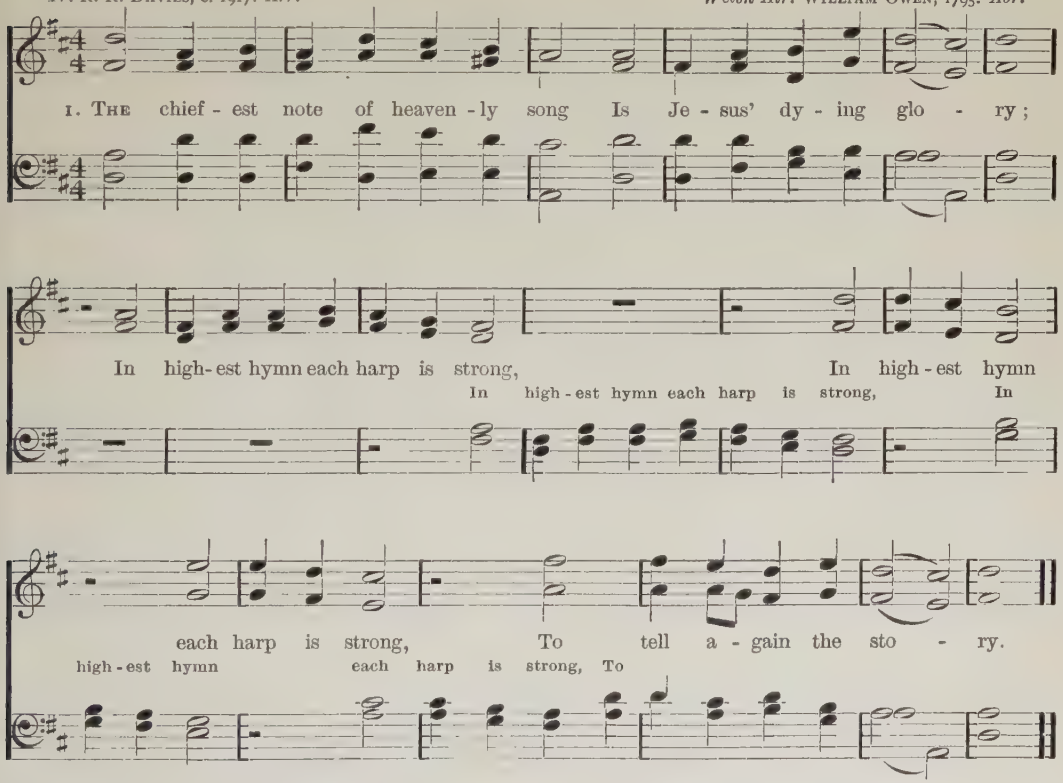
M. W. S., 1918.

395 The chiefest note of heavenly song.

8.7.8.7. P. *"Christ formed in you, the hope of glory."* **Demster.**

Welsh. Robert Williams, (1767–1850).
Tr. R. R. Davies, c. 1917. *Arr.*

Welsh Air. William Owen, 1795. *Abr.*


1. The chief - est note of heaven - ly song Is Je - sus' dy - ing glo - ry;
In high-est hymn each harp is strong, In high-est hymn
In high-est hymn each harp is strong, In
each harp is strong, To tell a - gain the sto - ry.
high-est hymn each harp is strong, To

2 The virtue of His sufferings,
His grief, is our restoring;
Sound louder your celestial strings,
Ye Seraphim adoring!

3 That song will but begin to rise
When ages vast are over;
Forever shall His sacrifice
New miracles discover.

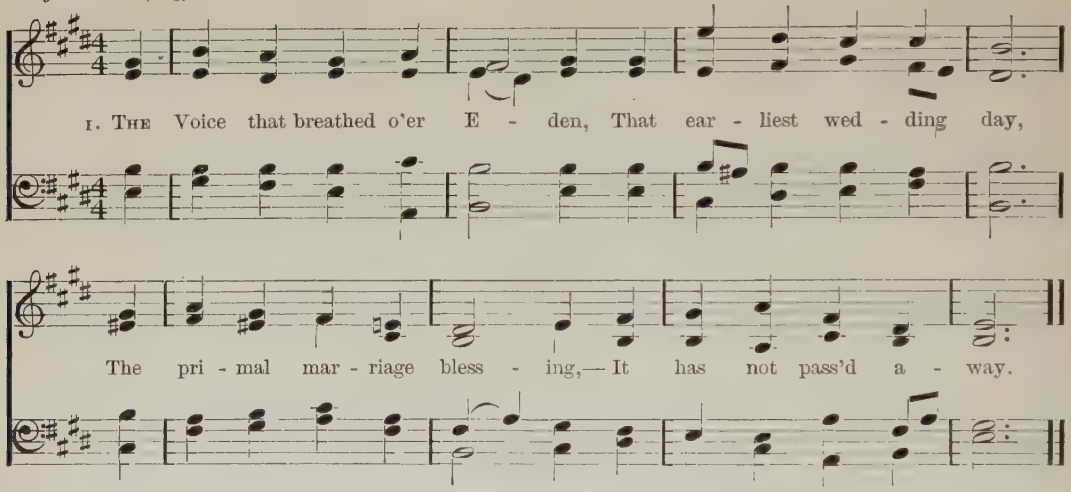
4 That music will forever swell,
Host unto Host replying:
But still the song can never tell
The worth of Jesus' dying.

5 That infinite, eternal theme,
That boundless, surging anthem,
Shall teach all souls Love did redeem
What those dear mercies grant them.

396 The Voice that breathed o'er Eden.

7.6.7.6. "*As being joint heirs of the grace of life.*" **St. Cecilia.**

JOHN KEBLE, 1857. *Abr.* RICHARD R. CHOPE, 1862.



2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

3 Be present, Heav'nly Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierc'd side.

4 Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands.

5 Be present, Holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,
The heavenly spouse dost seal.

397

1 O LOVE, divine and golden,
Mysterious depth and height,
To Thee the world beholden,
Looks up for life and light!

2 O Love, divine and tender,
That thro our homes doth move,
Veiled in the softened splendor
Of holy household love!

3 God, bless these hands united,
God bless these hearts made one;
Unsevered and unblighted,
May they, thro life, go on.

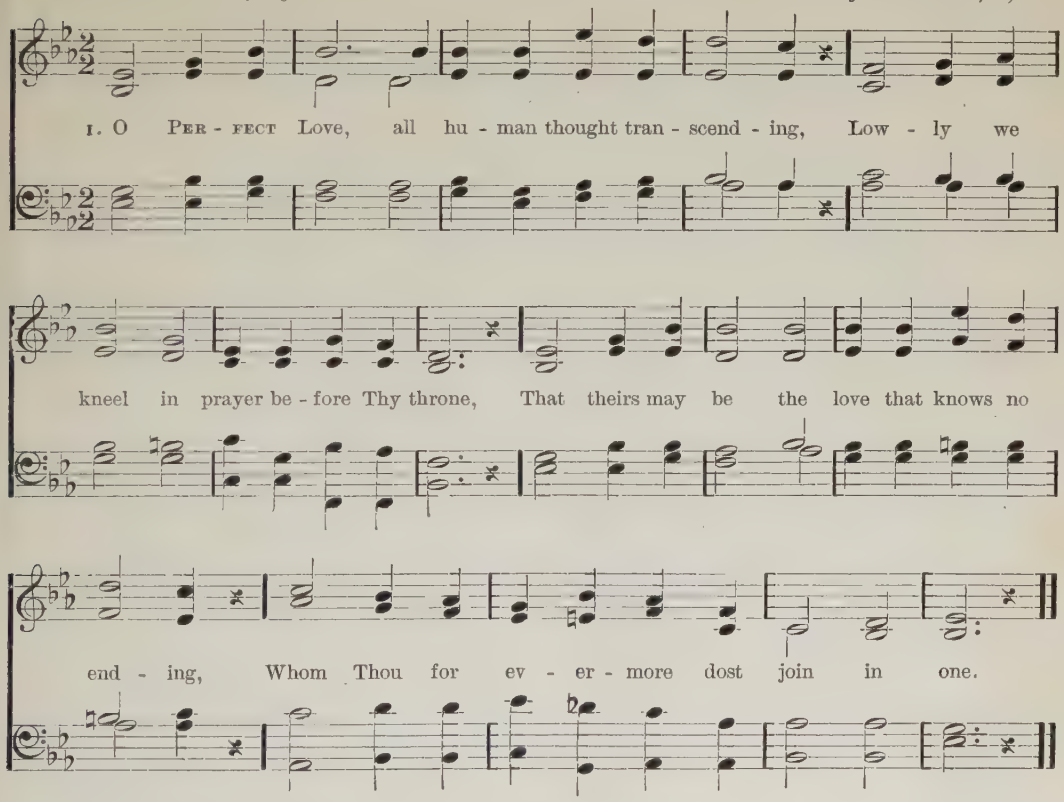
4 Here, in Earth's home, preparing
For that bright Home above
And there, for ever sharing
Its joy, where 'God is love.'

JOHN S. B. MONSELL, 1862. *Abr.*

398 O Perfect Love, all human thought transcending.

11.10.11.10. *"Wherefore they are no more twain."* **Marriage Song.**

DOROTHY F. BLOMFIELD, 1883. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1890


1. O PER - FECT Love, all hu - man thought tran - scend - ing, Low - ly we
kneel in prayer be - fore Thy throne, That theirs may be the love that knows no
end - ing, Whom Thou for ev - er - more dost join in one.

2 O Perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope and quiet, brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

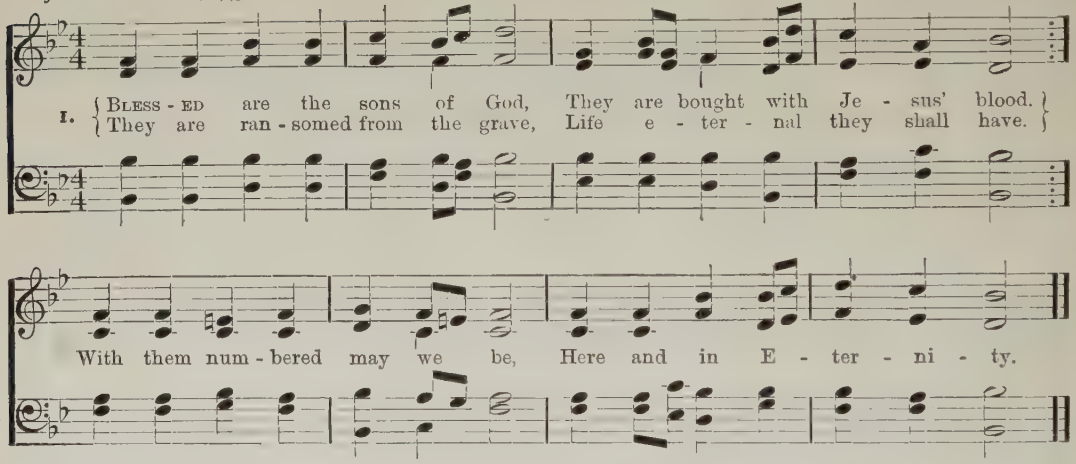
3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow,
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,
After life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

399 Blessèd are the sons of God.

7·7·7·7·7·7.
JOSEPH HUMPHREYS, 1743.

"Who was I that I could withstand God?"

Rosefield.
CÆSAR MALAN, 1830.


1. BLESS - ED are the sons of God, They are bought with Je - sus' blood.
They are ran - somed from the grave, Life e - ter - nal they shall have.
With them num - bered may we be, Here and in E - ter - ni - ty.

2 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy the Saviour's peace.
All their sins are washed away,
They shall stand in God's great day.
With them numbered may we be,
Here and in Eternity.

3 They are lights upon the Earth,—
Children of a heavenly birth.
One with God, with Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun.
With them numbered may we be,
Here and in Eternity.

400 Glorious things of thee are spoken.

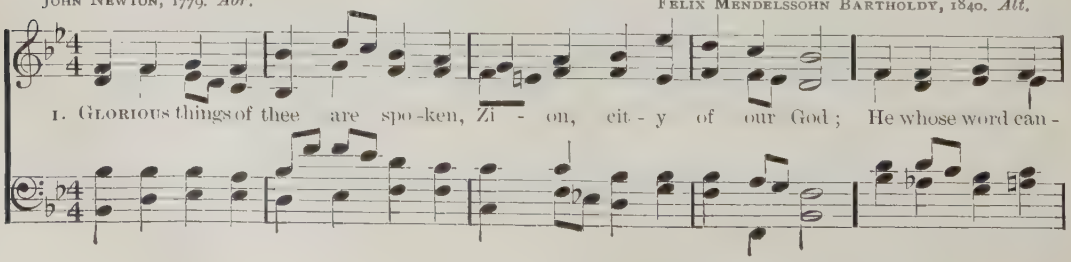
"I the Lord do keep it. I will water it every moment. Lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day."

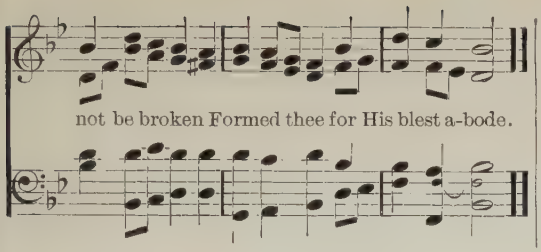
8s & 7s, D.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779. *Abr.*

Trust.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY, 1840. *Alt.*



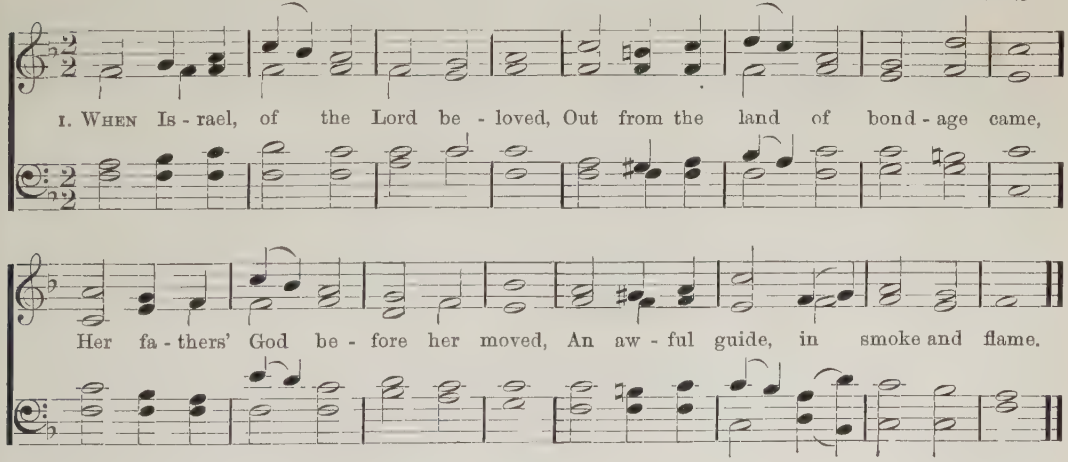


2 On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.

401 When Israel, of the Lord beloved.

L. M. *"With good courage we say—The Lord is my helper!"* Humility.

Walter, Scott, 1820. *Abr.* Samuel Parkman Tuckerman, 1843.

1. When Is - rael, of the Lord be - loved, Out from the land of bond - age came,
Her fa - thers' God be - fore her moved, An aw - ful guide, in smoke and flame.

2 By day, along th' astonished lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

3 There rose the choral hymn of praise
And trump and timbrel answered keen
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priests' and warriors' voice between.

4 Lord, present still, tho now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosp'rous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.

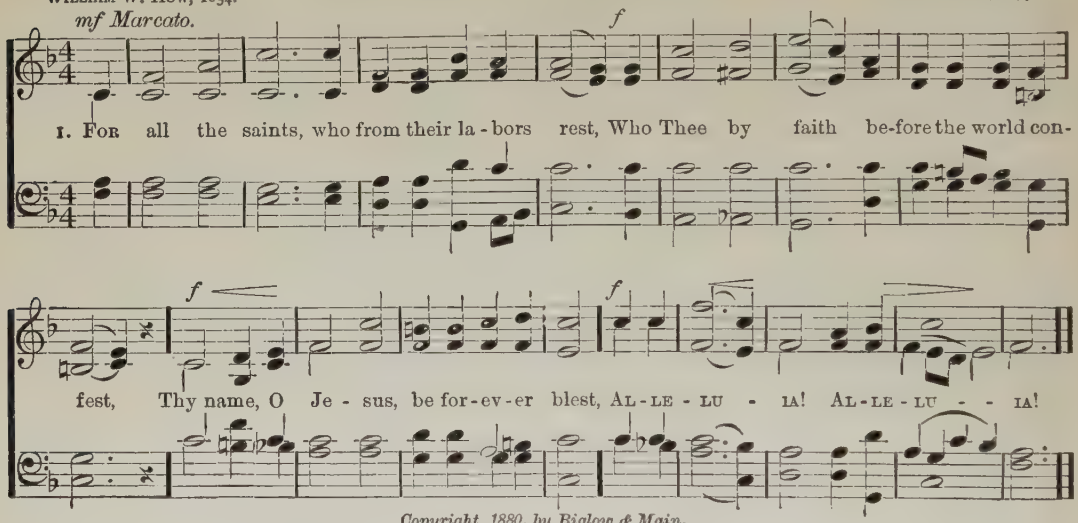
5 And Oh, when gathers on our path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be Thou long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

402 For all the saints, who from their labors rest.

"We are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses." "Considering the issue of their life imitate their faith."

10.10.10.8.
WILLIAM W. HOW, 1854.

Aurora.
MAX PIUTTI, 1879.


mf Marcato.
f
1. For all the saints, who from their la - bors rest, Who Thee by faith be-fore the world con-
f
f
fest, Thy name, O Je - sus, be for-ev-er blest, Al-le-lu - ia! Al-le-lu - - ia!

Copyright, 1880, by Biglow & Main.

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear their one true Light.

3 For that Apostles' glorious company,
Who, bearing forth the Cross o'er land and sea,
Shook all the mighty world, we sing to Thee.

4 Oh may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old
And win, with them, the victors' crown of gold!

5 Oh, blest Communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle,—they in glory shine!
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.

6 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again and arms are strong.

7 For lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on His way!

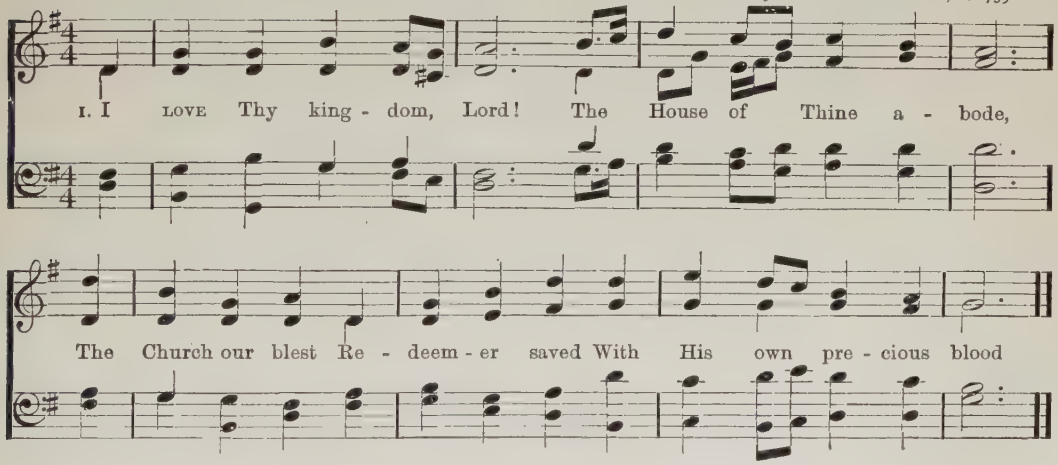
8 From Earth's wide bounds, from ocean's furthest coast,
Thro gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

403 I love Thy kingdom, Lord!

S. M. "*The Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth.*" St. Thomas.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, 1800.

In AARON WILLIAMS' COLL., 1762.
Arr. fr. GEORGE F. HANDEL, *d.* 1759.



2 I love Thy Church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye
And graven on Thy hand.

3 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare or her woe,
Let every joy this heart forsake
And every grief o'erflow.

4 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend,
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

5 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

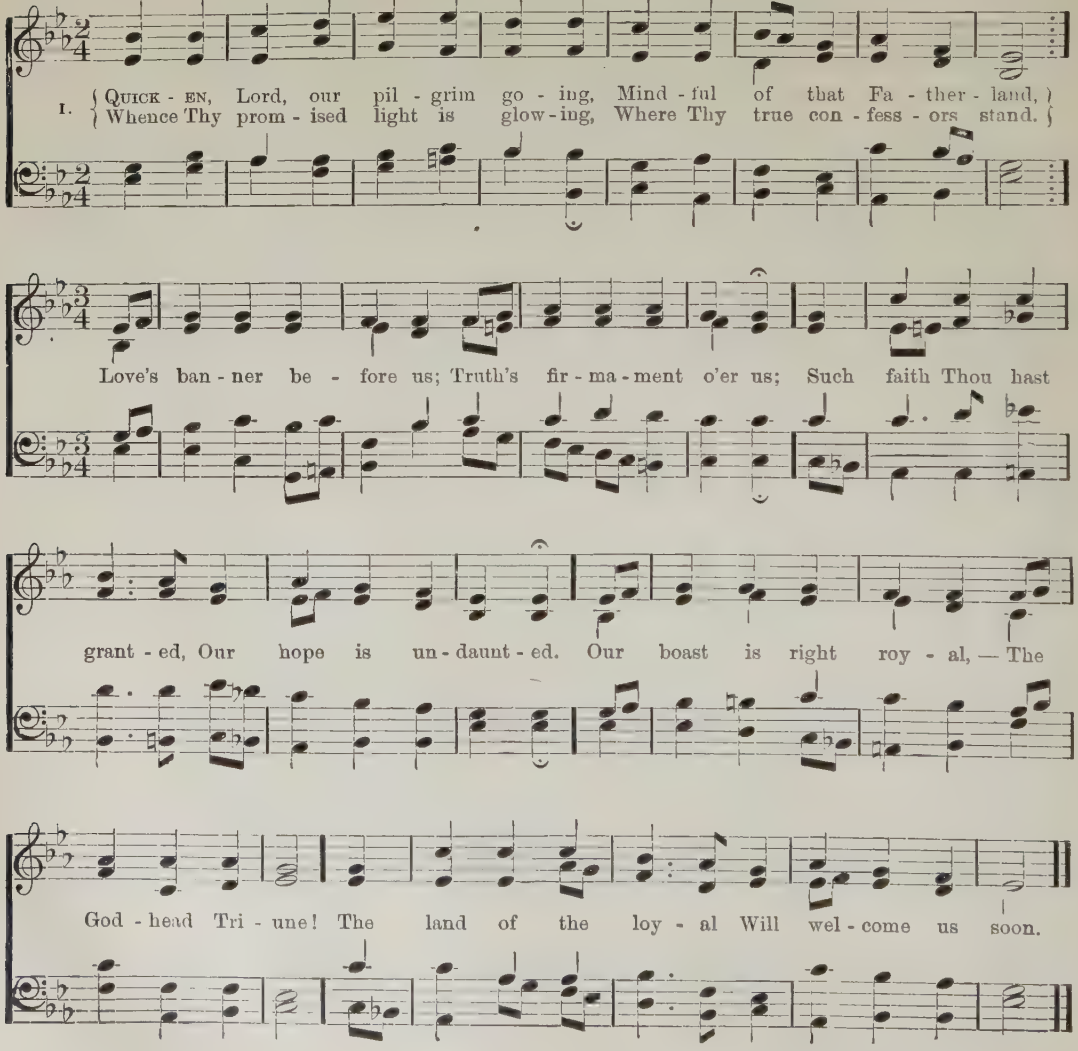
6 Jesus, Thou Friend Divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

7 Sure as Thy truth shall last
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories Earth can yield
And brighter bliss of Heaven.

404 Quicken, Lord, our pilgrim going.

8s.7s.6s.5s. P. *"The shout of a King is among them."* "Ein is noth."

M. W. S., 1884. Darmstadt Gesangbuch, 1698.


1. Quick - en, Lord, our pil - grim go - ing, Mind - ful of that Fa - ther - land,
Whence Thy prom - ised light is glow - ing, Where Thy true con - fess - ors stand.
Love's ban - ner be - fore us; Truth's fir - ma - ment o'er us; Such faith Thou hast
grant - ed, Our hope is un - daunt - ed. Our boast is right roy - al, — The
God - head Tri - une! The land of the loy - al Will wel - come us soon.

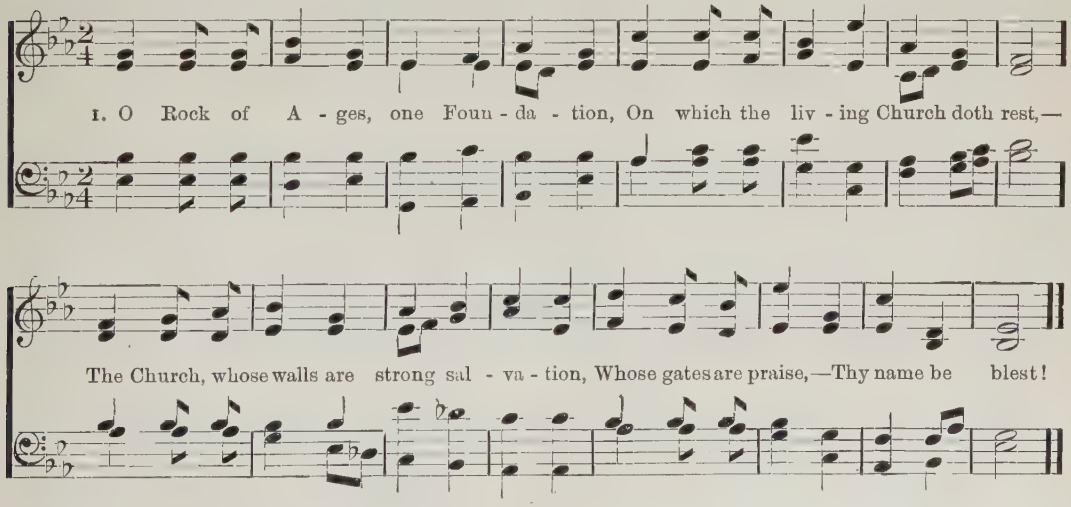
2 Take, O Christ, our full confession!
Thou that City hast prepared
For the Church's sure possession,
Who Thy wayfare now have shared.
Thy lone path we're wending:
But shadows are rending.
We drink of Thy chalice,—
We'll stand in Thy palace,
To Thee yield our laurels,
One jubilee blend
In Heaven-wide chorals,
That world without end.

3 On we press with steady marches,
Sober vigils, joyful cheers;
Nearer gleam those jewelled arches,
Just before are Heaven's frontiers.
Hell's armies may mock us,—
Their hate shall not baulk us;
We fear not their leaguer:
But *on!* true and eager.
Exalted each valley,
Each mountain made low,
In confident rally
Right homeward we go!

405 O Rock of Ages, one Foundation.

9.8.9.8. "*That Rock was Christ.*" Sacrament.

HENRY ARTHUR MARTIN, 1871. *Abr.* EDWARD J. HOPKINS, 1880.


1. O Rock of A - ges, one Foun - da - tion, On which the liv - ing Church doth rest,—
The Church, whose walls are strong sal - va - tion, Whose gates are praise,—Thy name be blest!

2 Son of the living God! O call us
Once and again to follow Thee
And give us strength, whate'er befall us,
Thy true disciples still to be.

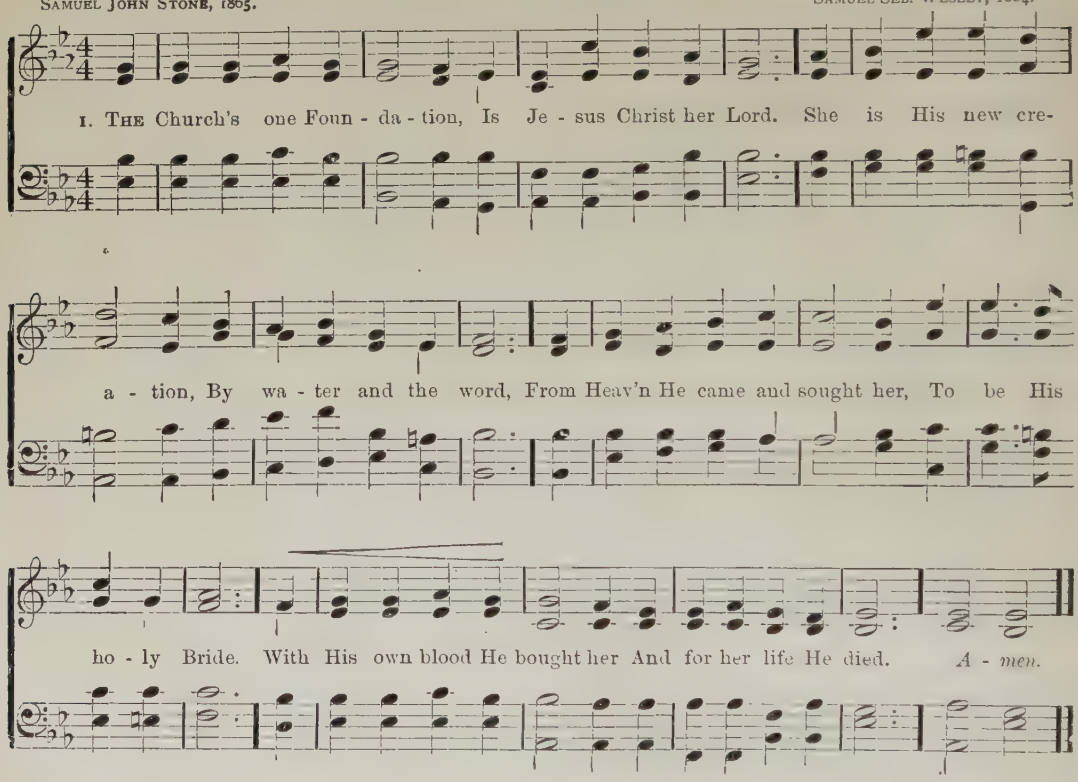
3 And if our coward hearts deny Thee,
In inmost thought, in deed, or word,
Let not our hardness still defy Thee;
But with a look subdue us, Lord.

406 The Church's one Foundation.

7s & 6s, D.
Samuel John Stone, 1865.

"Here is the patience of the saints."

Aurelia.
Samuel Sebastian Wesley, 1864.


1. The Church's one Foun - da - tion, Is Je - sus Christ her Lord. She is His new cre-
a - tion, By wa - ter and the word, From Heav'n He came and sought her, To be His
ho - ly Bride. With His own blood He bought her And for her life He died. A - men.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the Earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth,
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 The Church shall never perish!
The dear Lord to defend,
To guide, sustain and cherish,
Is with her to the end.
Tho there be those who hate her
And false sons in her pale,
Against or foe or traitor
She ever shall prevail.

4 Tho with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent far asunder,
By heresies distrest:
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song!

5 Mid toil and tribulation
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore,
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest;

6 With all her sons and daughters,
Who, by the Master's hand,
Led thro the deathly waters,
Repose in Eden land,
Yet she on Earth hath union
With God the Three in One
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won.

7 Oh, happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee!
There, past the border-mountains,
Where in sweet vales the Bride
With Thee by living fountains
Forever shall abide. *Amen.*

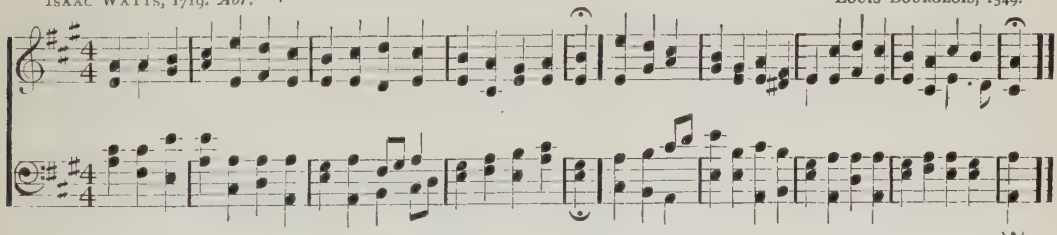
407 Jesus shall reign where'er the Sun.

"That He might deliver us out from this present evil age."

L. M. "Old Ten Commandments."

Isaac Watts, 1719. *Abr.*

The Genevan Psalter.
Louis Bourgeois, 1549.



1 Jesus shall reign where'er the Sun
Doth his successive journeys run,
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more!

2 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

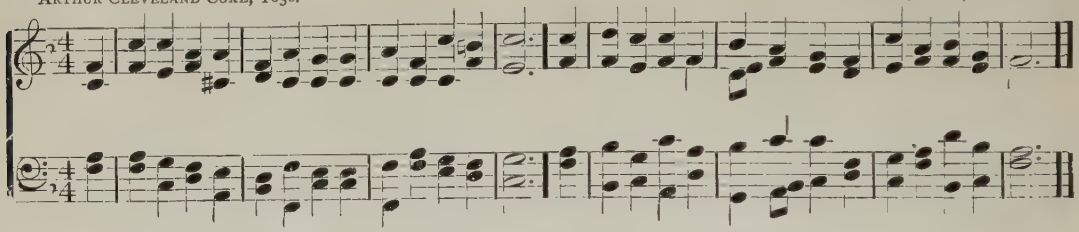
3 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest
And all the sons of want are blest.

4 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King.
Angels descend with songs again
And Earth repeat the loud Amen!

408 Oh! where are kings and empires now.

C. M. *"Until He come whose right it is."* **Mear.**

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, 1836. Author Unknown, *cir.* 1726. *Alt.*



1 OH! where are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord! Thy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

2 We mark her goodly battlements
And her foundations strong,
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

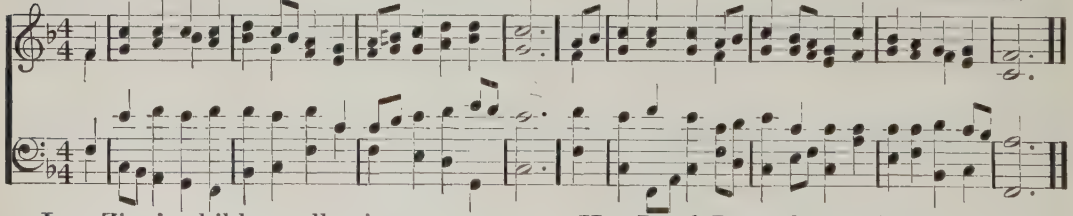
3 For, not like kingdoms of the world,
Thy holy Church, O God!
Tho earthquake shocks are threat'ning her
And tempests are abroad.

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the Earth,
A house not made by hands.

409 Let Zion's children all arise.

C. M. *"An only day, known to Jehovah."* **Jubilee.**

Based upon ISAAC WATTS, 1719. NICHOLAUS HERMANN, 1559.



1 LET Zion's children all arise,
In this recovering hour;
Her one Messiah hears her cries
And comes to exalt His power.

2 Her dust and ruin in His sight
Are dear. He makes her whole.
Her beauty will His love delight,
Rebuilded, heart and soul.

3 Her Lord Jerusalem will raise.
On Olivet His feet
Shall stand again. That day of days
His cycle shall complete.

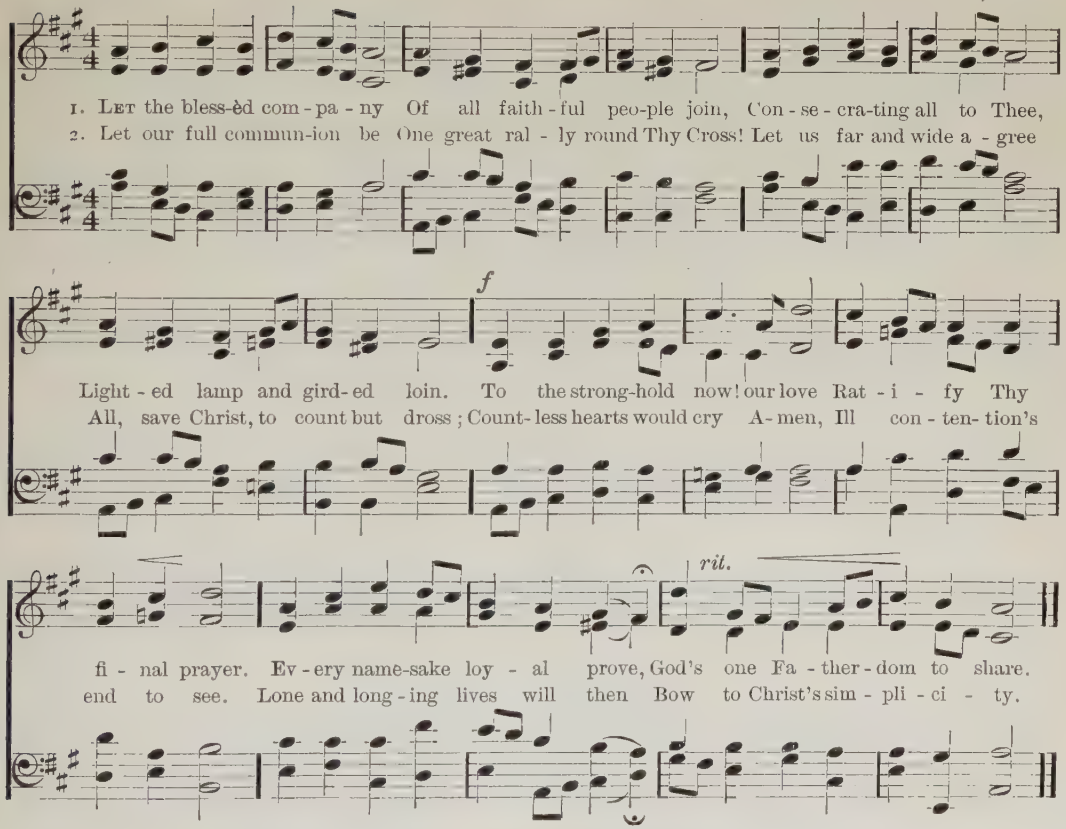
4 The tribes of men, in Thee reborn,
As ancient prophets tell, [morn,
Shall hail Thy new and wondrous
Great SON OF ISRAEL.

410 Let the blessèd company.

7s, D.
M. W. S., 1918.

"Buying up the opportunity."

Owasco.
M. W. S., 1882.


1. Let the bless-èd com-pa-ny Of all faith-ful peo-ple join, Con-se-cra-ting all to Thee,
2. Let our full commun-ion be One great ral-ly round Thy Cross! Let us far and wide a-gree
f
Light-ed lamp and gird-ed loin. To the strong-hold now! our love Rat-i-fy Thy
All, save Christ, to count but dross; Count-less hearts would cry A-men, Ill con-ten-tion's
rit.
fi-nal prayer. Ev-ery name-sake loy-al prove, God's one Fa-ther-dom to share.
end to see. Lone and long-ing lives will then Bow to Christ's sim-pli-ci-ty.

3 Bishop of our souls, enfold,
Reunite, Thy straying flock,
Lead us all for Christ enrolled
To the shadow of that Rock!
Not by variant phrase or form
Are we Thy disciples held;
Front to sin's infernal storm,
One crusade of brothers weld.

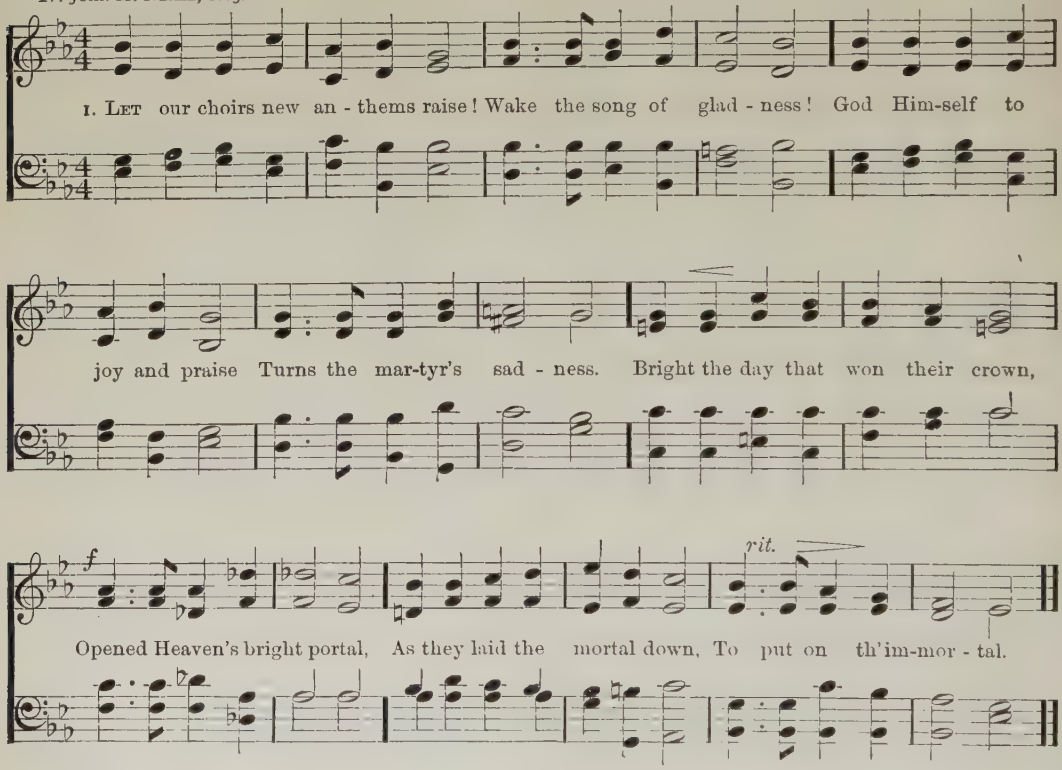
4 Once were all with one accord
In one place, that Whitsunday,
When their reaffirming Lord
Gave them each His word to say;
Such a day, with holy flame,
Bend and band us to Thy will,
By the power of Thy one name
Mightier Pentecosts fulfil.

411 Let our choirs new anthems raise!

7s & 6s, P. "*That they might obtain a better resurrection.*" Laurel.

Gk. Joseph of the Studium, 860.
Tr. John M. Neale, 1863.

Joseph Barnby, 1868.


1. Let our choirs new an - thems raise! Wake the song of glad - ness! God Him-self to
joy and praise Turns the mar-tyr's sad - ness. Bright the day that won their crown,
f
rit.
Opened Heaven's bright portal, As they laid the mortal down, To put on th'im-mor - tal.

2 Never flinched they from the flame
From the torture, never,
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
Satan's best endeavor;
For by faith they saw the land
Decked in all its glory,
Where triumphant now they stand
With the victor's story.

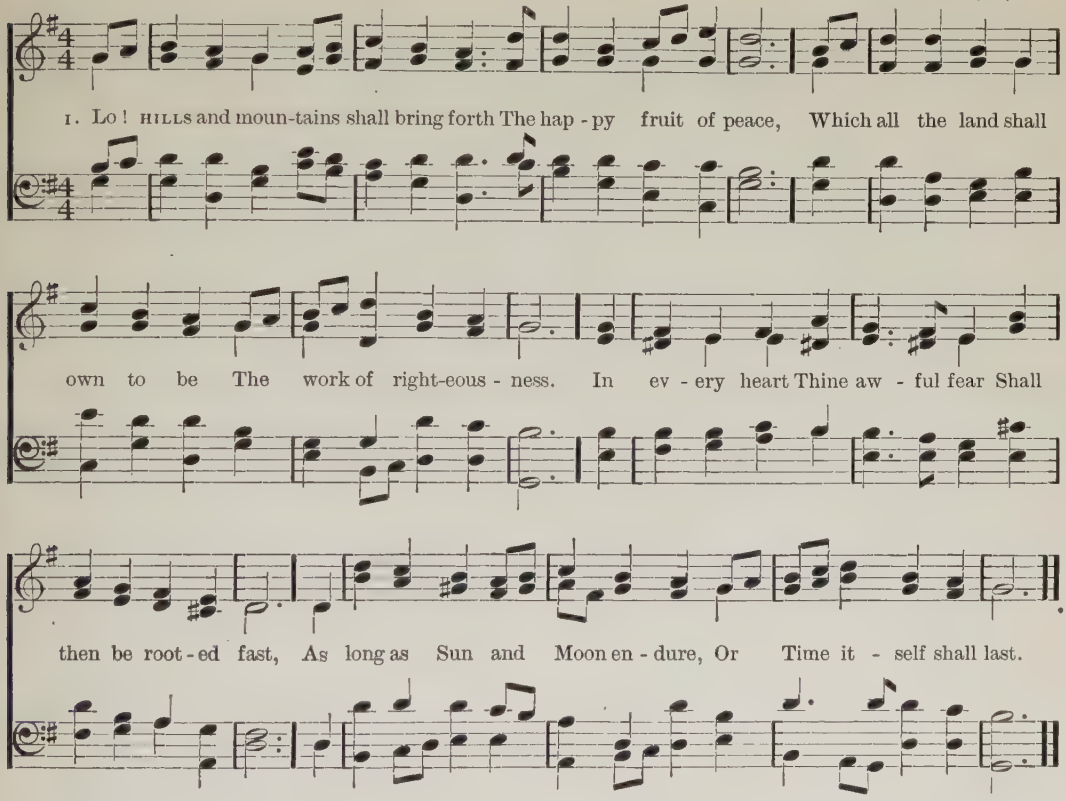
3 Up and follow, Christian men,
Press thro toil and sorrow!
Spurn the night of fear, and then,
Oh, the glorious morrow!
Who will venture on the strife?
Who will first begin it?
Who will seize the Land of Life?
Warriors, up and win it!

412 Lo! hills and mountains.

C. M. D. *"Let the whole Earth be filled with His glory; Amen, and Amen."* **Noel.**

Paraphrase of Psalm lxxii.
Tate and Brady, 1696. *Abr.*

English Traditional Air.
Arr. Arthur S. Sullivan, 1874.


1. Lo! hills and moun-tains shall bring forth The hap-py fruit of peace, Which all the land shall
own to be The work of right-eous-ness. In ev-ery heart Thine aw-ful fear Shall
then be root-ed fast, As long as Sun and Moon en-dure, Or Time it-self shall last.

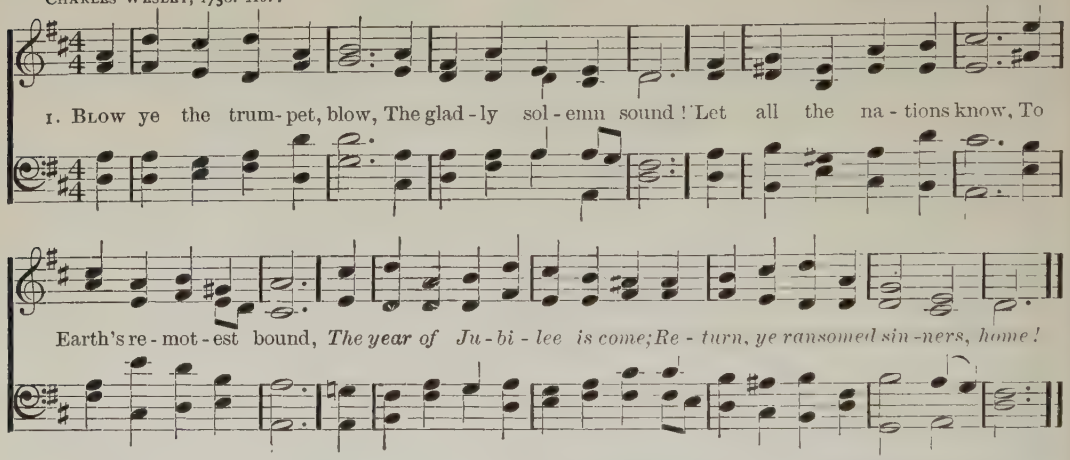
2 To Him shall every king on Earth
His humble homage pay
And differing nations gladly join
To own His righteous sway;
For He shall set the needy free,
When they for succor cry,
Shall save the helpless and the poor
And all their wants supply.

3 Then blest be God, the mighty Lord,
The God Whom Israel fears,
Who only wondrous in His works,
Beyond compare, appears.
Let Earth be with His glory filled!
For ever bless His name!
While to His praise the listening worlds
Their glad assent proclaim.

413 Blow ye the trumpet, blow.

6.6.6.6.8.8. "*O that Ishmael might live before Thee.*" **Fearnaught.**

CHARLES WESLEY, 1750. *Abr.* WILLIAM CROFT, 1700.


1. Blow ye the trum-pet, blow, The glad-ly sol-emn sound! Let all the na-tions know, To
Earth's re-mot-est bound, *The year of Ju-bi-lee is come; Re-turn, ye ransomed sin-ners, home!*

2 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad;
The year of Jubilee —

3 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace,
And, saved from Earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face;
The year of Jubilee —

414

1 My soul Thy candle, Lord,
Uninterruptedly,
Yet unconsumed and toward,
Filial it flames for Thee.
Light all my being, so to prove
Thine inextinguishable love.

2 Impassioned life is Thine
And all-abounding wealth;
Thus are these pains benign
That stay my hope of health
On Thee alone. Let love's demand
Extend Thy scarred and sceptred hand!

3 Thou holy Parable
Of Immortality,
Love is that miracle
Which most revealeth Thee!
Time is that ever-burning bush
Before whose blaze our spirits hush.

4 Outconquering our fear,
Already is begun,
The dawn-rose shining clear;
Here,—there,—*Life* is but one!
Where reason's wing no further soars,
There faith prevails and love adores.

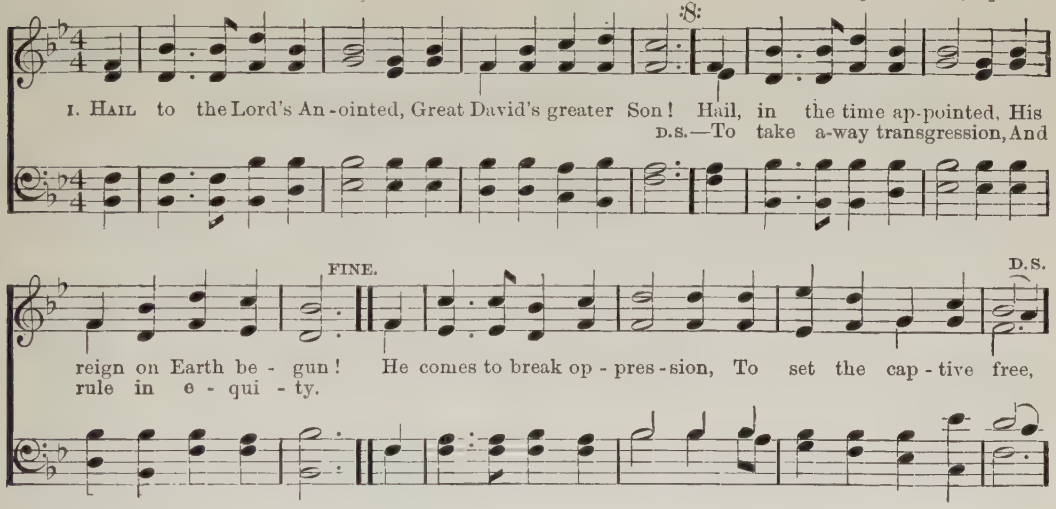
5 Oh, pity poor mankind,
Abate this vast distress,
The snares of sin unwind,
Establish righteousness.
Let royal lilies strew Thy way,
O King of Beauty! Speed Thy sway!

M. W. S., 1918.

415 Hail to the Lord's Anointed.

7s & 6s, D. "*The isles shall wait for His law.*" **Webb.**

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822. *Abr.* GEORGE JAMES WEBB, 183c.


:8:
1. HAIL to the Lord's An-ointed, Great David's greater Son! Hail, in the time ap-pointed, His
D.S.—To take a-way transgression, And
FINE.
D.S.
reign on Earth be - gun! He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free,
rule in e - qui - ty.

2 He comes, with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy
And bid the weak be strong,
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down, like showers
Upon the fruitful Earth
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
That name to us is—Love.

416

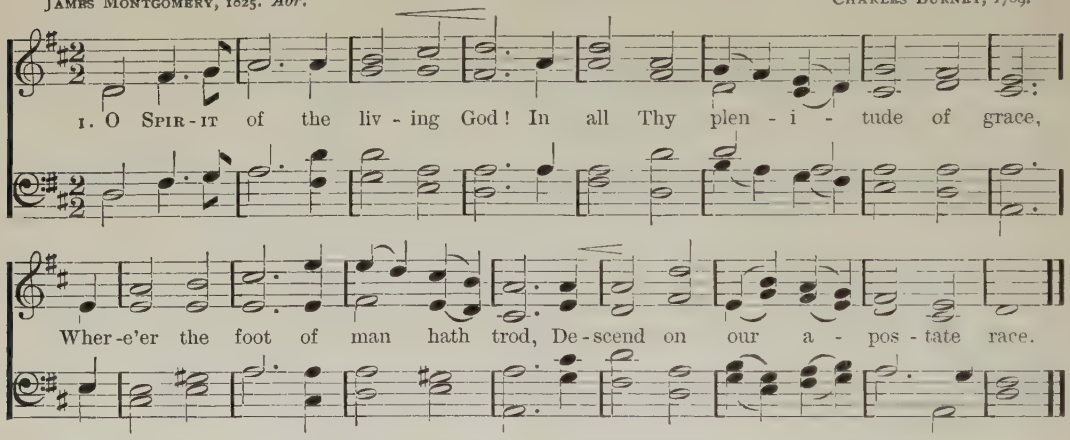
1 LORD of the living harvest,
That whitens o'er the plain,
Where angels soon shall gather
Their sheaves of golden grain,
Accept these hands to labor,
These hearts to trust and love,
And deign with them to hasten
Thy kingdom from above.

2 As laborers in Thy vineyard,
Forth send us, Christ, to be
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee,
Content to ask no wages,
When Thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared the travail
Which makes Thy kingdom come.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL, 1862. *Abr*

417 O Spirit of the living God!

L. M. *"When they had prayed the place was shaken."* **Truro.**

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825. *Abr.* CHARLES BURNEY, 1769.

2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling Word.
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light!
Confusion — order, in Thy path.
Souls without strength inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
All the round Earth her God to meet!
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

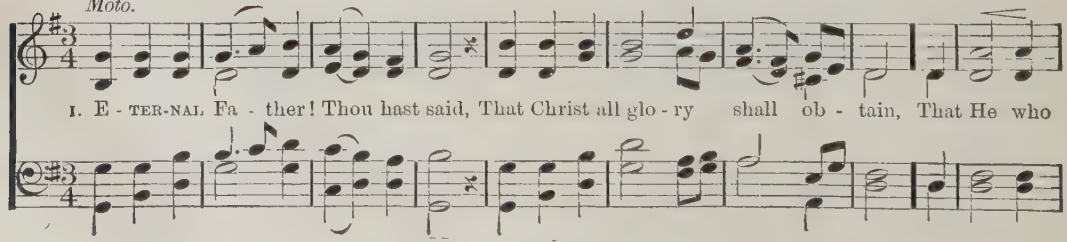
5 Baptize the nations, far and nigh
The triumphs of the Cross record,
The Name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

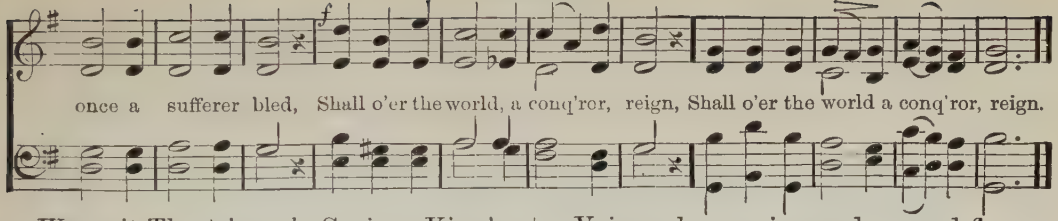
418 Eternal Father! Thou hast said.

L. M. *"Now therefore be wise, O ye kings! Be instructed ye judges of the Earth."* **Park Street.**

RAY PALMER, 1860. FREDERICO MARC A. VENUA, 1810.

Moto.





2 We wait Thy triumph, Saviour King!
Long ages have prepared Thy way;
Now all abroad Thy banner fling,
Set Time's great battle in array.

3 On mountain-tops the watch-fires glow,
Where scattered wide the watchmen stand.
Voice echoes voice, and onward flow
The joyous shouts, from land to land.

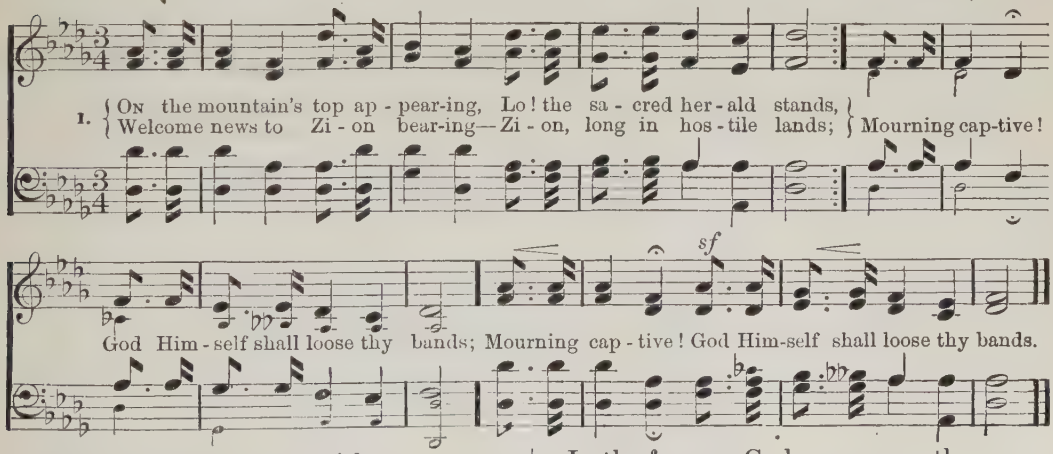
4 Oh, fill Thy Church with faith and power!
Bid her long night of weeping cease.
To groaning nations haste the hour
Of life and freedom, light and peace.

419 On the mountain's top appearing.

8s, 7s & 4. *"In all the world bearing fruit and increasing."* **Zion.**

THOMAS KELLY, 1806. *Abr.*

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830.
Har. HUBERT P. MAIN, 1886.


1. On the mountain's top ap - pear-ing, Lo! the sa - cred her - ald stands,
Welcome news to Zi - on bear-ing—Zi - on, long in hos - tile lands; Mourning cap-tive!
sf
God Him - self shall loose thy bands; Mourning cap - tive! God Him-self shall loose thy bands.

2 Every human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove,
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heaven and Earth at last remove:
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

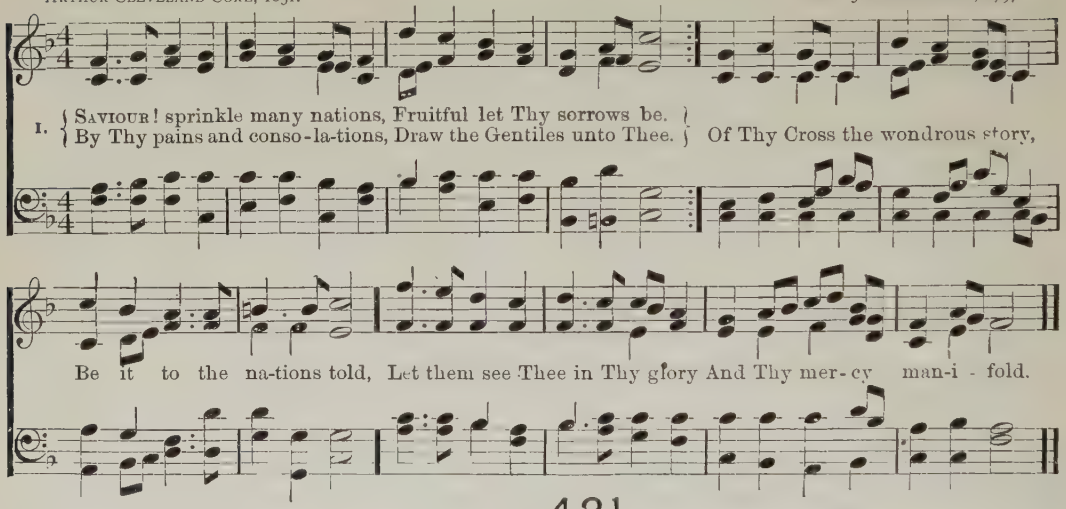
3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright:
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in His sight.
God is with thee,
God, thine everlasting light.

420 Saviour! sprinkle many nations.

"And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in the whole world for a testimony unto all the nations; and then shall the end come."

8s & 7s, D. — The Austrian Hymn.

Arthur Cleveland Coxe, 1851. — Franz Joseph Haydn, 1797.


1. Saviour! sprinkle many nations, Fruitful let Thy sorrows be.
By Thy pains and conso-la-tions, Draw the Gentiles unto Thee.
Of Thy Cross the wondrous story,
Be it to the na-tions told, Let them see Thee in Thy glory And Thy mer-cy man-i - fold.

2 Far and wide, tho all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast.
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest.
Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek, as God of Heaven,
Thee, as Man, for sinners slain.

3 Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand and strained the sight,
For Thy Spirit, new creating,
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light.
Give the word and of the preacher
Speed the foot and touch the tongue,
Till on Earth, by every creature,
Glory to the Lamb be sung!

421

1 From thy broad Atlantic harbors,
Where the thronging thousands wait,
To the West, whose sunset glories
Flood Pacific's "Golden Gate",
O'er our blooming plains and prairies,
O'er these mountain summits grand,
Every breeze the message carries,—
"This shall be Immanuel's land!"

2 In thy heritage rejoicing,
Guard, O Land, thy sacred trust.
Faithful to thy glorious mission,
Win the blessings of the just;
Thro thy spreading towns and hamlets,
Shed the light of truth divine.
Over forest glade and bayou,
Let its kindling radiance shine.

3 God of Nations! our Defender
In the paths of peril trod,
Thro the centuries our Leader,
Guide us still, our father's God!
Lead the nation, Holy Spirit,
Down the ages, strong and free!
Lead, till Shiloh lift His banner
And to Him the gathering be!

ANON.

422

WE are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling,—
To be living is sublime!
Worlds are charging, Heaven beholding;
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned Cross unfolding,
On—right onward, for the right!

ARTHUR C. COXE, 1840. *Abr.*

423 God of the nations! bow Thine ear.

"Having hope that as your faith groweth we shall be magnified in you, so as to preach the gospel even unto the parts beyond you."

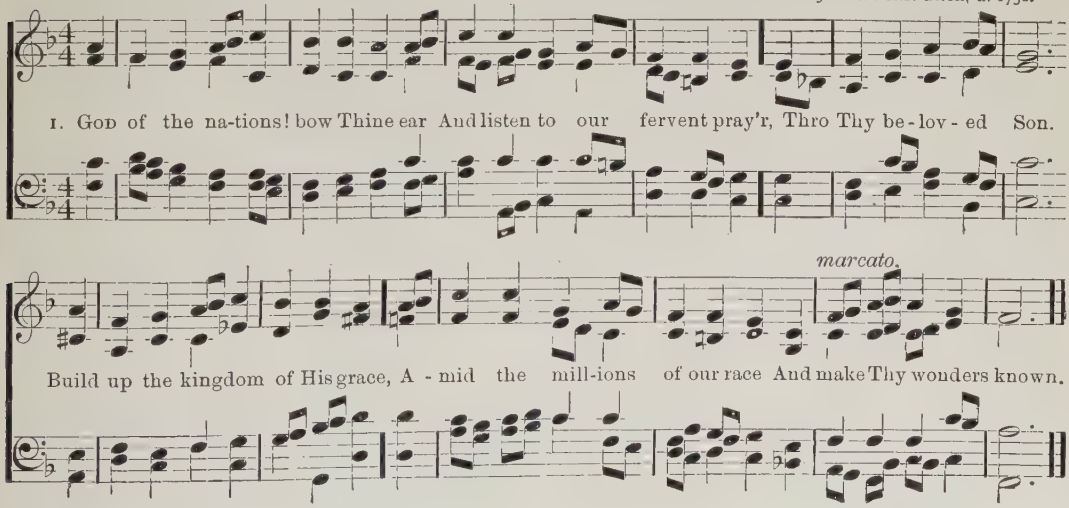
8.8.6.8.8.6.

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1834. *Abr.*

(ALL VOICES IN UNISON.)

Aithlone.

HEINRICH ISAAC, 1490.
Har. JOHANN SEB. BACH, *d.* 1750.

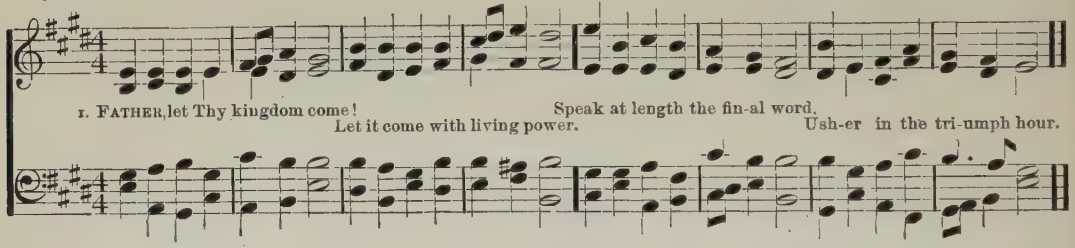

1. God of the na-tions! bow Thine ear And listen to our fervent pray'r, Thro Thy be-lov-ed Son.
marcato.
Build up the kingdom of His grace, A-mid the mill-ions of our race And make Thy wonders known.

2 Oh! let the nations rise, and bring
Their offerings to th' almighty King
And trust in Him alone,
Renounce their idols, and adore
The God of gods for evermore,
Upon His holy throne.

424 Father, let Thy kingdom come!

7·7·7·7. *"The day I bid you shout, then shall ye shout."* **Posen.**

John Page Hopps, 1877. Georg Christoph Strattner, 1691.



2 As it came in days of old,
In the deepest hearts of men,
When Thy martyrs died for Thee,
Let it come, O God, again.

3 Tyrant thrones and idol shrines,
Let them from their place be hurled.
Enter on Thy better reign,
Wear the crown of this poor world.

4 Oh, what long, sad years have gone,
Since Thy Church was taught this prayer!
Oh, what eyes have watched and wept
For the dawning everywhere!

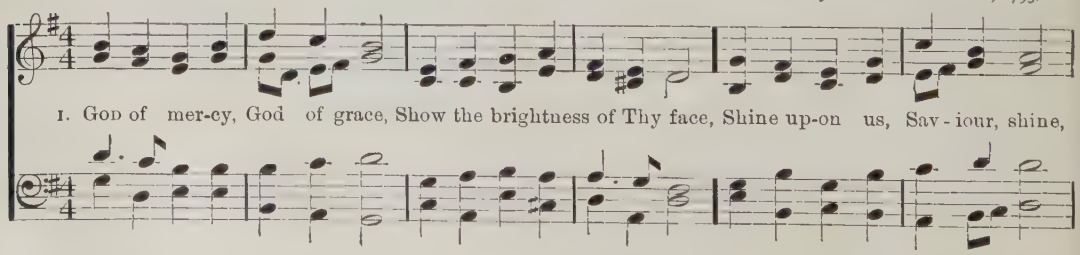
5 Break, triumphant day of God!
Break at last, our hearts to cheer;
Eager souls and earnest songs
Wait to hail Thy dawning here.

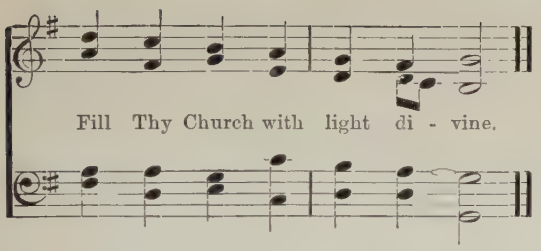
6 Empires, temples, sceptres, thrones,—
May they all for God be won!
And on Earth made one with Heaven,
Father, may Thy will be done.

425 God of mercy, God of grace.

7·7·7·7. *"Let all the peoples praise Thee."* **Vienna.**

Henry F. Lyte, 1834. *Abr. Arr.* J. Heinrich Knecht, 1795.





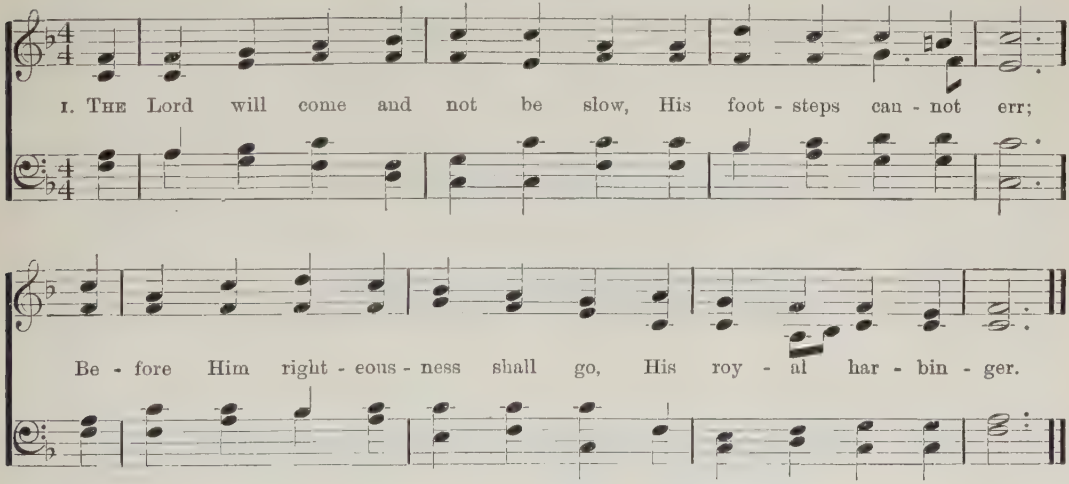
2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord,
Let Thy love on all be poured
And Thy saving health extend
Unto Earth's remotest end.

3 Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King,
At Thy feet their tribute pay
And Thy holy will obey.

426 The Lord will come and not be slow.

C. M. "*He walketh on the vault of Heaven*" Dunfermline.

John Milton, 1648. *Abr.* Scotch Psalter, 1615.



2 Truth from the Earth, a beauteous flower,
Shall bud and blossom then
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.

3 Rise, Lord, judge Thou the Earth in might,
This longing Earth redress;
For Thou art He who shall by right
The nations all possess.

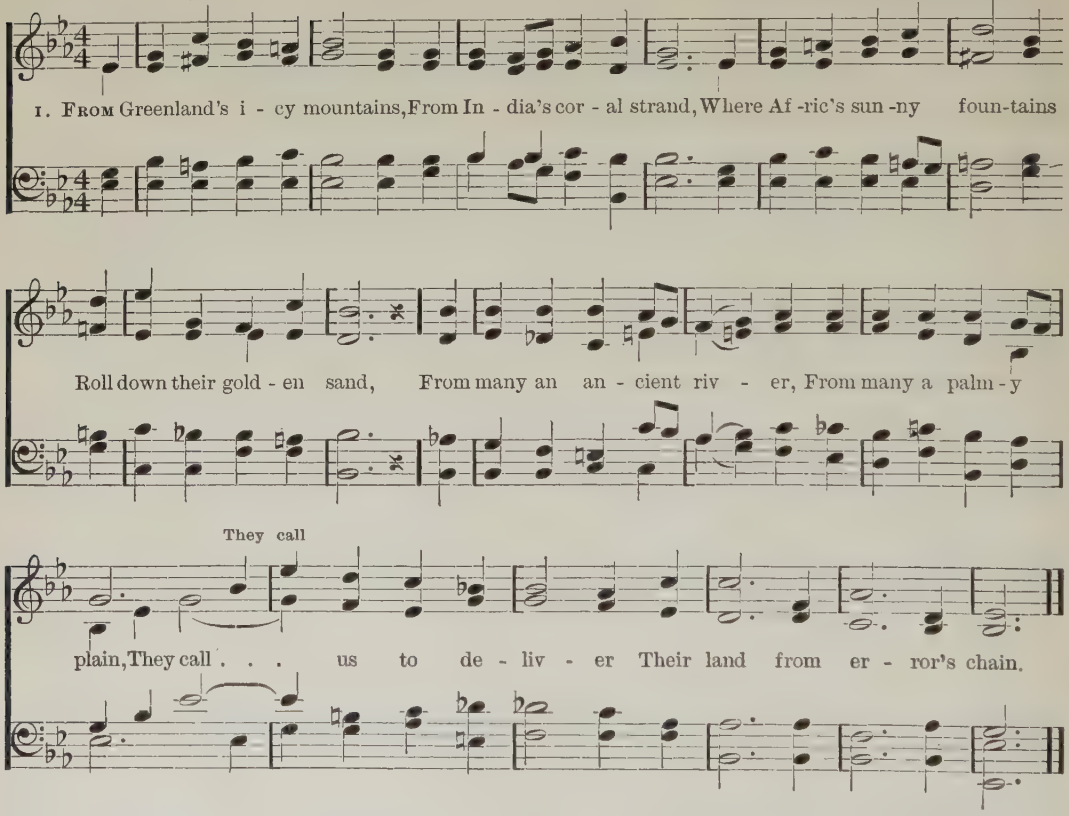
4 The nations all whom Thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before Thee, Lord,
And glorify Thy name.

5 For great Thou art, and wonders great
By Thy strong hand are done;
Thou, in Thine everlasting seat,
Remainest God alone.

427 From Greenland's icy mountains.

7s & 6s. D. *"Giving them the Holy Ghost, even as He did unto us."* **Evangel.**

REGINALD HEBER, 1819. JOHN B. DYKES, 1874.
New. BENJAMIN C. BLODGETT, 1918.


1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's cor - al strand, Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains
Roll down their gold - en sand, From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y
They call
plain, They call . . . us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.

2 What tho the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Tho every prospect pleases
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! Oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Hath learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
Ye mighty waters, roll,
Till in one sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

428

Romans, 10: 23–32.

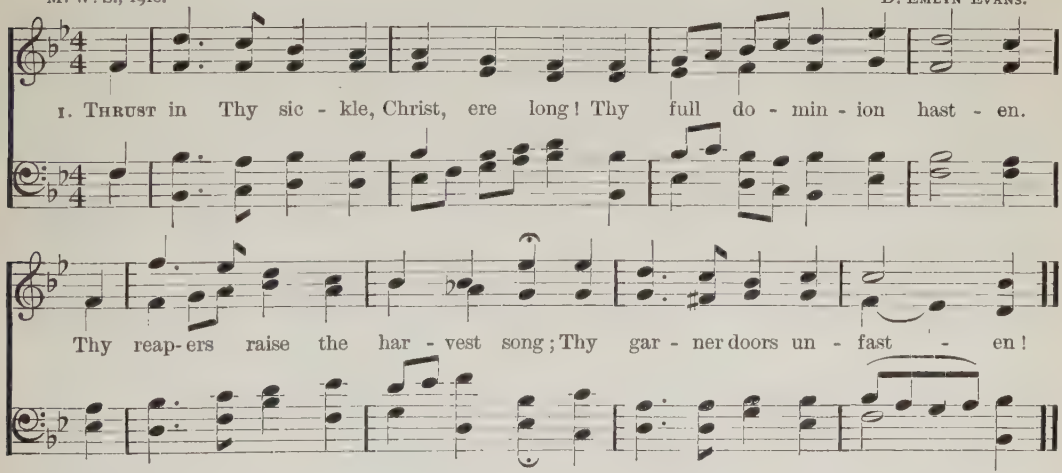
Let fall Thy rod of terror,
Thy saving grace impart;
Withdraw the veil of error,
Release the fettered heart.
Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning
And bind Thy Church to Thee.

Henry F. Lyte, 1834. *Abr.*

429 Thrust in Thy sickle, Christ, ere long!

8.7.8.7. "*Then shall ye shout.*" **Glanceri.**

M. W. S., 1918. D. Emlyn Evans.


1. Thrust in Thy sic - kle, Christ, ere long! Thy full do - min - ion hast - en.
Thy reap-ers raise the har - vest song; Thy gar - ner doors un - fast - en!

2 We look on many a ripening field
Where blessèd tilth is bending;
Firstfruits let all the fallows yield,
The sterile ages ending.

3 Vast Earth is Thine inheritance,
Each husbandman Thine angel;
Be ours the mission to advance
Thy one world-wide evangel.

4 The crescent dawn Thy noon awaits
Thy deathless oath we cherish,
In faith unshaken, that the gates
Of violence shall perish.

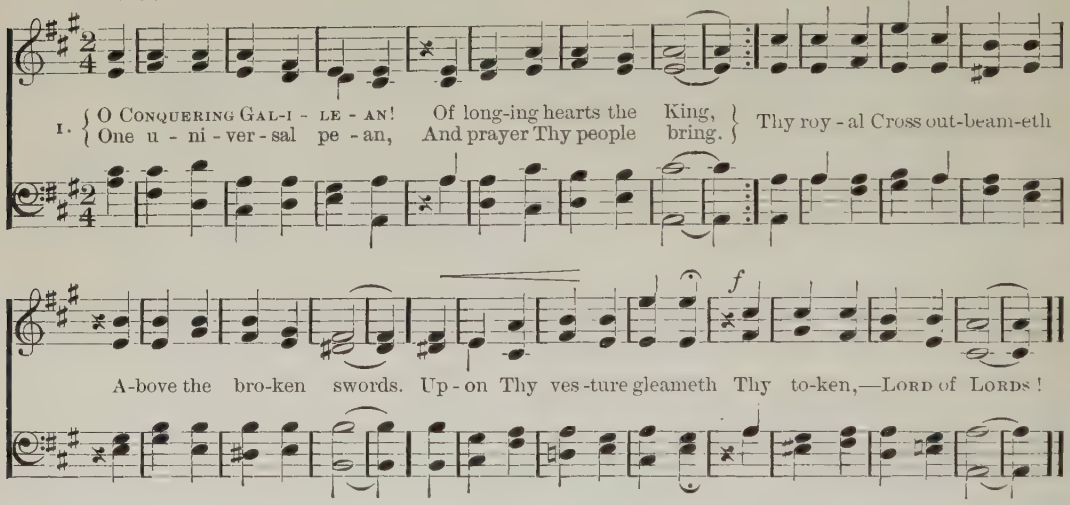
5 What giant shout shall cry the day,
When nation hails to nation
That all Thine enemies give way,
Thou Horn of our Salvation!

430 O Conquering Galilean!

7s & 6s, D.
M. W. S., 1917.

"He shall have dominion from sea to sea."

Upsala.
Swedish Koral, 1560.


1. { O Conquering Gal-i - le - an! / One u - ni - ver - sal pe - an, } Of long-ing hearts the King, / And prayer Thy people bring. } Thy roy - al Cross out-beam-eth
f
A-bove the bro-ken swords. Up - on Thy ves-ture gleameth Thy to-ken,—Lord of Lords!

2 Time's twilight long awaits Thee,
Incarnate Word of God!
All now that mocks or hates Thee
Shall break beneath Thy rod.
The angel hosts assembling
From all the outmost stars,
The walls of jasper trembling, —
Thou comest from Thy wars!

3 In triumph glad and solemn,
Battalions of the light,
Close up your serried column,
Acclaim His holy might!
Throw wide those jewelled portals,
Uplift each beauteous door;
The Kingdom of the Immortals
Is His forevermore.

431

1 He comes in blood-stained garments,
Upon His brow a crown.
The gates of brass fly open,
The iron bands drop down.
From off the fettered captive
The chains of Satan fall,
While angels shout triumphant,
That Christ is Lord of all.

2 Oh, Christ! His love is mighty,
Long-suffering is His grace
And glorious is the lustre
That shineth from His face.
Our hearts up-leap in gladness
When we behold that love,
As we go singing onward
To dwell with Him above.

Charitie Lees Bancroft, 1860. *Abr.*

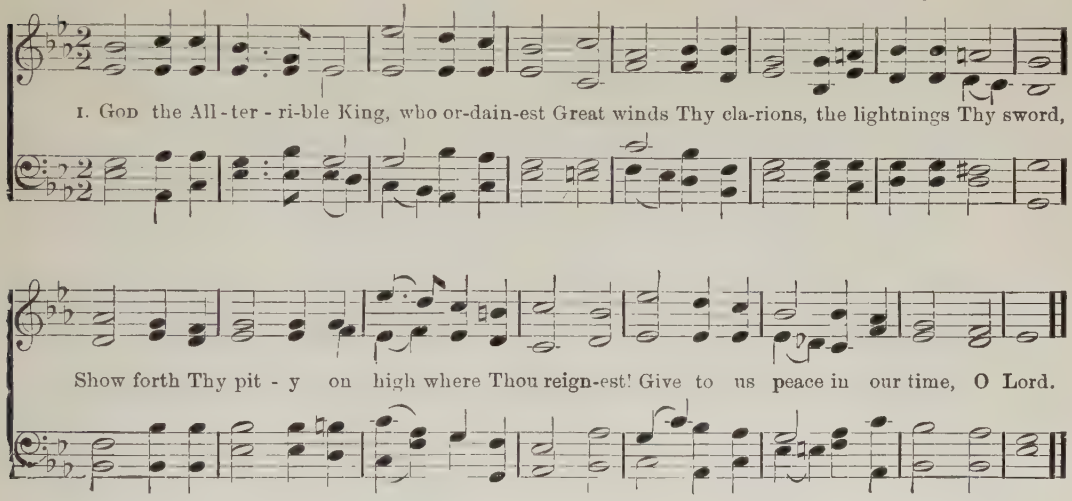
National.

432 God the All-terrible King, who ordainest.

"When Thy judgments are in the Earth, the inhabitants of the world learn righteousness."

11.10.11.9.
HENRY F. CHORLEY, 1854. *Abr.*

Russian Hymn.
ALEXIS LVOFF, 1833. *Har.* by H. P. MAIN.


1. God the All-ter-ri-ble King, who or-dain-est Great winds Thy cla-rions, the lightnings Thy sword,
Show forth Thy pit-y on high where Thou reign-est! Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

2 God the Omnipotent, mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard,
Doom us not now in the hour of our danger:
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

3 God the All merciful! Earth hath forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy word;
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken!
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

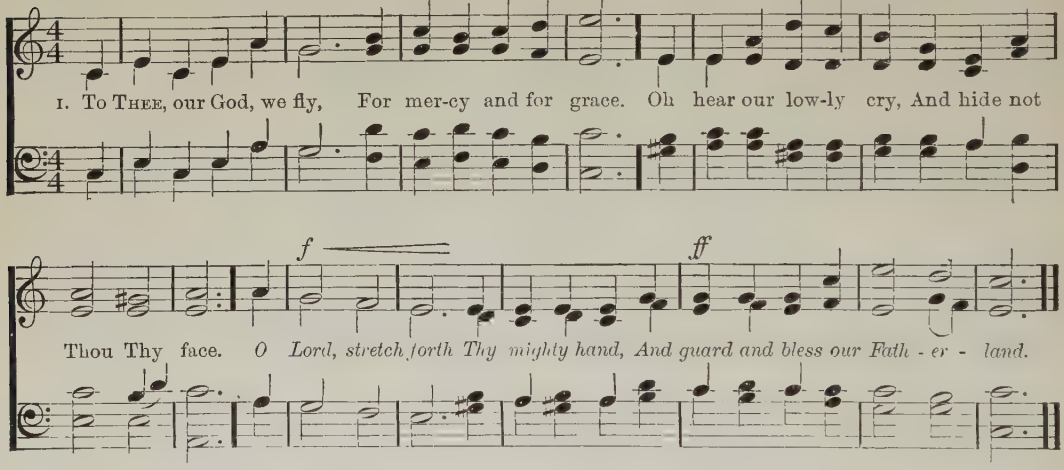
4 God the All-righteous One! man hath defied Thee;
Yet to eternity standeth Thy word;
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!

5 God the All-wise! by the fire of Thy chastening,
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored.
Thro the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hastening;
Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord!

433 To Thee, our God, we fly.

6.6.6.6.8.8. *"That thou mayest fear this glorious and fearful name, THE LORD THY GOD."* **Dudley.**

WILLIAM W. HOW, 1871. *Abr.* EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, 1867.


1. To THEE, our God, we fly, For mer-cy and for grace. Oh hear our low-ly cry, And hide not
f
ff
Thou Thy face. O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand, And guard and bless our Fath - er - land.

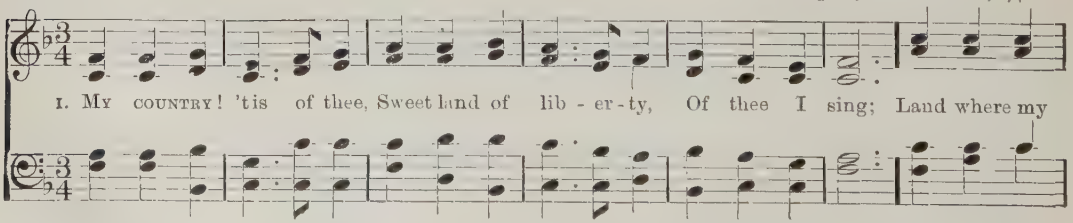
2 Arise, O Lord of Hosts!
Be jealous for Thy Name
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy

3 The powers ordained by Thee
With heavenly wisdom bless,
May they Thy servants be
And rule in righteousness.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy

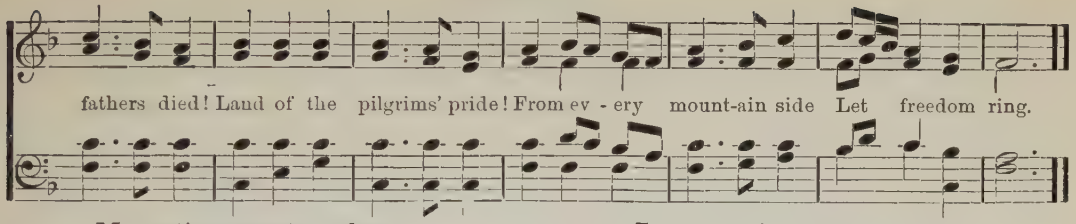
434 My Country! 'tis of thee.

6s & 4s. *"A nation and a company of nations shall be of thee."* **America.**

SAMUEL F. SMITH, 1832. *Adapta of* HENRY CAREY, 1740.



National.



2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love.
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song.
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing!
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

435 Now thank we all our God.

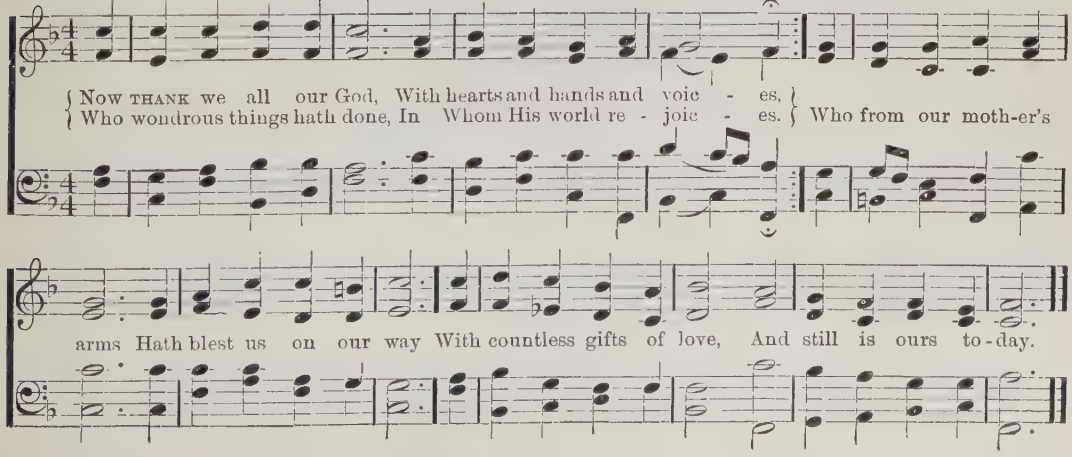
"He hath not dealt with us after our sins."

6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6.

Ger. Martin Rinkart, 1644.
Tr. Cath. Winkworth, 1858.

"Nun Danket alle Gott."

Johann Cruger, 1648.


Now thank we all our God, With hearts and hands and voic - es,
Who wondrous things hath done, In Whom His world re - joic - es. Who from our moth-er's
arms Hath blest us on our way With countless gifts of love, And still is ours to-day.

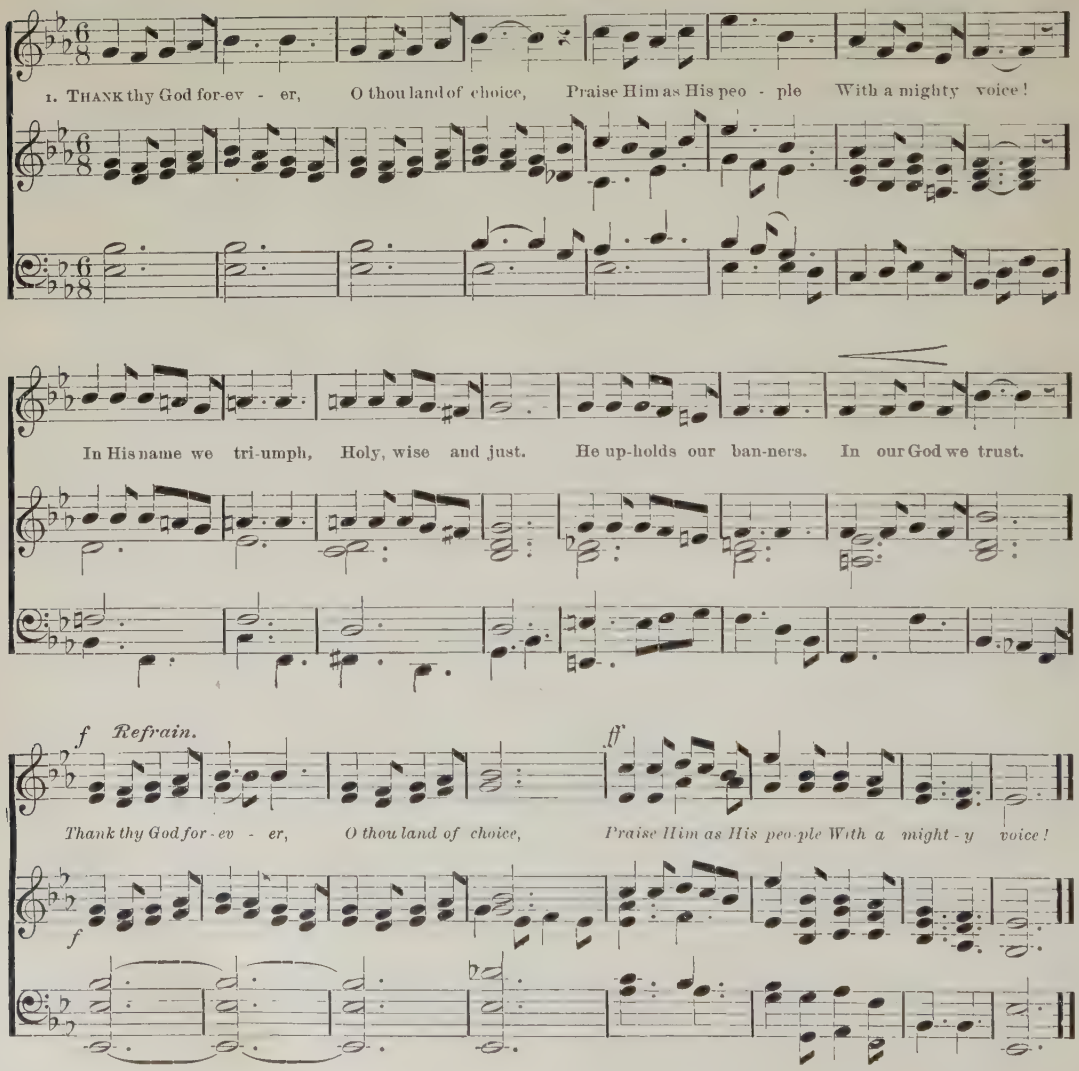
National.

436 Thank thy God forever.

6s & 5s.
M. W. S., 1892.

"Turn ye not aside after vain things that cannot profit."
(VOICES IN UNISON.)

Ezekiel.
ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1872.


1. THANK thy God for-ev - er, O thou land of choice, Praise Him as His peo - ple With a mighty voice!
In His name we tri-umph, Holy, wise and just. He up-holds our ban-ners. In our God we trust.
f Refrain.
ff
Thank thy God for - ev - er, O thou land of choice, Praise Him as His peo-ple With a might - y voice!
f

2 Son of Man, Thy covenant
Makes the nation free;
Only Thy dominion
Is our liberty.
Set Thy cross, O Saviour,
O'er our starry sky;
By that sign we conquer,
Lift it up on high!
Thank thy God.

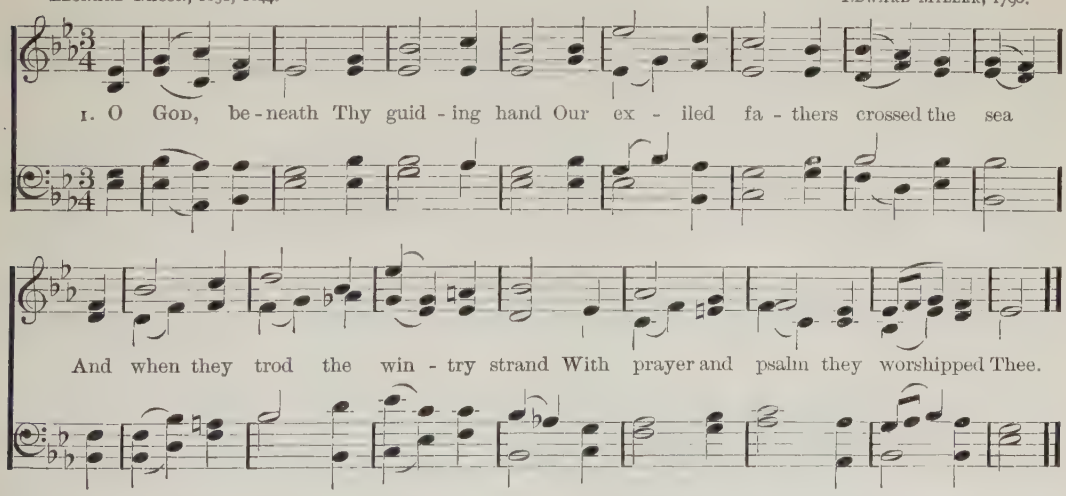
3 Move upon the waters,
O Thou Living Breath!
Once again Thy mandate
Change the waste of death.
End the time-long torment
Of Earth's wrong and pain,
Bind her broken kingdoms
'Neath Messiah's reign.
Thank thy God.

437 O God, beneath Thy guiding hand.

"The Lord our God be with us as He was with our fathers."

L. M. — LEONARD BACON, 1838, 1844.

Old Rockingham. — EDWARD MILLER, 1790.


1. O God, be-neath Thy guid-ing hand Our ex-iled fa-thers crossed the sea
And when they trod the win-try strand With prayer and psalm they worshipped Thee.

2 Thou heardest well the song, the prayer;
Thy blessing came and still its power
Shall onward, thro all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.

3 Laws, freedom, truth and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves
And where their pilgrim feet have trod
The God they trusted guards their graves.

4 So here Thy name, O God of love!
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove
And spring adorns the Earth no more.

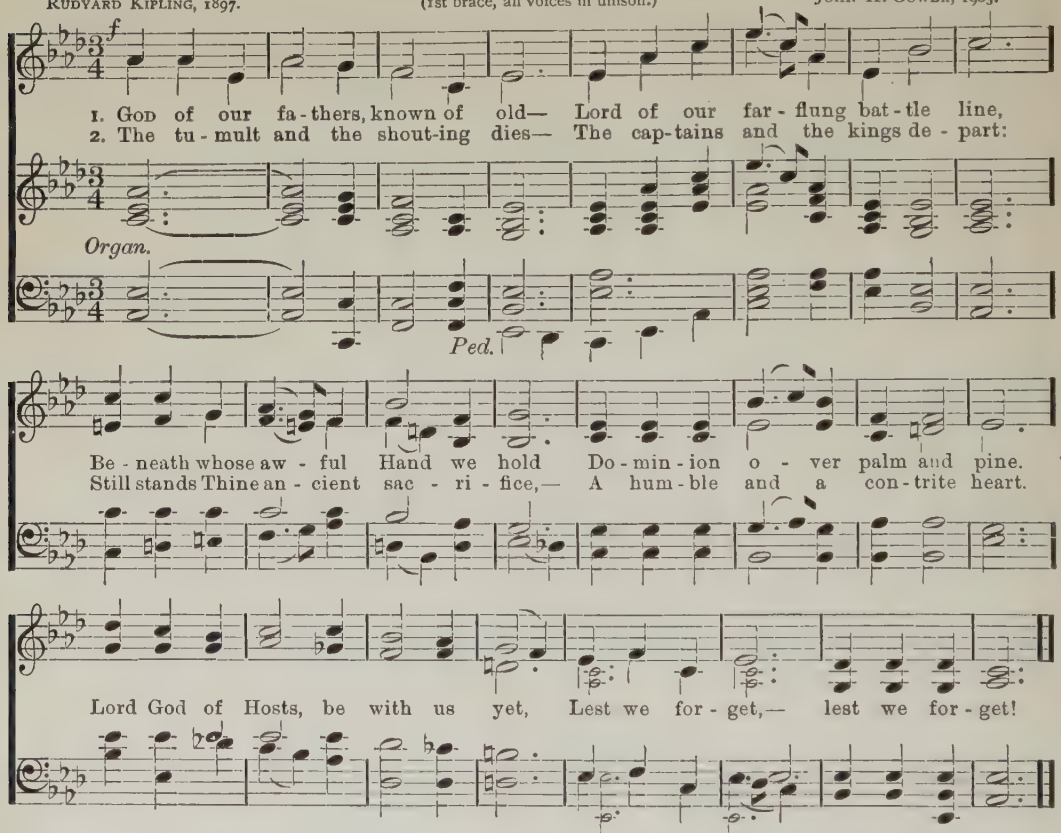
438 God of our fathers, known of old.

8.8.8.8.8.8. Rudyard Kipling, 1897.

"Be ye not high minded: but fear."

Recessional. John H. Gower, 1903.

(1st brace, all voices in unison.)


f
1. God of our fa-thers, known of old— Lord of our far-flung bat-tle line,
2. The tu-mult and the shout-ing dies— The cap-tains and the kings de-part:
Organ.
Ped.
Be-neath whose aw-ful Hand we hold Do-min-ion o-ver palm and pine.
Still stands Thine an-cient sac-ri-fice,— A hum-ble and a con-trite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get,— lest we for-get!

3 Far-called our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire,
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget,—lest we forget!

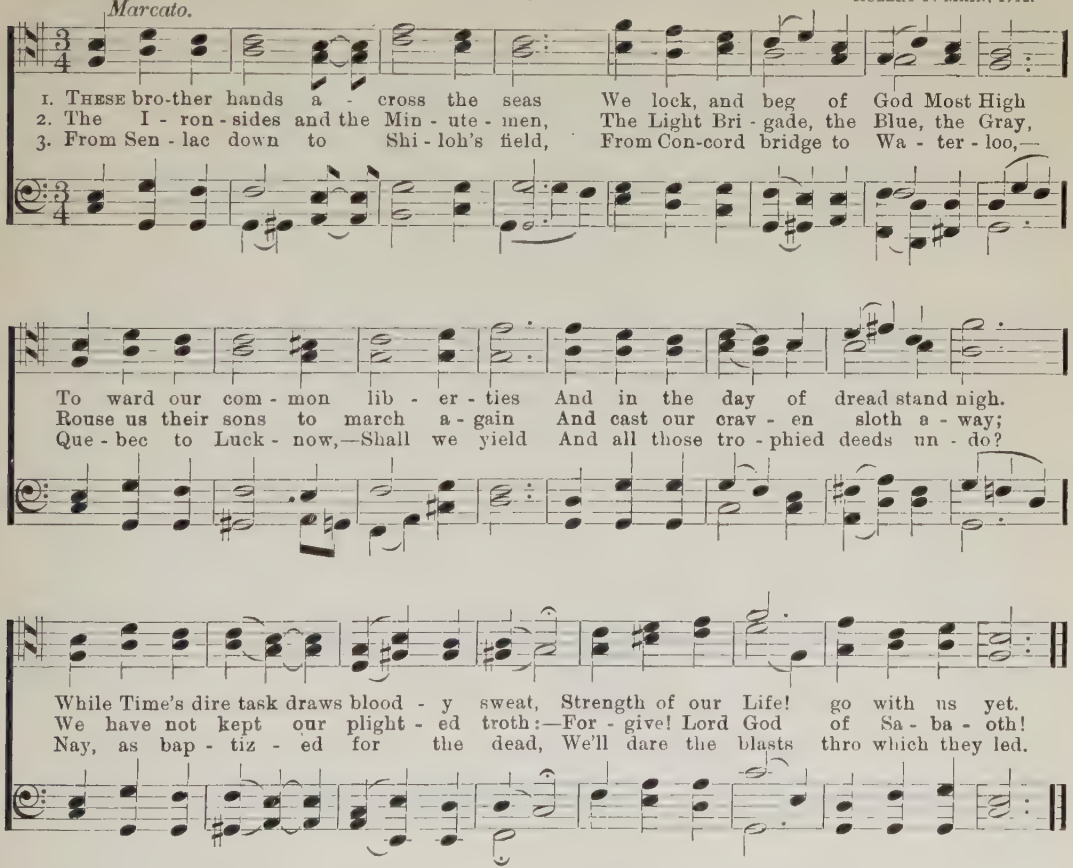
4 If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law,—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget,—lest we forget!

5 For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,—
All valiant dust that builds on dust
And guarding calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

439 These brother hands across the seas.

8.8.8.8.8.8. "Let us exalt His name together." Echo.

M. W. S., 1906. HUBERT P. MAIN, 1912.


Marcato.
1. THESE bro-ther hands a - cross the seas We lock, and beg of God Most High
2. The I - ron-sides and the Min - ute - men, The Light Bri - gade, the Blue, the Gray,
3. From Sen - lac down to Shi - loh's field, From Con-cord bridge to Wa - ter - loo,—
To ward our com - mon lib - er - ties And in the day of dread stand nigh.
Rouse us their sons to march a - gain And cast our crav - en sloth a - way;
Que - bec to Luck - now,—Shall we yield And all those tro - phied deeds un - do?
While Time's dire task draws blood - y sweat, Strength of our Life! go with us yet.
We have not kept our plight - ed troth:—For - give! Lord God of Sa - ba - oth!
Nay, as bap - tiz - ed for the dead, We'll dare the blasts thro which they led.

Copyright, 1913, by The Biglow & Main, Co.

4 O Pilot of the ancient years!
O Captain of the long campaign!
Engird our hope, smite dumb our fears,
The floods of furious wrong restrain;
That one vast English voice may swell
Above the storms,—*All's well! All's well!*

5 So thro the roaring gates of war,
Or thro the meadow-lands of peace,
One tongue, one Book, one hope, one lore,
Shall, will with will, one strength increase.
Full in the fore of Man's great fight,
Our flags entwined shall kiss the light.

440 Mine eyes have seen the glory.

"Shall your brother go to the war and ye sit here?"

15s & 6s. KEY OF C. **Battle Hymn**

(*Not too fast.*)

JULIA WARD HOWE, 1862. ANON. *cir.*, 1855.

1 MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored,
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

GLORY, GLORY, HALLELU JAH! —

2 I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps.
I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

3 I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel, —
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;"
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with His heel,
Since God is marching on.

4 He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat,
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him, be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

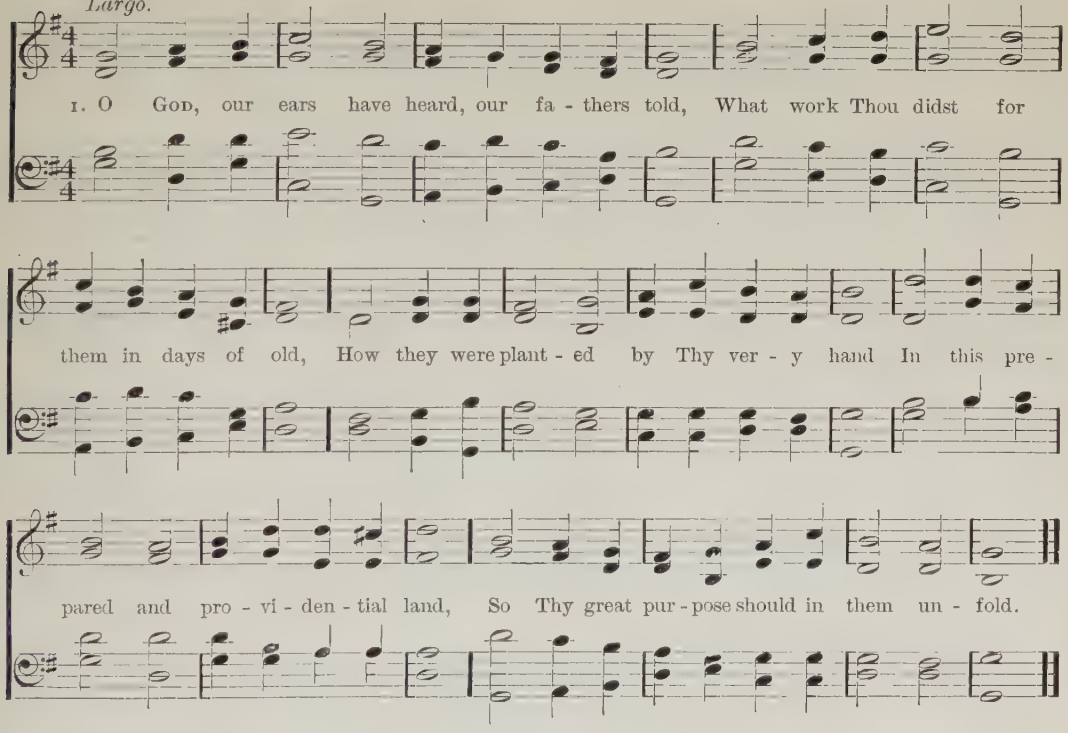
5 In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

GLORY, GLORY, HALLELU JAH! —

441 O God, our ears have heard, our fathers told.

10.10.10.10.10. *"The Lord hath brought you forth out of the iron furnace."* **Old 124th.**

The Genevan Psalter.
Louis Bourgeois, 1551.

Psalm xliv, M. W. S., 1914. *Abr.*

Largo.
1. O God, our ears have heard, our fa - thers told, What work Thou didst for
them in days of old, How they were plant - ed by Thy ver - y hand In this pre -
pared and pro - vi - den - tial land, So Thy great pur - pose should in them un - fold.

2 Their victory was not in their arm nor sword:
But in Thy presence and right hand, O Lord!
By Thine election, Thine, my God and King,
Back did our cause the assaulting foeman fling;
So will we trust Thee now Thy help to afford.

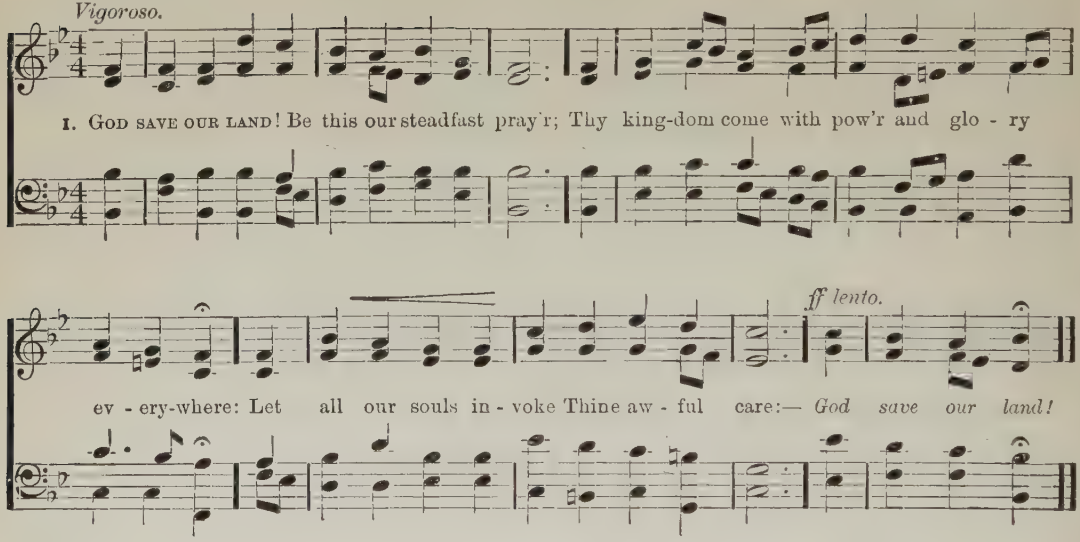
3 Whate'er befalleth us we seek Thee yet,
Nor quit that covenant in our hearts deep set,
Nor swerve from Thee Who gave our nation breath,
Lost in the shadows of a double death,
Nor lean on alien power and Thee forget.

National.

442 God save our land!

10.12.10.4.
M. W. S., 1881.
Vigoroso.

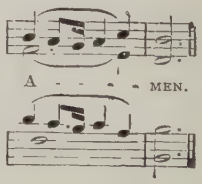
"Grace, grace unto it."

Virginia.
CONRAD KOCHER, 1844.

1. GOD SAVE OUR LAND! Be this our steadfast pray'r; Thy king-dom come with pow'r and glo - ry
ff lento.
ev - ery-where: Let all our souls in - voke Thine aw - ful care:— God save our land!

2 Keep Thou our flag! Avert unholy wars,
Let tears of godly sorrow cleanse each stain that mars,
Thro stripes lead upward to the bright'ning stars. *God save our land!*

3 "In God we trust!" O Lord, Thine arm make bare,
By Thy pure word smite pride, hate, lust and lies that dare,
Nor let Thy faithful rod our evil spare. *God save our land!*

4 Guide them that rule! Our blood-bought freedom keep.
Let union, love, and law, their happy harvest reap,
Till in thanksgiving deep shall answer deep. *God save our land!*

5 Full with Thy blessing, counselled 'neath Thine eye,
Who ridest for our help upon the bending sky;—
What nation is there which hath God so nigh? *God save our land!*

6 Let Jesus reign! and every heart consent.
Of Him, by Him, for Him, be all the government.
Sign with His Cross a ransomed continent. GOD SAVE OUR LAND!

National.

443 When wilt Thou save the people?

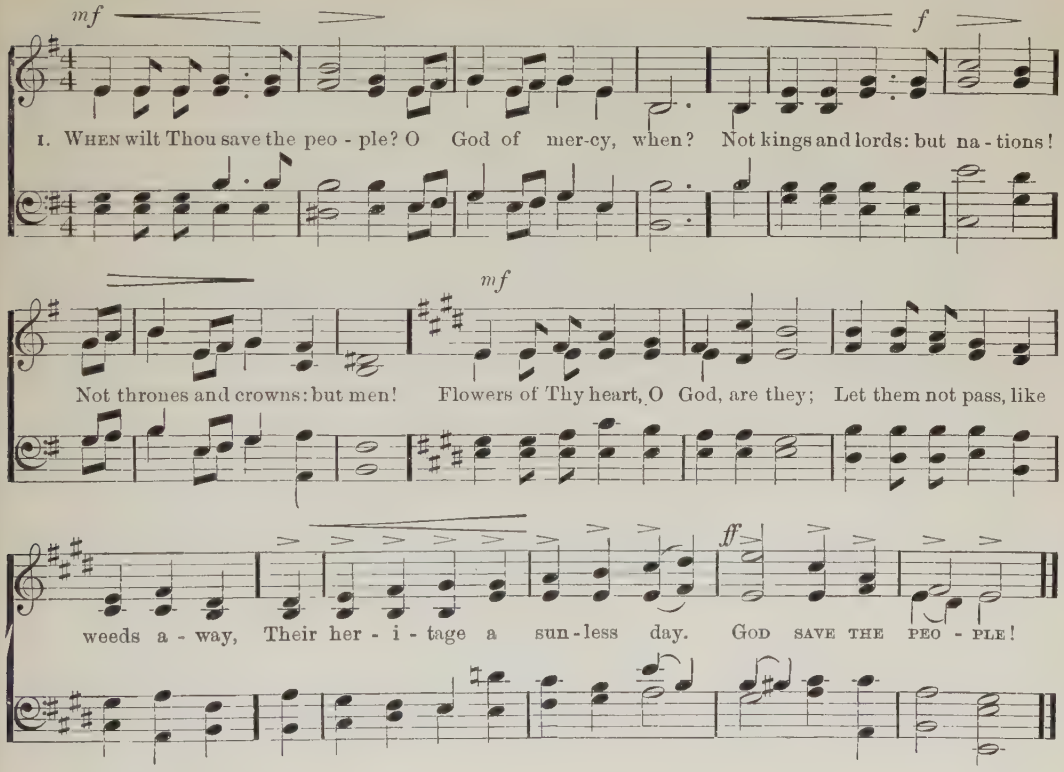
"He was moved with compassion for them; because they were distressed and scattered."

7s, 6s; 8s & 5. P.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT, 1831.

Commonwealth.

JOSIAH BOOTH, 1888.


mf
f
1. WHEN wilt Thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer-cy, when? Not kings and lords: but na - tions!
mf
Not thrones and crowns: but men! Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they; Let them not pass, like
ff
weeds a - way, Their her - i - tage a sun-less day. GOD SAVE THE PEO - PLE!

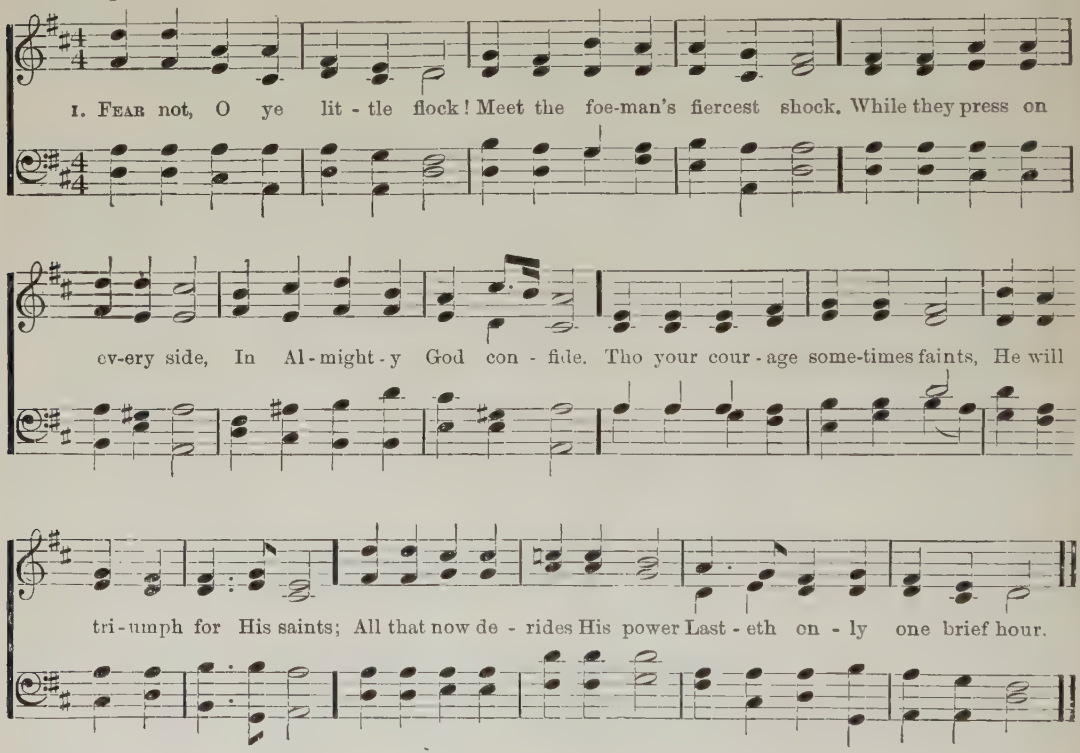
2 Shall crime bring crime for ever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it Thy will, O Father,
That man shall toil for wrong?
No! say Thy mountains, *No!* Thy skies;
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise
And songs ascend instead of sighs.
GOD SAVE THE PEOPLE!

3 When wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people,
Not thrones and crowns: but men!
God save the people; let them share
Childhood and love with angels fair;
From sin and bondage and despair,
GOD SAVE THE PEOPLE!

444 Fear not, O ye little flock.

7s, D. *"The Lord shall be for strength to them that turn the battle to the gate."* **Altenburg.**

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, 1631.
Based upon tr. of CATH. WINKWORTH, 1855. ANON.


1. Fear not, O ye lit - tle flock! Meet the foe-man's fiercest shock. While they press on
ev-ery side, In Al-might-y God con - fide. Tho your cour - age some-times faints, He will
tri-umph for His saints; All that now de - rides His power Last - eth on - ly one brief hour.

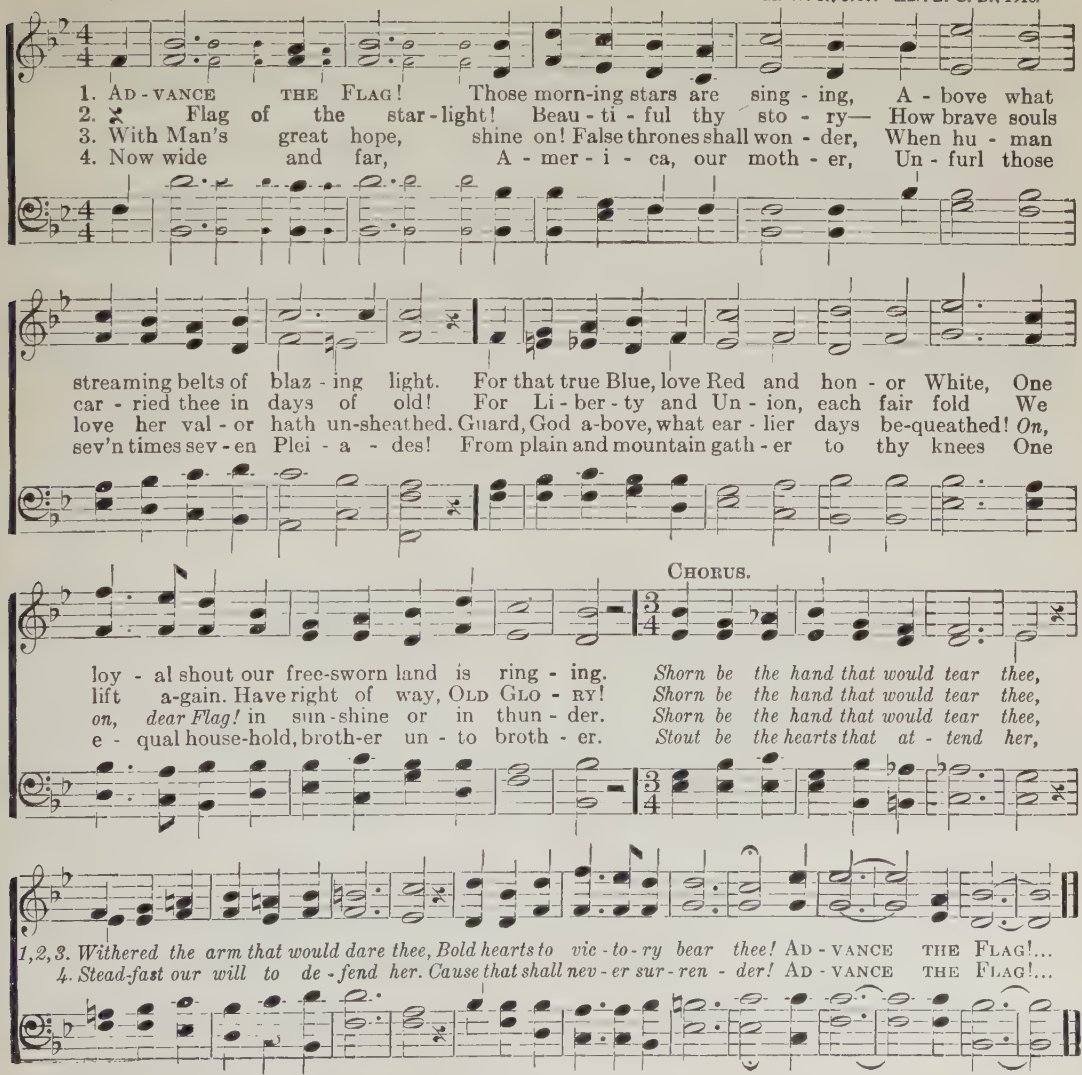
2 Take good cheer! The cause belongs
Unto God, to right your wrongs.
Dread ye not tho ills impend;
He will give a glorious end.
Hidden yet from mortal eyes,
His salvation shall arise.
Lo! He girdeth on His sword;
Trust the battle to your Lord.

3 Sure our hope as Christ is true,
Hate shall but itself undo,
Hell's array be overthrown;
GOD WITH US! we are His own.
Now, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer,
Make Thine arm of victory bare;
So shall saints and martyrs raise
One great anthem to Thy praise.

National.

445 Flag of the Starlight!

11.10.10.11. P.M. *"In the name of our God will we set up our banners."* Stanwix.

M. W. S, 1917. M. W. S., 1917. *Har.* B. C. B., 1918.

1. Ad-vance the Flag! Those morn-ing stars are sing-ing, A-bove what
2. Flag of the star-light! Beau-ti-ful thy sto-ry— How brave souls
3. With Man's great hope, shine on! False thrones shall won-der, When hu-man
4. Now wide and far, A-mer-i-ca, our moth-er, Un-furl those
streaming belts of blaz-ing light. For that true Blue, love Red and hon-or White, One
car-ried thee in days of old! For Li-ber-ty and Un-ion, each fair fold We
love her val-or hath un-sheathed. Guard, God a-bove, what ear-lier days be-queathed! *On,*
sev'n times sev-en Plei-a-des! From plain and mountain gath-er to thy knees One
Chorus.
loy-al shout our free-sworn land is ring-ing. *Shorn be the hand that would tear thee,*
lift a-gain. Have right of way, Old Glo-ry! *Shorn be the hand that would tear thee,*
on, dear Flag! in sun-shine or in thun-der. *Shorn be the hand that would tear thee,*
e-qual house-hold, broth-er un-to broth-er. *Stout be the hearts that at-tend her,*
1, 2, 3. Withered the arm that would dare thee, Bold hearts to vic-to-ry bear thee! Ad-vance the Flag!...
4. Stead-fast our will to de-fend her. Cause that shall nev-er sur-ren-der! Ad-vance the Flag!...

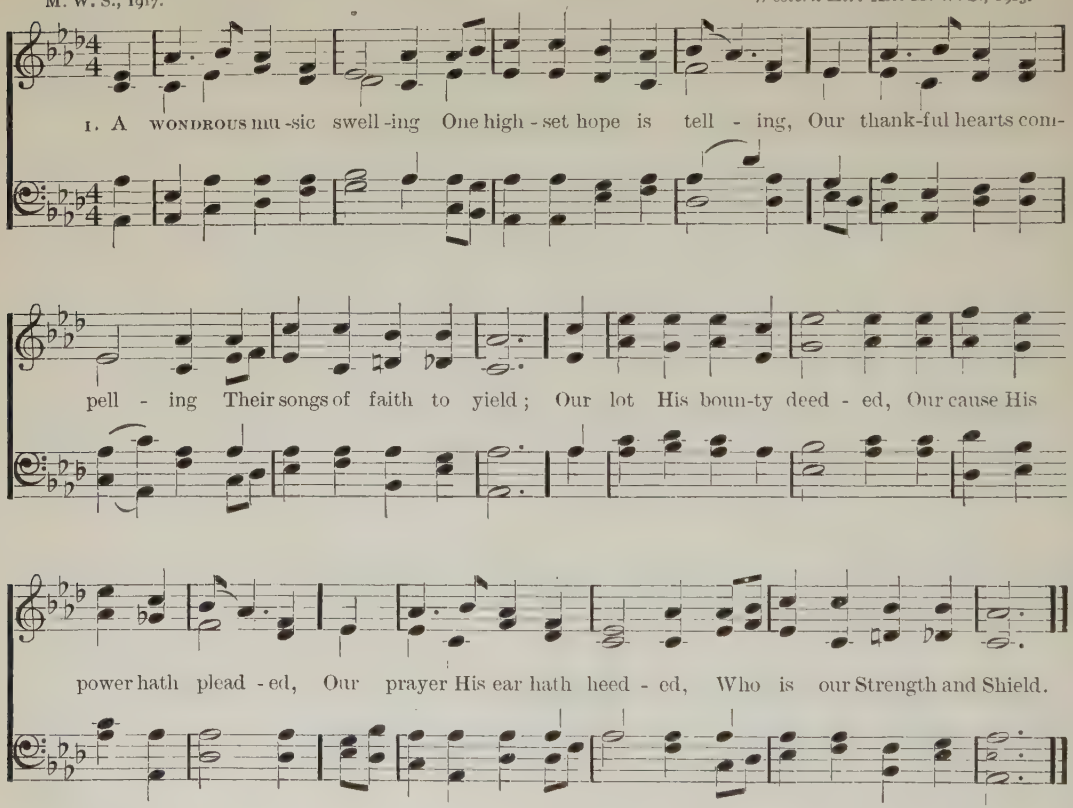
Copyright, 1918, by M. W. Stryker.

446 A wondrous music, swelling.

7s & 6s, P. M. W. S., 1917.

"None is able to withstand Thee."

Alliance.
Western Air. Arr. M. W. S., 1913.


1. A WONDROUS mu-sic swell-ing One high-set hope is tell-ing, Our thank-ful hearts com-
pell-ing Their songs of faith to yield; Our lot His boun-ty deed-ed, Our cause His
power hath plead-ed, Our prayer His ear hath heed-ed, Who is our Strength and Shield.

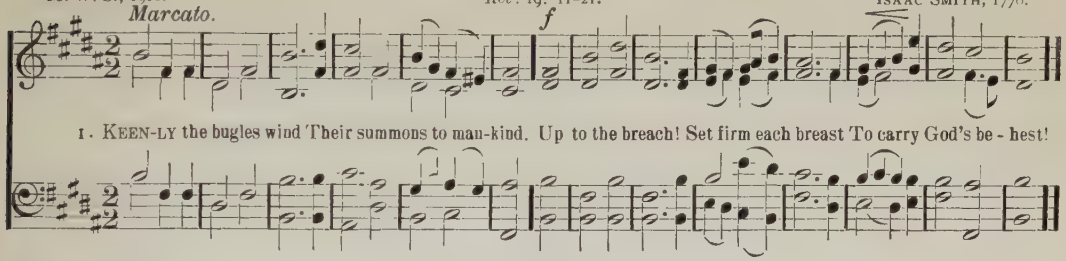
2 Those bannered stars outstreaming,
In fairest sunlight gleaming,
Proclaim the end of dreaming;
It is the prime of day.
The shreds of storm are breaking,
Our land beloved is waking,
Thro lustrous rainbows taking,
Right on, her joyful way.

3 Rock, all ye belfries! Thunder,
Thou people's voice! In wonder
Behold that grace, whereunder
Ye trample every lie!
Whatever task betide us,
No wrong shall override us,
If Thou draw near to guide us,
O Lord our God Most High!

447 Keenly the bugles wind their summons.

S. M. *"In righteousness doth He make war."* **Silver Street.**

M. W. S., 1918. *Rev.* 19: 11–21. Isaac Smith, 1770.



2 Sharp let the lightnings scar
The face of envious war!
The onfall of the hosts of right
Shall baulk the hordes of night.

3 Up! Now the day is come
To crowd the answer home!
For God, for Man, our challenge cry;
So must we do or die.

4 Christ wears no withering crown,
His cause shall not go down.
His truemens' shout, in victory blent,
Shall shake the firmament.

5 His vesture and His thigh
Declare the Lord Most High.
His sword and rod the beast shall bend.
His peace shall have no end.

448

Air: "*Lauriger.*" Key of G.

1 Roll a river wide and strong,
Like the tides a-swinging,
Lift the joyful floods of song,
Set the mountains ringing.
Run the lovely banner high, —
Scarlet morning-glory! —
Field as blue as yonder sky,
Every star a story.

2 Let the people, heart and lip,
Hail that constellation!
Let the guns from shore and ship
Thunder acclamation.
All ye oceans clap your hands!
Echo plains and highlands,
Speed the voice thro all the lands
To the orient islands.

3 Darling flag of Liberty!
Law and love revealing,
All the downcast turn to thee,
For thy help appealing.
In the front for human right
Flash thy stars of morning,
All that hates and hides the light
Flies before thy warning.

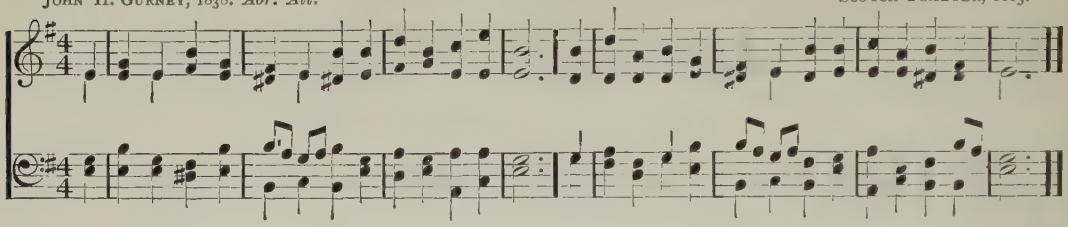
4 By the colors of the day,
By the breasts that wear them,
To the living God we pray
For the brave that bear them!
Run the rippling banner high;
Peace or war the weather,
Cheers or tears, we'll live or die
Under it together.

M. W. S., 1898.

449 Great King of nations, hear our prayer.

C. M. "*If then their heart be humbled.*" *Lev.* 26: 41. Martyrs.

John H. Gurney, 1838. *Abr. Alt.* Scotch Psalter, 1615.



1 Great King of nations, hear our prayer,
While at Thy feet we fall,
While humbly with united cry
To Thee for mercy call.

2 Our fathers' sins were manifold
And ours no less we own:
Yet wondrously from age to age
Thy goodness hath been shown.

3 When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beset our country round,
To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried
And help in Thee was found.

4 Now sore bestead, in direst need,
We lift to Thee our prayer;
We merit all Thy sharp rebukes:
But beg Thy grace to spare!

450

1 Shepherd Divine, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day;
To all Thy tempted followers give
The power to trust and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
Oh, let our souls on Thee be cast,
In never-ceasing prayer.

3 Thy holy interceding grace
Give us in faith to claim;
To wrestle till we see Thy face
And know Thy hidden name.

4 Then let us on the mountain-top,
Behold Thine open face,
Till faith in sight is swallowed up
And prayer in endless praise.

Charles Wesley, 1749. *Abr.*

451

1 Forever ours! for good or ill
On us the burden lies;
God's balances, by angels watched,
Are hung across the skies.

2 Shall justice, truth and freedom
Turn the poised and trembling scale,
Or shall the evil triumph
And the robber wrong prevail?

3 This day we fashion destiny,
Our web of fate we spin;
This day, for all hereafter,
Choose we holiness or sin.

4 Even now from starry Gerizim,
Or Ebal's cloudy crown,
We call the dews of blessing
Or the bolts of cursing down.

John G. Whittier, 1848. *Abr.*

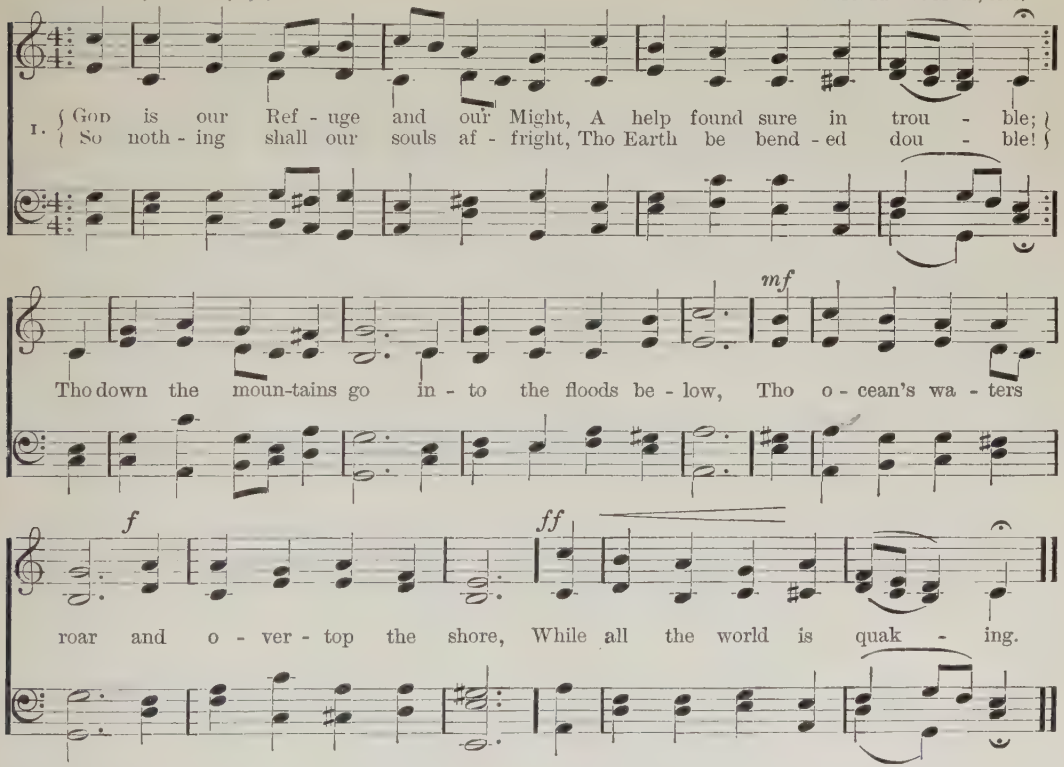
452 God is our Refuge and our Might.

"Neither know we what to do: but our eyes are upon Thee."

8s, 7s, & 6s, P. **"Ein Feste Burg."**

PSALM XLVI, M. W. S., 1914.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1521.
Arr. HUBERT P. MAIN, 1881.


1. God is our Ref - uge and our Might, A help found sure in trou - ble;
So noth - ing shall our souls af - fright, Tho Earth be bend - ed dou - ble!
mf
Tho down the moun-tains go in - to the floods be - low, Tho o - cean's wa - ters
f
ff
roar and o - ver - top the shore, While all the world is quak - ing.

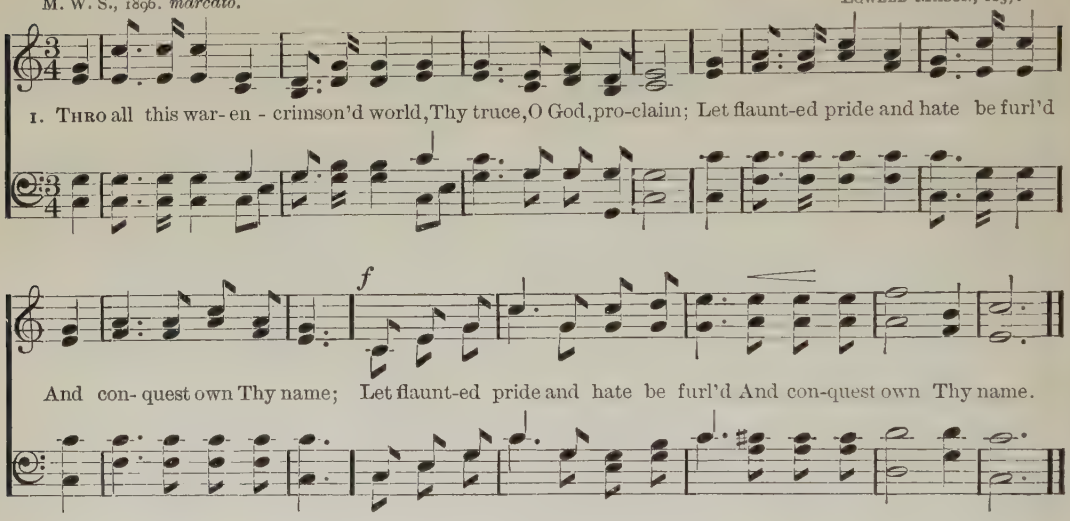
2 The city of our God hard by
A swelling river floweth, —
That holy house of the Most High
Which nothing overthroweth.
HE standeth in her gates,
At dawn to help her waits.
The shouting nations fall.
He speaks! It endeth all.
The God of Israel aids us.

3 Come, see what changes God hath wrought;
The world He overturneth.
For aye He bringeth wars to naught
And spear and chariot burneth.
"Cease! Know that I am He.
Exalted I will be.
In all the Earth My hand
Shall every folk command;" —
This God is our defender.

453 Thro all this war-encrimsoned world.

C. M. "*Wrath shall be poured out upon the desolator.*" Zerah.

M. W. S., 1896. *marcato.* Lowell Mason, 1837.


1. Thro all this war-en - crimson'd world, Thy truce, O God, pro-claim; Let flaunt-ed pride and hate be furl'd
f
And con- quest own Thy name; Let flaunt-ed pride and hate be furl'd And con-quest own Thy name.

2 Throw down that Dagon, blood-imbued,
The hideous god of strife;
While brothers end their bitter feud,
To learn the way of life.

3 For still the blood of Abel cries,
The brand of envious Cain
Is set where war-clouds blotch the skies,
To mock Thy pure domain.

4 How wearily the years accurst
Have listened, if again
The madrigal of Heaven might burst,
With — "*Peace to good-willed men!*"

5 Let arms and battle gear, O Lord,
As fuel be for fire;
The plow displace the spear and sword,
The trumpet yield to lyre.

6 For not with blast of brass, with ban,
With snarl of fevered drum:
But with all love of man to man
Doth Thy true kingdom come.

7 Judge and reprove. Oppressions lour.
A lamentable cry
Fills all the Earth. Thou Passion-flower,
Bloom for us from on high!

8 Hold forth that Cross of life and light,
At last have Thine own way,
O'er all this cruel wrack of night
Lead in Thy blazing day!

454 Thank God it hath resounded.

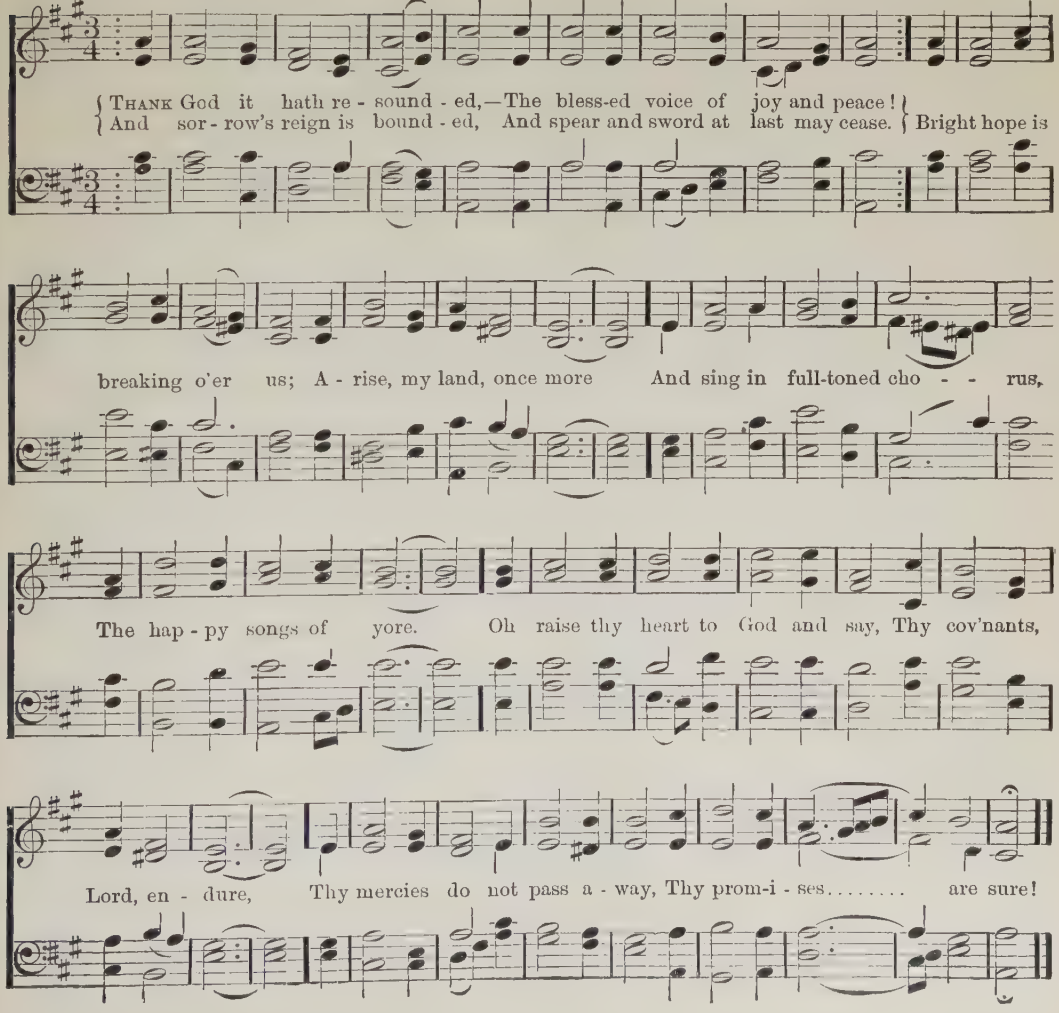
"He maketh wars to cease."

7s, 8s, 7s & 6s, P.

Ger. Paul Gerhardt, 1648.
Tr. Cath. Winkworth, 1862. *Abr.*

"Nun lob' mein Seel den Herren."

Johann Kugelmann, *cir.* 1540.


Thank God it hath re - sound - ed,—The bless-ed voice of joy and peace!
And sor - row's reign is bound - ed, And spear and sword at last may cease. Bright hope is
breaking o'er us; A - rise, my land, once more And sing in full-toned cho - - rus,
The hap - py songs of yore. Oh raise thy heart to God and say, Thy cov'nants,
Lord, en - dure, Thy mercies do not pass a - way, Thy prom-i - ses..... are sure!

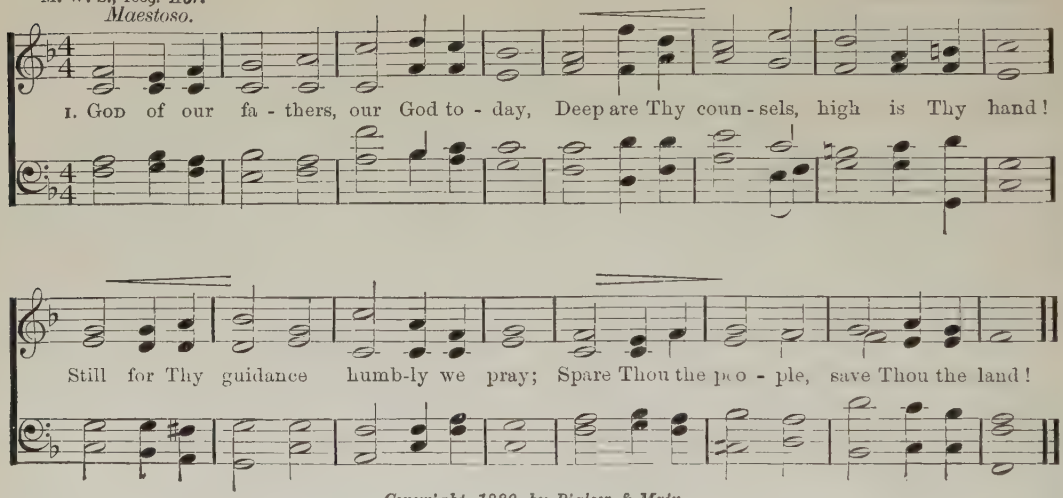
455 God of our fathers.

9.9.9.9.
M. W. S., 1889. *Abr.*

"The bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain."

Ithaca.
WILLIAM PIUTTI, 1884.

Maestoso.


1. God of our fa - thers, our God to - day, Deep are Thy coun - sels, high is Thy hand!
Still for Thy guidance humb-ly we pray; Spare Thou the peo - ple, save Thou the land!

Copyright, 1889, by Biglow & Main.

2 Far have we wandered, stout in our pride;
Dark bode our dangers, muttering alarm;
God! in compassion come to our side,
Riding in glory, baring Thine arm.

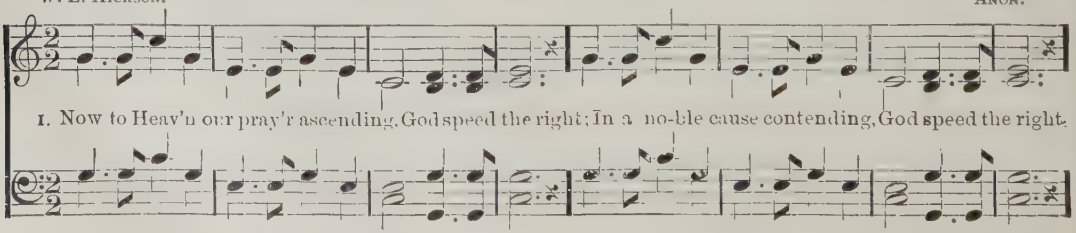
3 Healer of nations! Life-giving God!
Purify, chasten, keep by Thy grace,
Show us Thy pardons, shatter Thy rod,
Gather and hold us in Thine embrace.

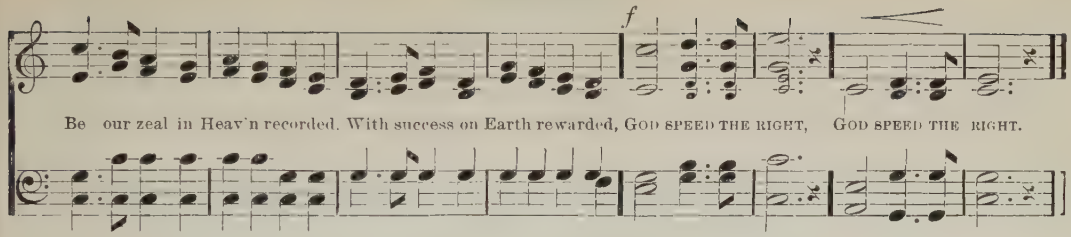
456 Now to heaven our prayer ascending.

8s & 4s, P.
W. E. HICKSON.

"In the name of our God will we set up our banners."

God Speed.
ANON.





2 Be that prayer again repeated,
God speed the right;
Ne'er despairing, tho defeated,
God speed the right;
Like the good and great in story,
If we fail, we fail with glory.

3 Patient, firm and persevering,
God speed the right;
Ne'er th' event nor danger fearing,
God speed the right.
Pain nor toil nor trial heeding,
In the strength of Heaven succeeding.

457 Break, new-born year.

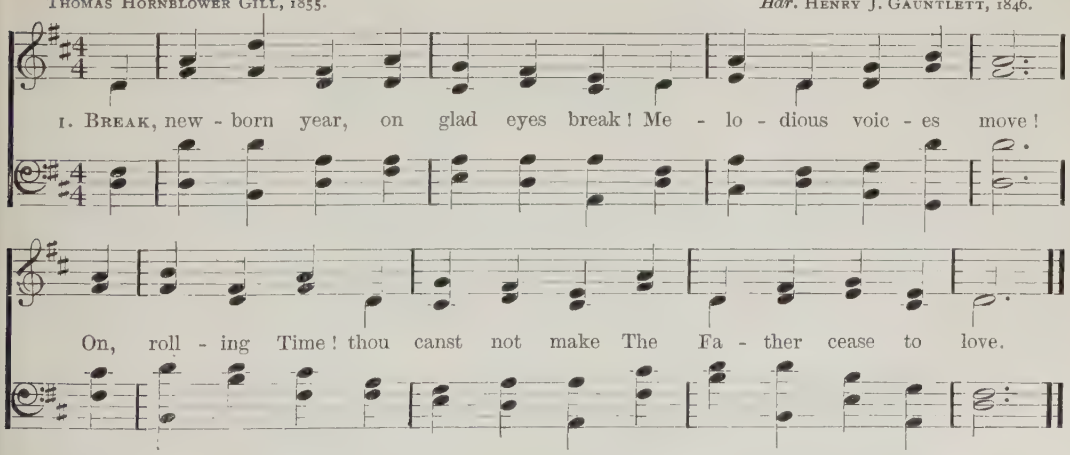
C. M.

"Now we see in a mirror, in enigma."

St. David.

THOMAS HORNBLOWER GILL, 1855.

RAVENSCROFT'S PSALTER, 1621.
Har. HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1846.


1. BREAK, new - born year, on glad eyes break! Me - lo - dious voic - es move!
On, roll - ing Time! thou canst not make The Fa - ther cease to love.

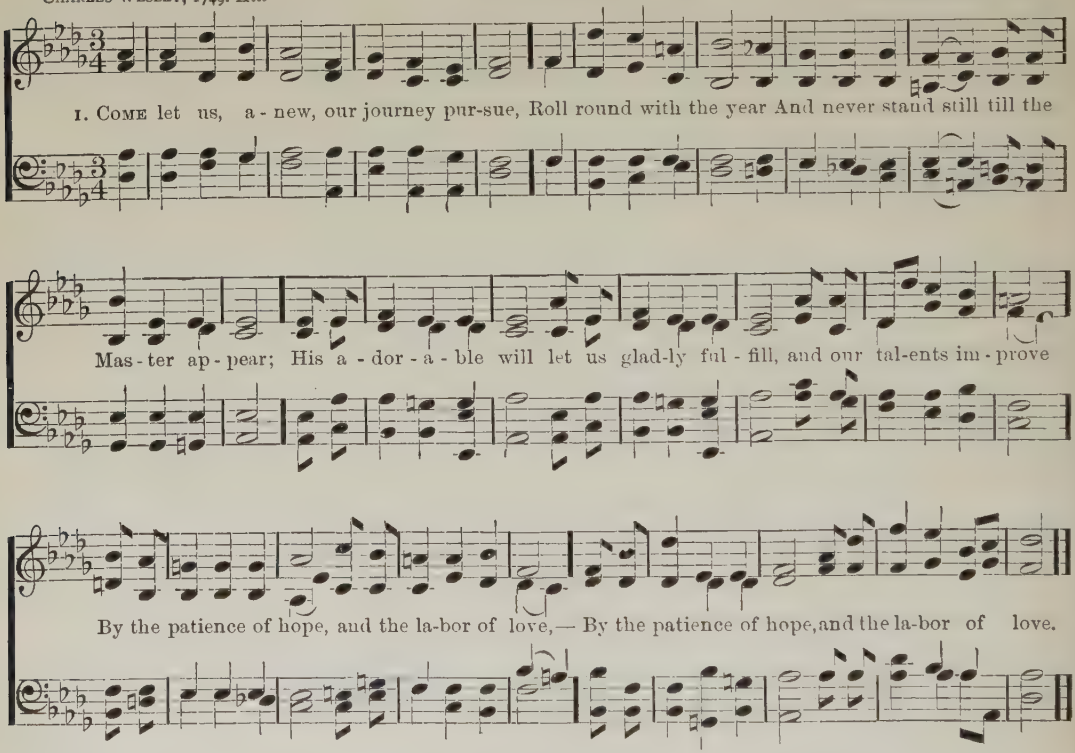
2 The parted year had wingèd feet:
The Saviour still doth stay. [sweet,
The New Year comes: but, Spirit
Thou goest not away.

3 Lord! from this year more service win,
More glory, more delight!
Oh make its hours less sad with sin,
Its days with Thee more bright!

458 Come let us, anew, our journey pursue.

5s & 11s. P. "*If the Lord will, we shall both live and do this or that.*" Weimar.

Charles Wesley, 1749. *Alt.* William Piutti, 1883.


1. Come let us, a - new, our journey pur-sue, Roll round with the year And never stand still till the
Mas - ter ap - pear; His a - dor - a - ble will let us glad-ly ful - fill, and our tal-ents im - prove
By the patience of hope, and the la-bor of love,— By the patience of hope, and the la-bor of love.

2 Our life is a dream, our time, as a stream, glides swiftly away;
The fugitive moment refuses to stay.
Lo, the arrow is flown! and the moment is gone. The millenial year
Rushes on to our view and eternity's near.

3 Oh, that each, in that day of advent, may say, "I've fought my way thro;
I've finished the work Thou didst give me to do."
Oh, that each, from his Lord, may receive the glad word, "Well and faithfully done!
Enter into My joy and sit down on My throne!"

459 Father, let me dedicate all this year.

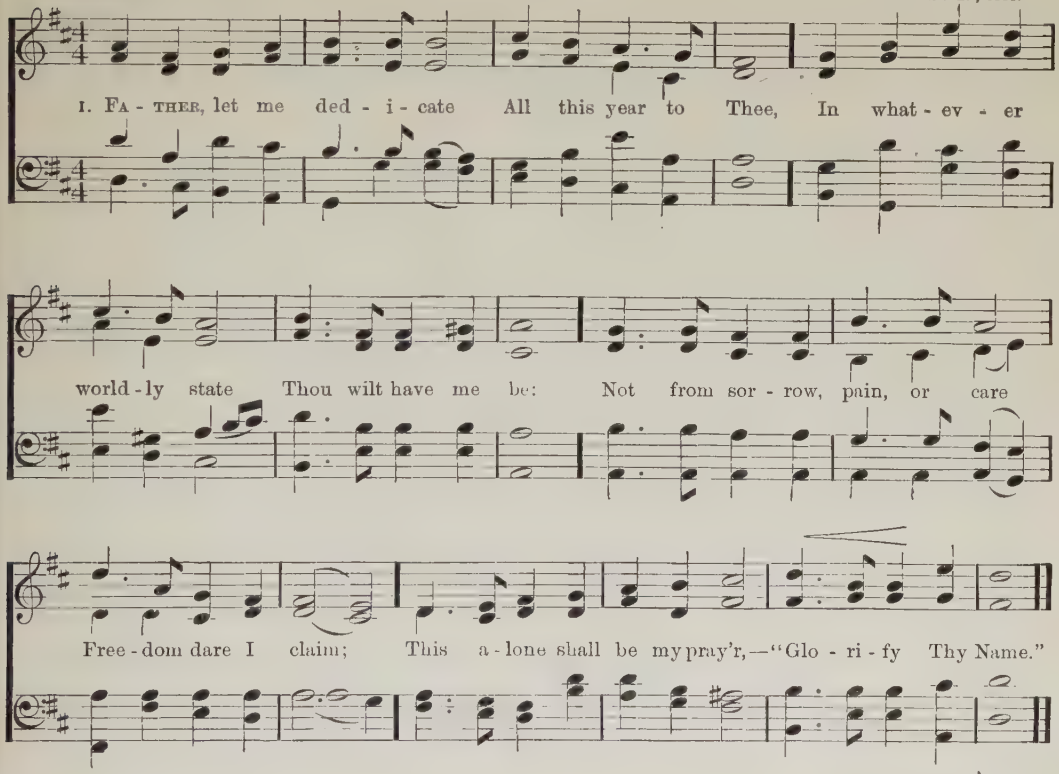
7s & 5s, D.

LAWRENCE TUTTIETT, 1863.

"In nothing be anxious."

Salome.

GEORGE A. MACFARREN, 1881.


1. Fa - ther, let me ded - i - cate All this year to Thee, In what - ev - er
world - ly state Thou wilt have me be: Not from sor - row, pain, or care
Free - dom dare I claim; This a - lone shall be my pray'r,—"Glo - ri - fy Thy Name."

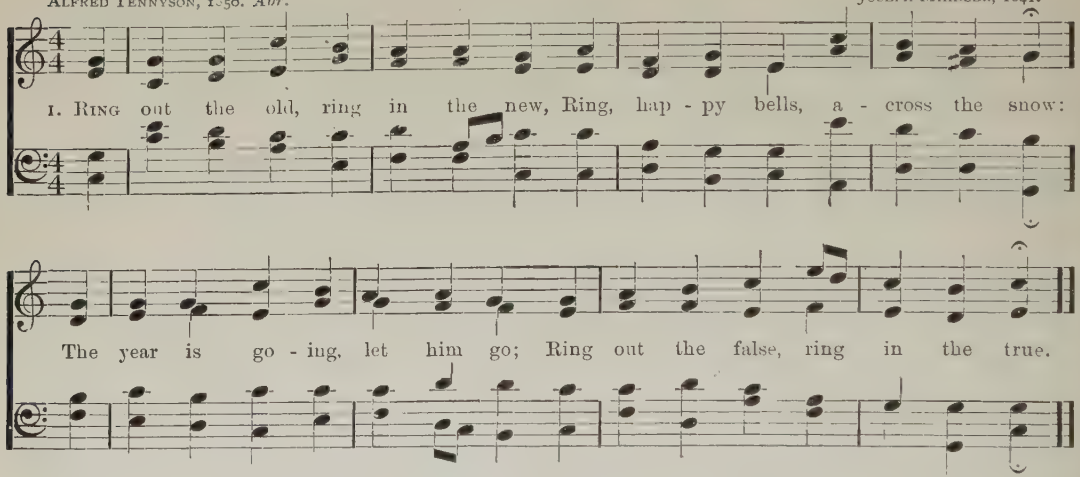
2 Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give?
More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim,
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify Thy Name.

3 If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine;
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine;
Let my glad heart, while it sings,
Thee in all proclaim
And, whate'er the future brings,
Glorify Thy Name.

460 Ring out the old, ring in the new.

L. M. "*In that day shall there be upon the bells*—HOLY UNTO THE LORD!" **Mainzer.**

ALFRED TENNYSON, 1850. *Abr.* JOSEPH MAINZER, 1841.


1. RING out the old, ring in the new, Ring, hap - py bells, a - cross the snow:
The year is go - ing, let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true.

2 Ring out the grief that saps the mind
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

3 Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

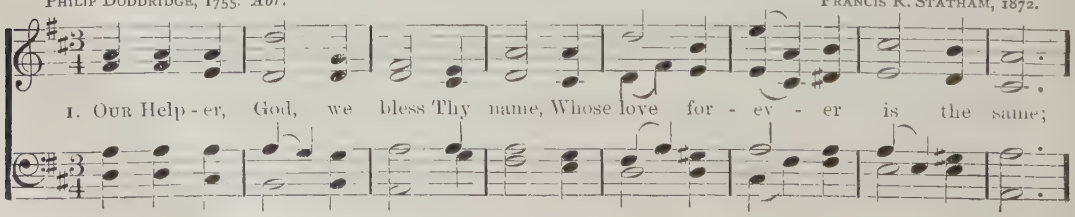
4 Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

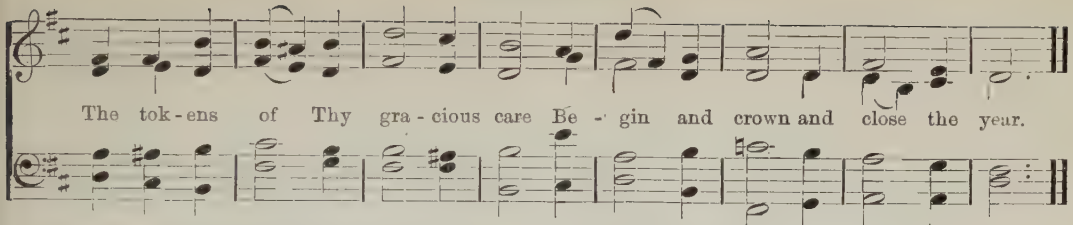
5 Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land;
Ring in the Christ that is to be!

461 Our Helper, God, we bless Thy name.

L. M. "*I will walk at liberty; for I have sought Thy precepts.*" **Statham.**

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755. *Abr.* FRANCIS R. STATHAM, 1872.





2 Thus far Thine arm hath led us on:
Thus far we make Thy mercy known;
And while we tread this desert land
New mercies shall new songs demand.

3 Our grateful souls on Jordan's shore
Shall raise one sacred pillar more,
Then bear, in Thy bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

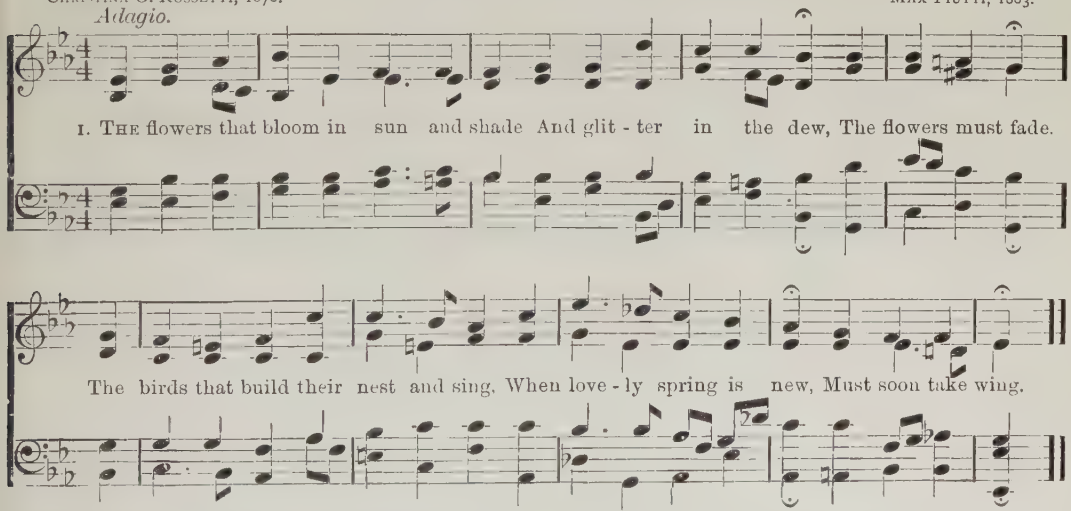
462 The flowers that bloom in sun and shade.

8.6.4.8.6.4.
CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI, 1878.

"And we shall be changed."

Cayuga.
MAX PIUTTI, 1883.

Adagio.


1. THE flowers that bloom in sun and shade And glit - ter in the dew, The flowers must fade.
The birds that build their nest and sing, When love - ly spring is new, Must soon take wing.

2 The Sun that rises in His strength,
To wake and warm the world,
Must set at length.
The sea that overflows the shore,
With billows frothed and curled,
Must ebb once more.

3. All come and go, all wax and wane,
O Lord, save only Thou,
Who dost remain
The same to all eternity;
All things which fail us now
We trust to Thee.

463 Summer suns are glowing.

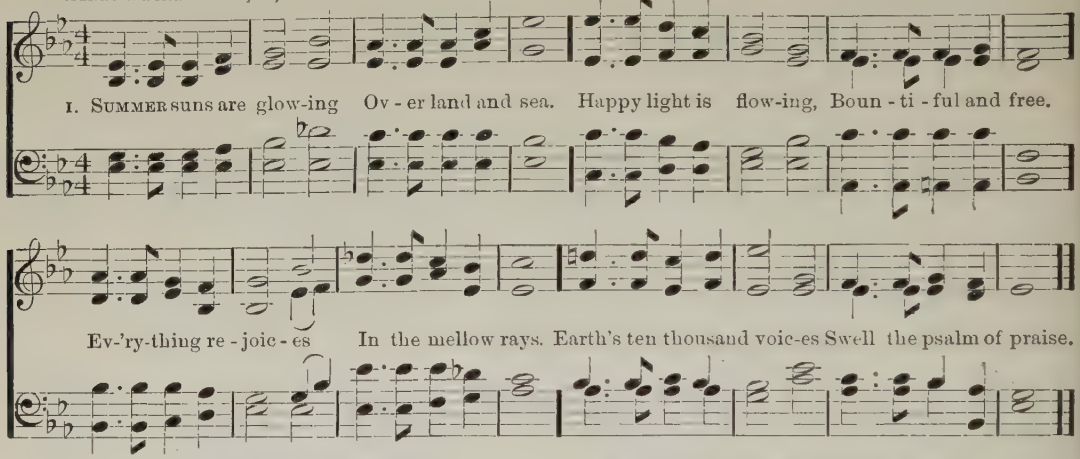
6s & 5s, D.

"The first Author of Beauty hath created them."

Ruth.

William Walsham How, 1871. *Abr.*

Samuel Smith, 1871.


1. Summer suns are glow-ing Ov - er land and sea. Happy light is flow-ing, Boun - ti - ful and free.
Ev-'ry-thing re - joic - es In the mellow rays. Earth's ten thousand voic-es Swell the psalm of praise.

2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world
And His banner gleameth,
Everywhere unfurled.
Broad and deep and glorious,
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

3 We will never doubt Thee,
Tho Thou veil Thy light.
Life is dark without Thee,
Death with Thee is bright.
Light of light, shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day.

464 The year is swiftly waning.

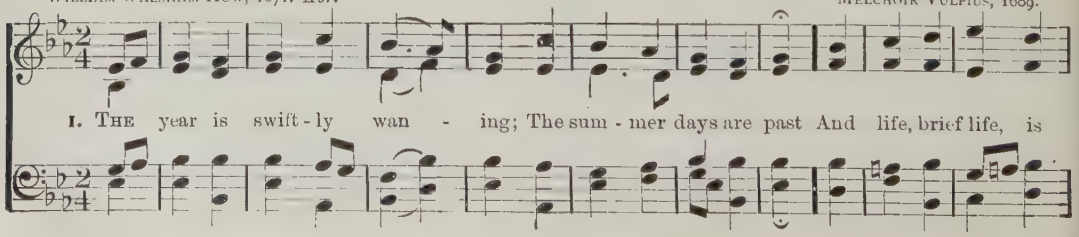
"Reaping their wheat harvest in the valley, they lifted up their eyes, and saw the ark and rejoiced."

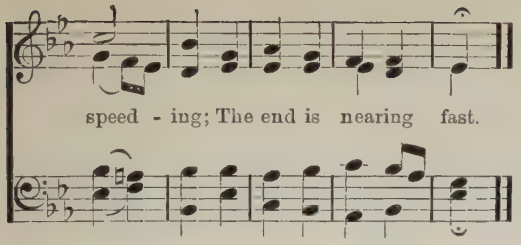
7.6.7.6.

"Christus, mein Leben."

William Walsham How, 1871. *Abr.*

Melchoir Vulpius, 1609.





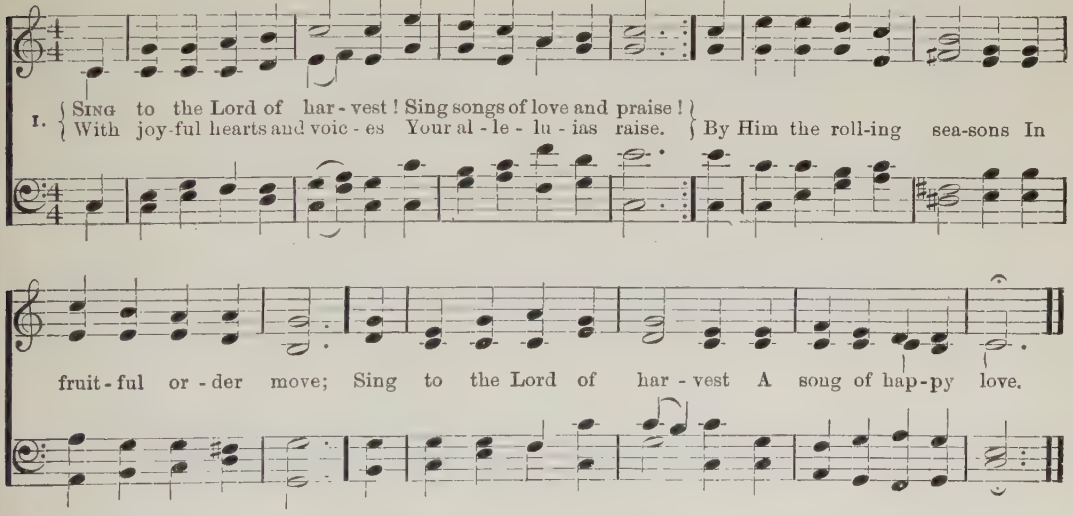
2 The ever-changing seasons
In silence come and go:
But Thou, Eternal Father,
No time nor change canst know.

3 Behold the bending orchards
With bounteous fruit are crowned;
Lord, in our hearts more richly
Let heavenly fruits abound.

465 Sing to the Lord of harvest!

7s & 6s, D.
JOHN S. B. MONSELL, 1862. *Abr.*

"It is He that giveth thee power to get wealth."

St. Theodulph.
MELCHOIR TESCHNER, 1613.

1. Sing to the Lord of har - vest! Sing songs of love and praise!
With joy-ful hearts and voic - es Your al - le - lu - ias raise. By Him the roll-ing sea-sons In
fruit-ful or - der move; Sing to the Lord of har - vest A song of hap-py love.

2 By Him the clouds drop fatness
The deserts bloom and spring,
The hills leap up in gladness,
The valleys laugh and sing.
He filleth with His fullness
All things with large increase,
He crowns the year with goodness,
With plenty and with peace.

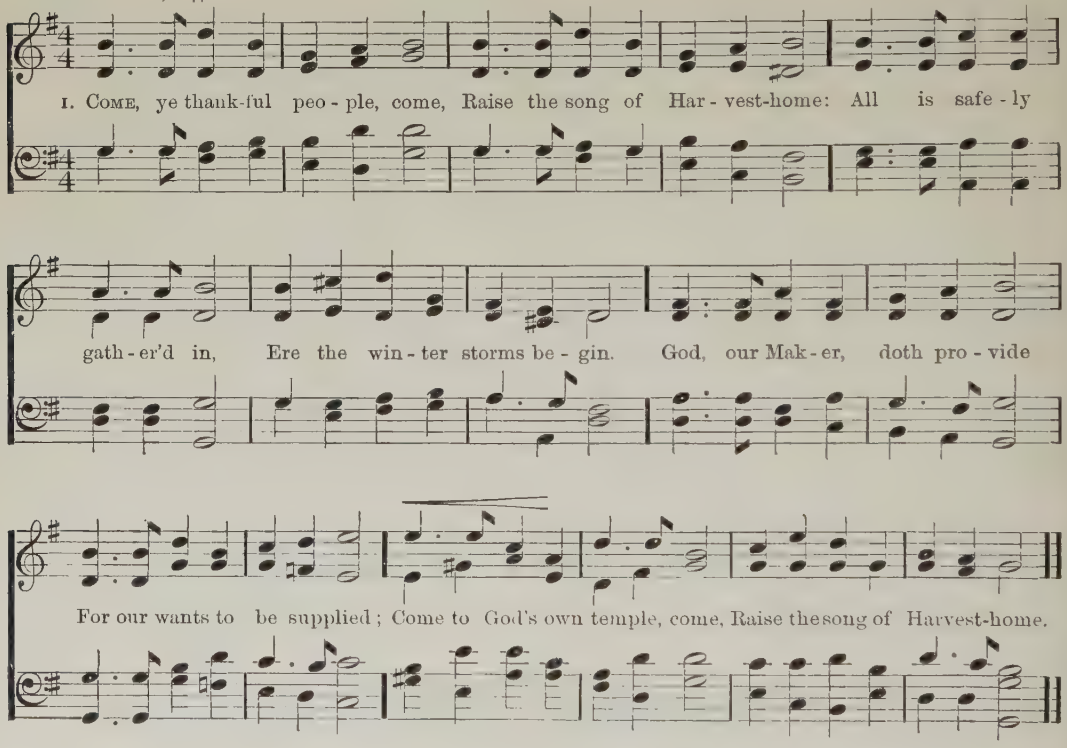
3 Heap on His sacred altar
The gifts His goodness gave,
The golden sheaves of harvest,
The souls He died to save.
Your hearts lay down before Him
When at His feet ye fall
And with your lives adore Him
Who gave His life for all!

466 Come, ye thankful people.

"Your threshing shall reach unto your vintage, and the vintage shall reach unto the sowing time, and ye shall eat your bread to the full."

7s, D. St. George's.

Henry Alford, 1844. *Abr.* George Job Elvey, 1859.


1. Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of Har - vest-home: All is safe - ly
gath - er'd in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin. God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide
For our wants to be supplied; Come to God's own temple, come, Raise the song of Harvest-home.

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear.
Lord of Harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

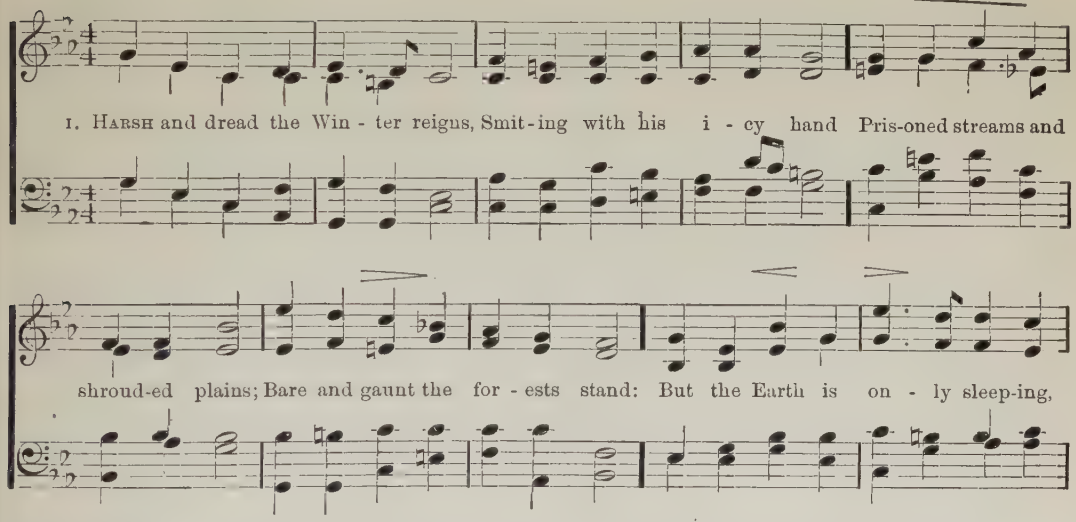
3 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final Harvest-home.
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
In Thy presence to abide.
Come with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home.

467 Harsh and dread the Winter reigns.

7.7.7.7.8.8.
M. W. S., 1896.

"He sendeth forth His snow like wool."

Christlight.
Joseph Barnby, 1874.


1. Harsh and dread the Win - ter reigns, Smit-ing with his i - cy hand Pris-oned streams and
shroud-ed plains; Bare and gaunt the for - ests stand: But the Earth is on - ly sleep-ing,
Life its treasure safe is keep - ing.

2 Thrush and blue-bird choirs are still,
Blithesome ways are lone and drear,
Moaning winds o'er hurst and hill
Wail the requiem of the year:
But His loving wisdom keepeth,
Once who said—"She only sleepeth."

3 Faded leaf and fallen bloom,
So our days are briefly past,
Cometh age with cold and gloom,
Years are hurrying to their last:
But a Spring-tide sure is breaking,
Resurrection life partaking.

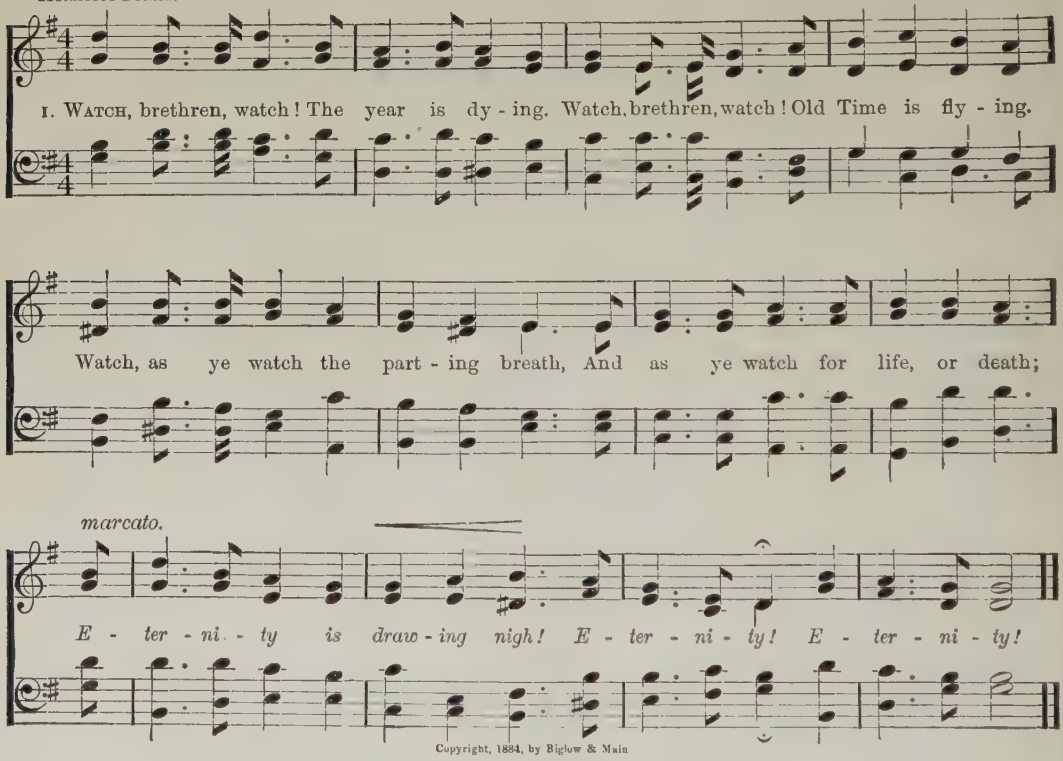
4 He who with the Winter's fleece
Shelters warm each root and germ,
Shall our slumberings guard in peace,—
All Earth's parable confirm;
Death and darkness cannot hold us,
So His changeless power enfold us.

5 Restless seasons, storm and shine,
Glittering frost and summer glow,
Starlight, daylight,—He is mine,
There above and here below!
June shall follow all December;
Love and Life will aye remember.

468 Watch, brethren, watch! The year is dying.

9.9.8.8.8.8. "*The night is far spent.*" **Tryst.**

HORATIUS BONAR. ROBERT LOWRY, 1884.


1. WATCH, brethren, watch! The year is dy - ing. Watch, brethren, watch! Old Time is fly - ing.
Watch, as ye watch the part - ing breath, And as ye watch for life, or death;
marcato.
E - ter - ni - ty is draw - ing nigh! E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!

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2 Pray, brethren, pray! The sands are falling.
Pray, brethren, pray! God's voice is calling.
Yon turret strikes the dying chime.
We kneel upon the edge of time. *Eternity is,*

3 Praise, brethren, praise! The skies are rending.
Praise, brethren, praise! The fight is ending.
Oh see, the glory cometh near!
The King Himself will soon be here! *Eternity is,*

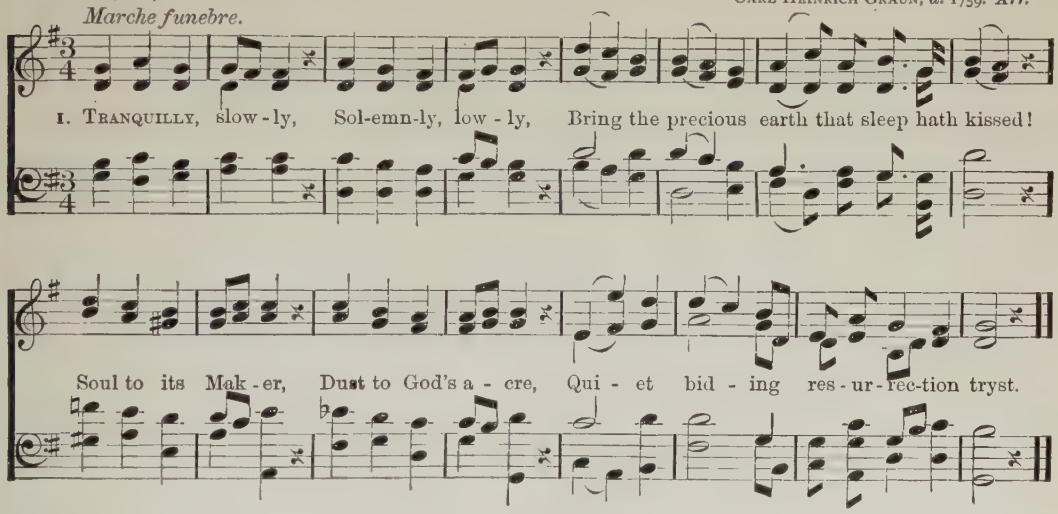
469 Tranquilly, slowly, solemnly, lowly.

5.5.9.5.5.9. M. W. S., 1884.

"That, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him."

Urijah.

CARL HEINRICH GRAUN, *d.* 1759. *Arr.*


Marche funebre.
1. TRANQUILLY, slow-ly, Sol-emn-ly, low-ly, Bring the precious earth that sleep hath kissed!
Soul to its Mak-er, Dust to God's a-cre, Qui-et bid-ing res-ur-rec-tion tryst.

2 With eyes bedimming,
Requiems hymning, [chords;
Smite we music from these broken
Yet smile in grieving,
Calmly believing,
Tho we live or die, we are the Lord's.

3 The form is buried:
But angels serried [called.
Bear up safe the spirit homeward
High o'er these dirges
Heaven's anthem surges,
Praising God one more is disenthralled.

4 Glad transformation!
Fulfilled salvation, [day;
Mortal shadows merged in glowing
Heart no more weary,
Answered each query;
All the former things are passed away.

5 Lambs He doth cherish
Shall never perish; [iour's hand.
Naught can take them from a Sav-
His love so spacious,
Tender and gracious,
Still will lead them in that holy band.

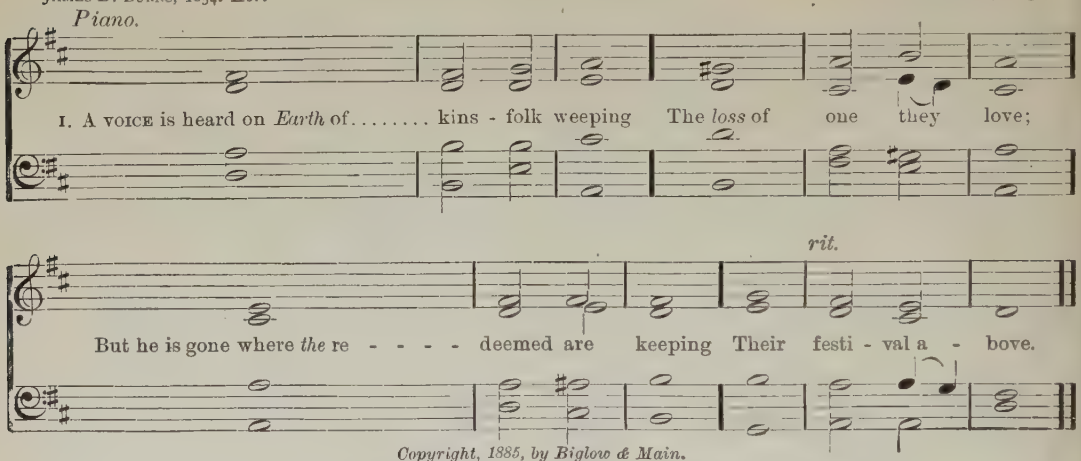
6 Loosed Earth's last fetter!
Far is it better
To depart and be for aye with Christ;
Even so, Lord Jesus,
Come to release us,
Join us with the souls emparadised!

470 A voice is heard on Earth of kinsfolk weeping.

Chant. JAMES D. BURNS, 1854. *Abr.*

"Behold I die: but God shall be with you."

Whittier. *Arr.* M. W. S., 1883.


Piano.
1. A voice is heard on Earth of..... kins - folk weeping The loss of one they love;
rit.
But he is gone where the re - - - - deemed are keeping Their festi - val a - bove.

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2 The mourners throng the *way* and | from the | steeple |
The funer*al* | bell tolls | slow: ||
But on the golden *streets* the | holy | people |
Are *pass*ing | to and | fro, ||

3 And saying as they *meet*, 'Re- | joice! an- | other, |
Long *wait*ed | for, is | come.' ||
The Saviour's heart is *glad*; a | younger | brother |
Hath reached the | Father's | home. ||

471

1 SUNSET and | evening | star, | And one *clear* | call for | me! ||
And may there *be* no | moaning • of the | bar | When I *put* | out to | sea. ||

2 But such a tide as *mov*ing | seems a- | sleep, | Too *full* for | sound and | foam, ||
When that which drew from *out* the | boundless | deep | *Turns* | again | home. ||

3 *Twilight* and | evening | bell | And *af*ter | that the | dark! ||
And may there be no *sad*ness | of fare- | well, | *When* | I em- | bark. ||

4 For tho from out our *bourne* of | Time and | Place | The *flood* may | bear me | far, ||
I hope to see my *Pi*lot | face to | face | When I *have* | crost the | bar. ||

ALFRED TENNYSON, 1889.

472 O Paradise! Who doth not crave for rest?

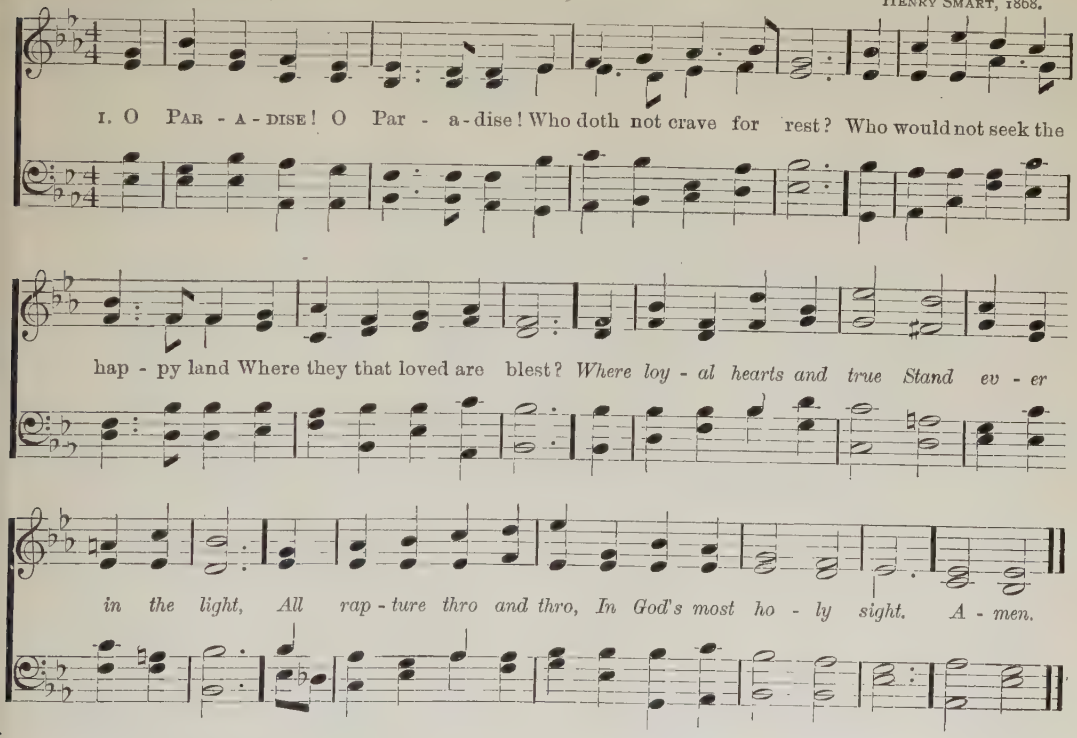
8s & 6s, P.

Frederick W. Faber, 1854. *Abr.*

"Where is the way to the dwelling of light."

Paradise.

Henry Smart, 1868.


1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the
hap - py land Where they that loved are blest? *Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er*
in the light, All rap - ture thro and thro, In God's most ho - ly sight. A - men.

2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts,

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts,

4 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on Earth
As on thy spotless shore,
Where loyal hearts,

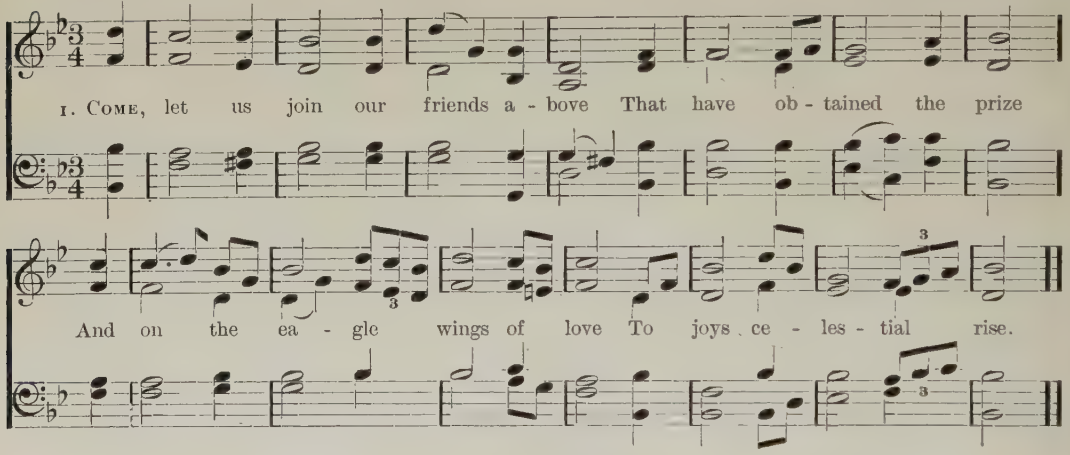
5 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
Oh, keep us in Thy love,
And guide us to that happy land
Of perfect rest above.
Where loyal hearts,

473 Come, let us join our friends above.

"Perhaps he was therefore parted from thee for a season that thou shouldst have him forever."

C. M. CHARLES WESLEY, 1759. *Abr.*

China. TIMOTHY SWAN, 1800.



2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In Earth and Heaven are one.

3 One family we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath,
Tho now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

4 One army of the living God
To His command we bow;
Part of His host hath crossed the flood
And part is crossing now.

5 Oh, that we now might grasp our Guide!
Oh, that the word were given!
Come, Lord of Hosts, the wave divide
And land us all in Heaven!

474

1 We sow not now what is to be,
The precious grain we hide:
But angels, fain to look, foresee
Sheaves of the glorified.

2 This dust to dust: but soul to soul
These spirits fly to Him;
Where, every whit forever whole,
No night their peace can dim.

3 In midst of death we are in life!
Our Lord hath all well done. [rife;
Bright shafts of grace with hope are
These shadows prove the Sun!

4 Oh, undefiled inheritance!
Oh, fair enchanted ground!
There folded home, thro God's defence,
May we and ours be found.

M. W. S., 1918.

475

Sleep thy last sleep.

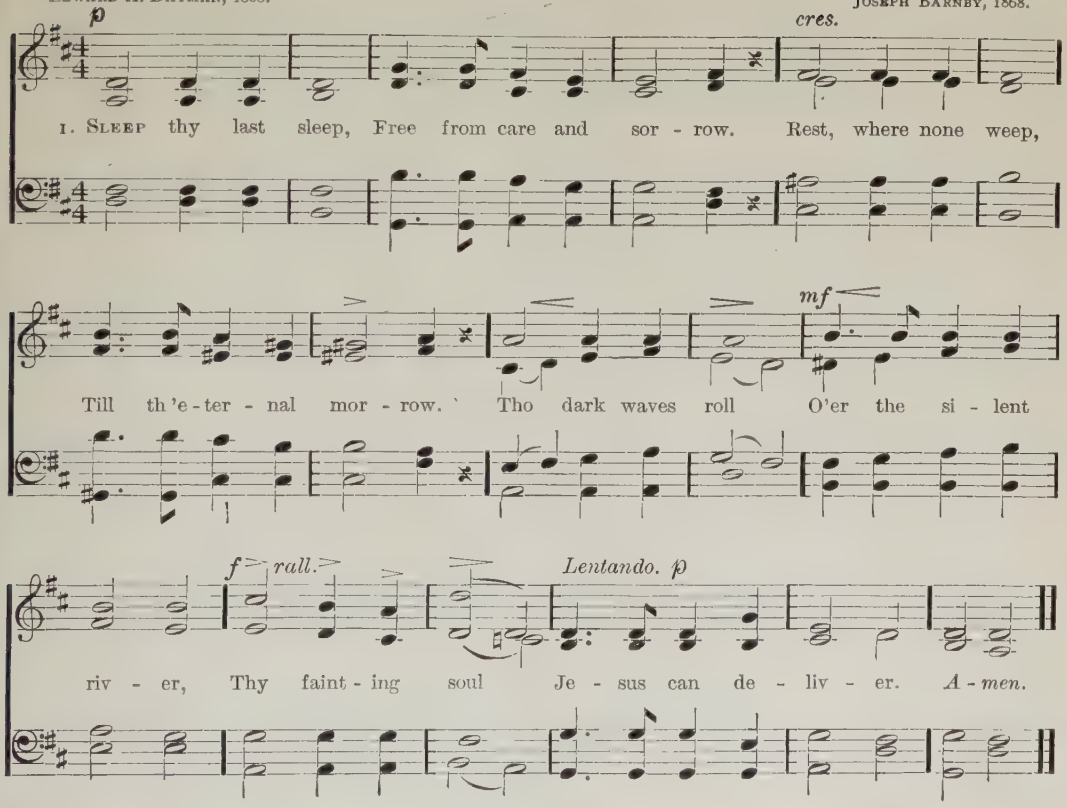
4s & 6s, D.

Edward A. Dayman, 1868.

"I thank my God upon all my remembrance of you."

Requiescat.

Joseph Barnby, 1868.


p
cres.
1. Sleep thy last sleep, Free from care and sor - row. Rest, where none weep,
mf
Till th'e - ter - nal mor - row. Tho dark waves roll O'er the si - lent
f
rall.
Lentando. p
riv - er, Thy faint - ing soul Je - sus can de - liv - er. A - men.

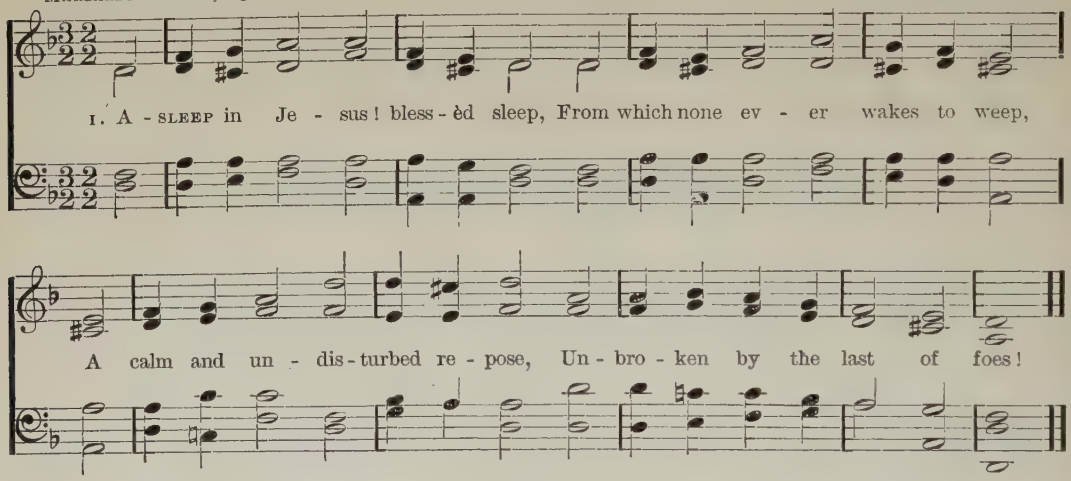
2 Life's dream is past,
All its sin, its sadness,
Brightly at last
Dawns a day of gladness;
Under thy sod,
Earth, receive our treasure,
To rest in God,
Waiting all His pleasure.

3 Tho we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,
They shall return,
Christ, when Thou appearest!
Soon shall Thy voice
Comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice
All in Jesus sleeping. *Amen.*

476 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!

L. M. "*God is the God of the living.*" **Windham.**

MARGARET MACKAY, 1832. *Abr.* DANIEL READ, 1785.


1. A - SLEEP in Je - sus! bless - èd sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep,
A calm and un - dis - turbed re - pose, Un - bro - ken by the last of foes!

2 Asleep in Jesus! Oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing [sting!
That Death hath lost his venomed

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! Oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall mine ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be:
But thine is still a blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

477

1 THY call doth bid the laborer cease,
Him summoning to Thine own peace.
Thine angels guide his homeward way,
Thro aisles of unbeclouded day.

2 Oh, blest are they in Thee who die;
Thy likeness them shall satisfy,
Awake, renewed, disprisoned, free,
Thine own to all eternity.

3 Thine age-long pity still hath showed
Thyself Thy people's sure abode.
All their afflictions Thou hast shared,
For all the broken-hearted cared.

4 We trust Thy love forevermore,
Who once these human sorrows bore.
We kiss Thy shepherd staff and rod
And lay our treasures up in God.

M. W. S., 1918.

478

1 This life's a dream, an empty show:
But that bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake to find me there?

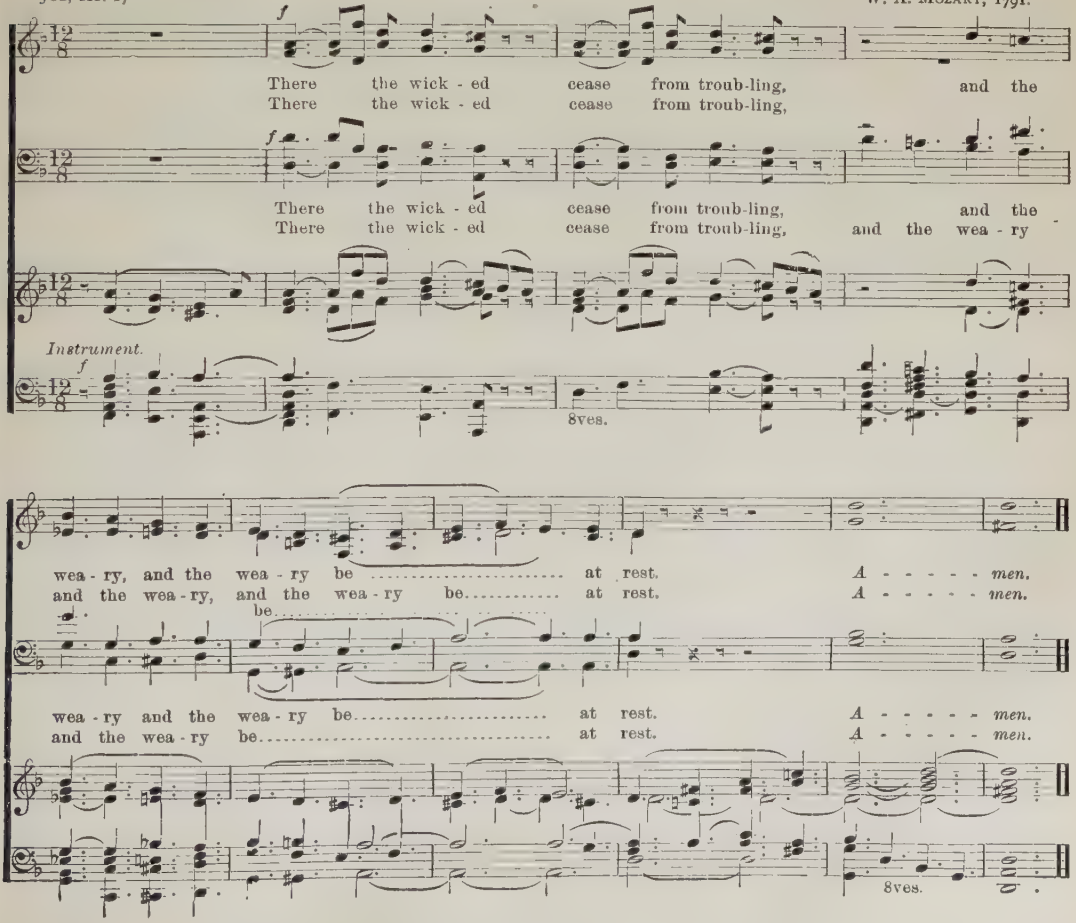
2 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise
And in my Saviour's image rise!

Isaac Watts, 1719. *Abr.*

479 There the wicked cease from troubling.

Fugue. *"I know that my Avenger liveth."* **Requiem.**

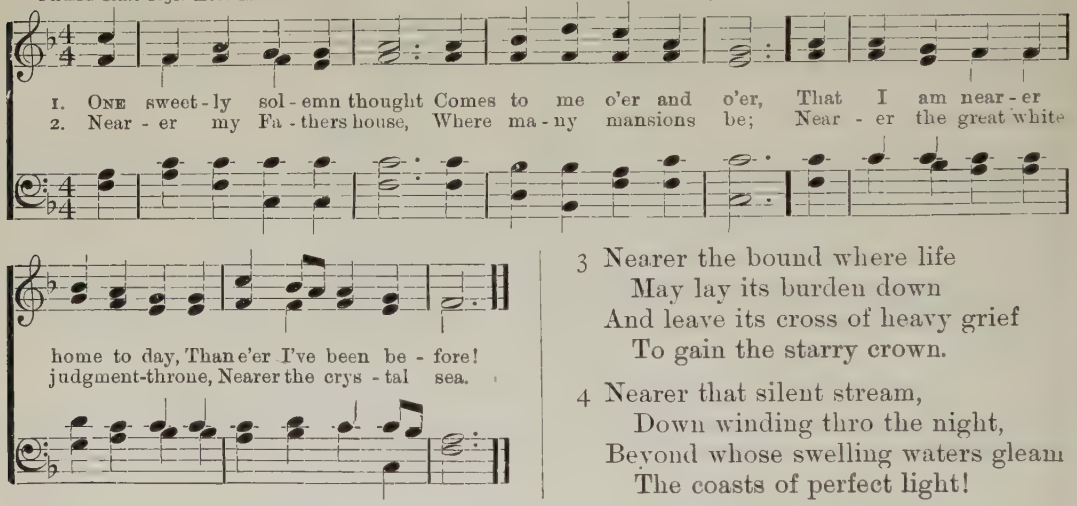
Job, III: 17 W. A. Mozart, 1791.


There the wick - ed cease from troub-ling, and the
There the wick - ed cease from troub-ling,
There the wick - ed cease from troub-ling, and the
There the wick - ed cease from troub-ling, and the wea - ry
Instrument.
8ves.
wea - ry, and the wea - ry be at rest. A - - - - - men.
and the wea-ry, and the wea - ry be at rest. A - - - - - men.
be
wea - ry and the wea - ry be at rest. A - - - - - men.
and the wea - ry be at rest. A - - - - - men.
8ves.

480 One sweetly solemn thought.

S. M. *"Now is salvation nearer to us than when we first believed."* **Newland.**

PHŒBE CARY 1852. *Abr. Alt.* HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT, 1857.


1. ONE sweet-ly sol-emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er, That I am near-er
2. Near-er my Fa-thers house, Where ma-ny mansions be; Near-er the great white
home to day, Than e'er I've been be-fore!
judgment-throne, Nearer the crys-tal sea.

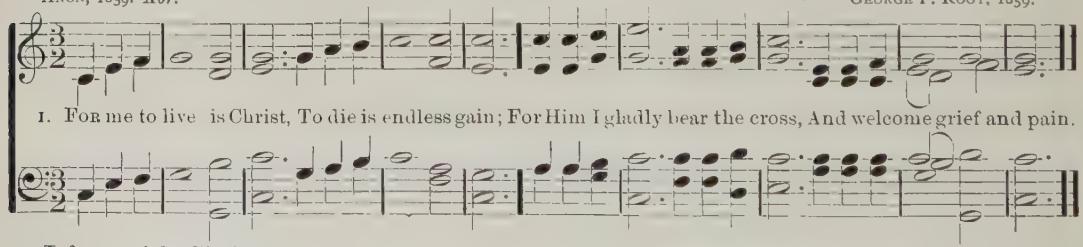
3 Nearer the bound where life
May lay its burden down
And leave its cross of heavy grief
To gain the starry crown.

4 Nearer that silent stream,
Down winding thro the night,
Beyond whose swelling waters gleam
The coasts of perfect light!

481 For me to live is Christ.

S. M. *"Consider the Apostle and High Priest of our confession"* **Rialto.**

ANON, 1859. *Abr.* GEORGE F. ROOT, 1859.



2 I fare with Christ my Lord;
His path the path I choose;
They joy who suffer most with Him—
They win who with Him lose.

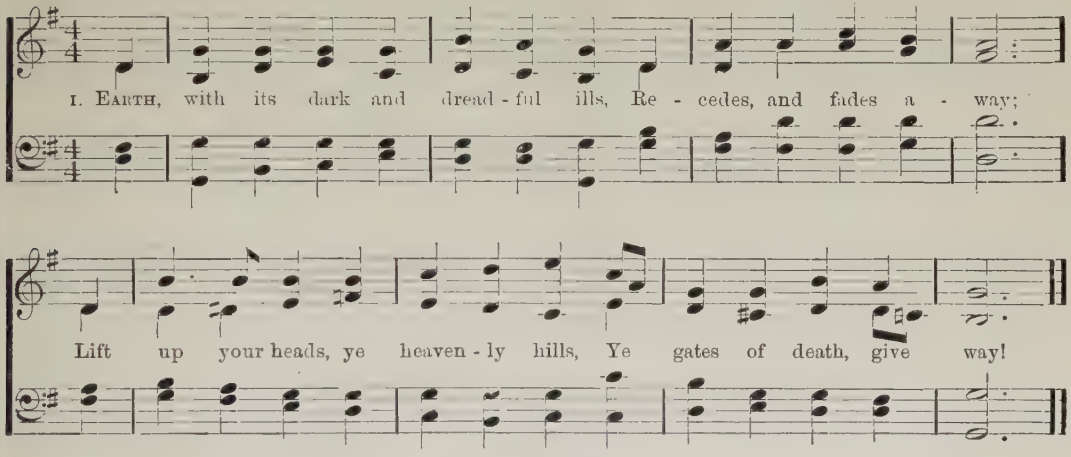
3 The dawn on distant hills
Shines o'er the mists below.
The shadows of this world are lost
In light to which I go.

4 Faithful may I endure
And hear my Saviour say,
Thrice welcome home, belovéd child
Inherit endless day!

482 Earth, with its dark and dreadful ills.

C. M. "*All live unto Him.*" **Anastasia.**

ALICE CARY, 1870. LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, 1791.


1. EARTH, with its dark and dread - ful ills, Re - cedes, and fades a - way;
Lift up your heads, ye heaven - ly hills, Ye gates of death, give way!

2 My soul is full of whispered song,
My blindness is my sight,
The shadows that I feared so long
Are all alive with light.

3 The while my pulses faintly beat,
My faith doth so abound
I feel grow firm beneath my feet
The fair immortal ground.

4 That faith to me a courage gives
Low as the grave to go:
I know that my Redeemer lives;
That I shall live, I know.

5 The palace walls I almost see,
Where dwells my Lord and King;
O death, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?

483

1 LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart!
Star of the coming day!
Arise, and with Thy morning beams
Chase all our griefs away.

2 Come, blessèd Lord! let every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal name
And own Thee as their King,

3 Bid the whole Earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in sweetest strains of joy
In memory of Thy love.

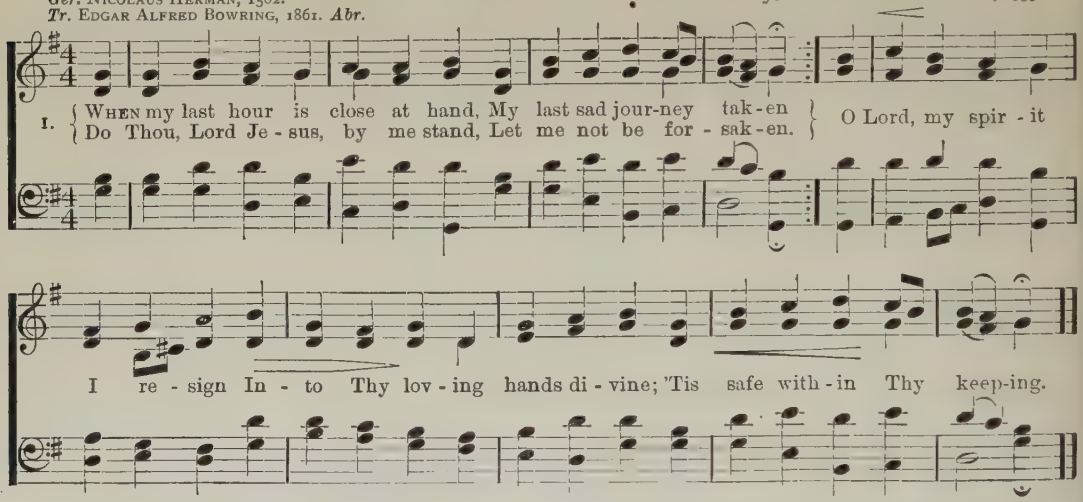
4 Thine was the Cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine;
Be Thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory Thine.

EDWARD DENNY, 1842. *Abr.*

484 When my last hour is close at hand.

8.7.8.7.8.8.7. *"Every morning doth He bring His judgment to light."* **Luther's Hymn.**

Ger. Nicolaus Herman, 1562. Joseph Klug's Gesangbuch, 1535.
Tr. Edgar Alfred Bowring, 1861. *Abr.*

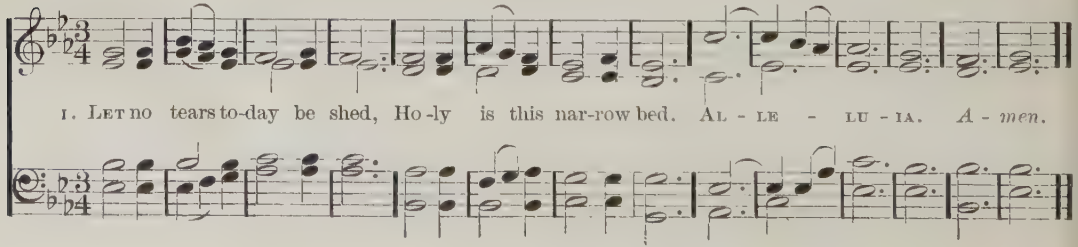

1. When my last hour is close at hand, My last sad jour-ney tak-en
Do Thou, Lord Je-sus, by me stand, Let me not be for-sak-en.
O Lord, my spir-it
I re-sign In-to Thy lov-ing hands di-vine; 'Tis safe with-in Thy keep-ing.

2 And so to Jesus Christ I'll go,
My longing arms extending;
So fall asleep in slumber deep,
Slumber that knows no ending,
Till Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
Opening the gates of bliss, leads on
To Heaven, beyond all weeping.

485 Let no tears to-day be shed.

7·7·4. *"He feedeth His flock among the lilies."* **St. Millicent.**

Lat. Tr. Richard F. Littledale, 1869. *Alt.* Arthur S. Sullivan, 1873.



2 Not salvation hardly won,
Nor the meed of race well run: ALLELUIA.

3 But the prize without the course,
Crown without the battle's force. ALLELUIA.

4 Ne'er shall earthly cry of pain
Part these precious lips again. ALLELUIA.

5 Tender Shepherd, in Thy breast
One more tired lamb hath its rest. ALLELUIA.

6 All our broken sobbings cease,
Thinking on that perfect peace. ALLELUIA.

7 There our darling sees Thy face,
Held forever in Thy grace. ALLELUIA.

Amen.

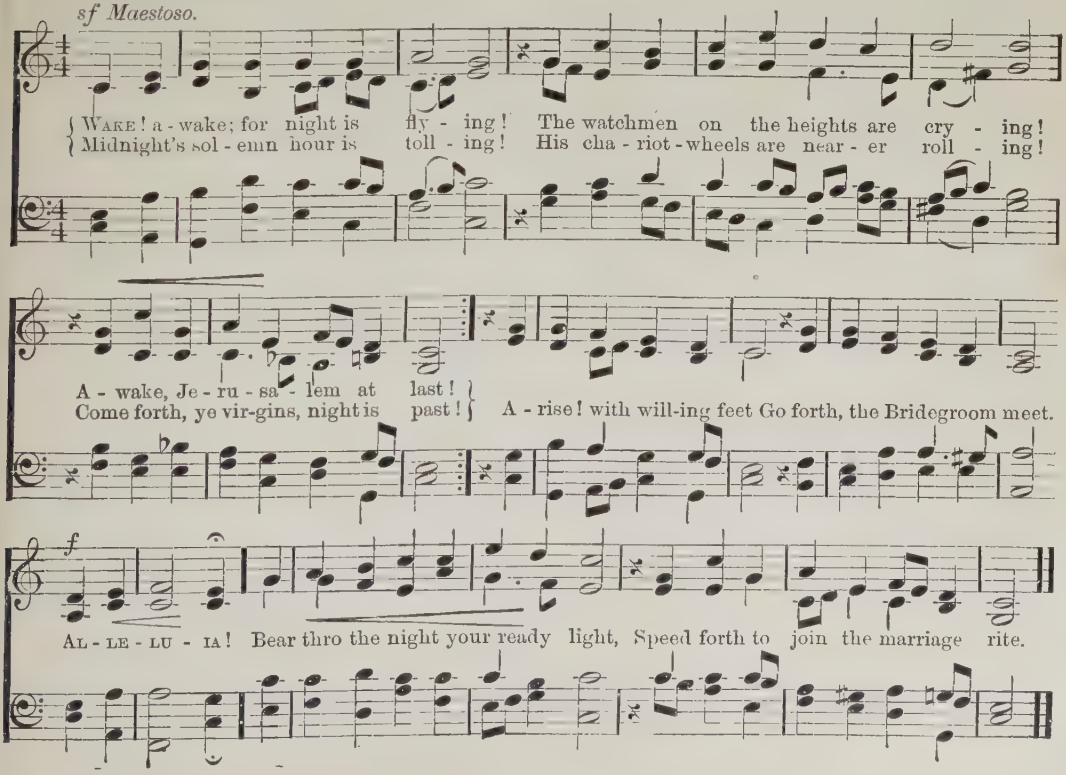
The Second Coming.

486 Wake! awake; for night is flying!

8s, 9s, 6s & 4s, P. *"The day is at hand."* **"Wachet auf!"**

Ger. PHILLIP NICOLAI, 1597.
Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1862. *Abr.*

PHILLIP NICOLAI, 1599.
Arr. BENJ. C. BLODGETT, 1885.


sf Maestoso.
WAKE! a-wake; for night is fly-ing! The watchmen on the heights are cry-ing!
Midnight's sol-emn hour is toll-ing! His cha-riot-wheels are near-er roll-ing!
A-wake, Je-ru-sa-lem at last!
Come forth, ye vir-gins, night is past!
A-rise! with will-ing feet Go forth, the Bridegroom meet.
f
AL-LE-LU-IA! Bear thro the night your ready light, Speed forth to join the marriage rite.

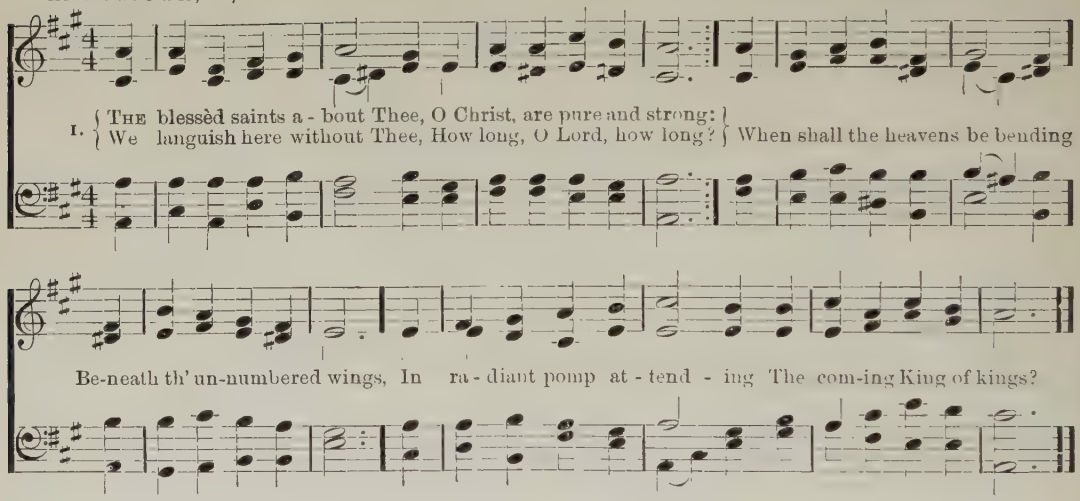
The Second Coming.

487 The blessèd saints about Thee.

7s & 6s, D. HERVEY D. GANSE, 1887.

. . . Christ, who is our life, shall be manifested."

Gottland. Swedish. LINDEMAN'S KORAL-BOK.


1. { THE blessèd saints a - bout Thee, O Christ, are pure and strong: }
{ We languish here without Thee, How long, O Lord, how long? } When shall the heavens be bending
Be-neath th' un-numbered wings, In ra - diant pomp at - tend - ing The com-ing King of kings?

2 No cross is now before Thee.
There is no cross but one!
The blood-stained wood that bore Thee
Outblazons now the Sun.
Such deathless splendors lighten
Thy path in sorrow trod!—
What burst of Heaven shall brighten
The coming of our God!

3 No earthly veil shall hide Thee,
The Heavens no more withhold,
All glories pale beside Thee,
Whom ranks of light infold.
Break thro the skies, and greet us
From our eternal home!
Make haste, our Life, and meet us!
Oh come, Lord Jesus, come!

488

1 AWAKE, awake, O Zion,
Put on thy strength divine,
Thy garments bright in beauty,
The bridal dress be thine!
Thine own Messiah cometh,
Thy bridal day draws nigh,
The day of signs and wonders
And marvels from on high.

2 Break forth in hymns of gladness,
O waste Jerusalem!
Let songs, instead of sadness,
Thy jubilee proclaim!
The Lord shall build up Zion
In glory and renown
And Jesus, Judah's lion,
Shall wear His rightful crown.

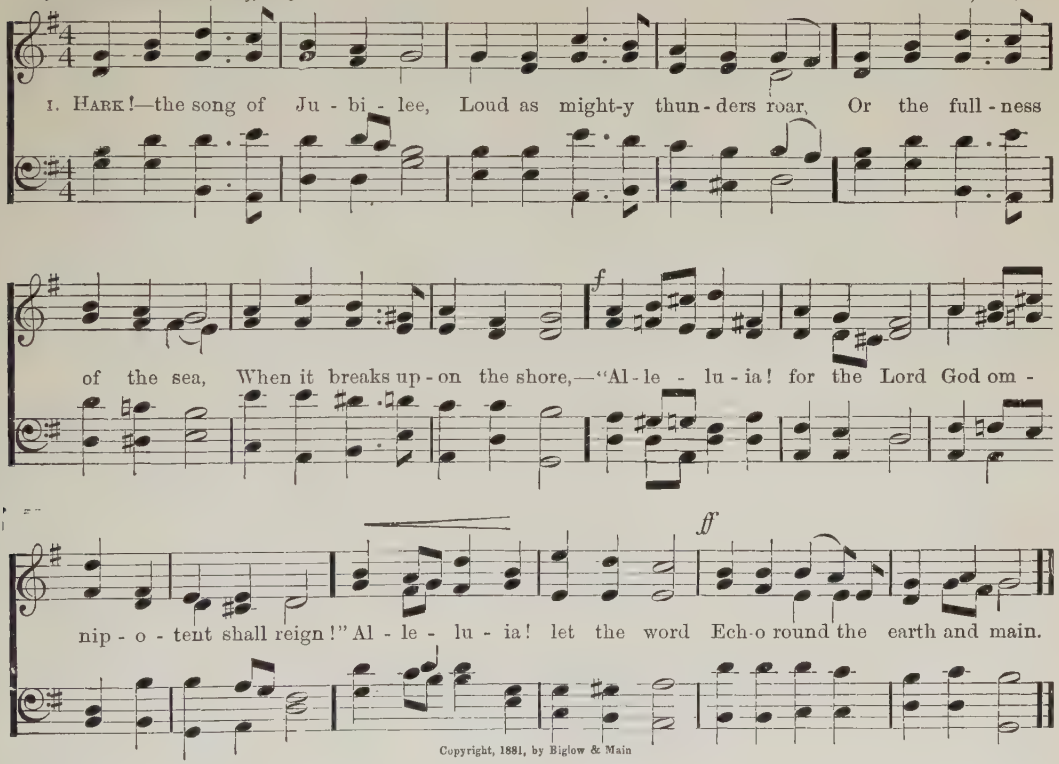
BENJAMIN GOUGH, 1865. *Arr.*

489 Hark! the song of Jubilee.

"Seeing that ye look for these things, give diligence that ye may be found in peace."

7s, D. **Parousia.**

James Montgomery, 1819, 1825. Max Piutti, 1881.


1. Hark!—the song of Ju - bi - lee, Loud as might-y thun - ders roar, Or the full - ness
of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore,—"Al - le - lu - ia! for the Lord God om -
nip - o - tent shall reign!" Al - le - lu - ia! let the word Ech-o round the earth and main.
f
ff

Copyright, 1881, by Biglow & Main

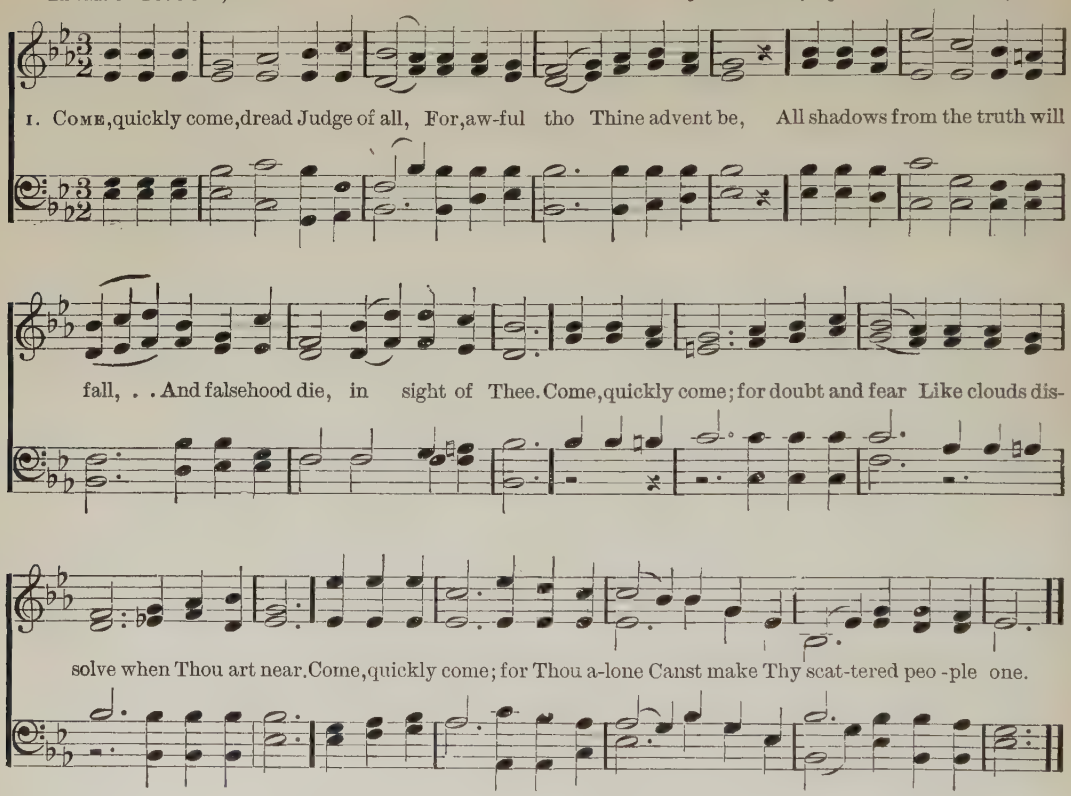
2 "Alleluia!" Hark! The sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes, above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies!
See Jehovah's banners furled!
Sheathed His sword! He speaks—'tis done
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway.
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away,
Then the end. Beneath His rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall.
Alleluia!—Christ in God,
God in Christ, is All in All.

490 Come, quickly come, dread Judge.

L. M. D. *"That which is becomingly old and waxeth aged is nigh unto vanishing away."* **Orion.**

LAWRENCE TUTTIETT, 1868. *Abr.* JOHN ZUNDEL, 1852. *Har.* H. P. M., 1918.


1. COME, quickly come, dread Judge of all, For, aw-ful tho Thine advent be, All shadows from the truth will
fall, . . And falsehood die, in sight of Thee. Come, quickly come; for doubt and fear Like clouds dis-
solve when Thou art near. Come, quickly come; for Thou a-lone Canst make Thy scat-tered peo-ple one.

2 Come, quickly come, true Life of all;
The curse of Death is on the ground.
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found.
Come, quickly come, great King of all,
Let sin no more our souls enthral,
Reign all about us and within,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin.

3 Come, quickly come, sure Light of all;
For gloomy night broods o'er our way
And fainting souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day.
Come, quickly come; for grief and pain
Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.
Come, quickly come; for round Thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known.

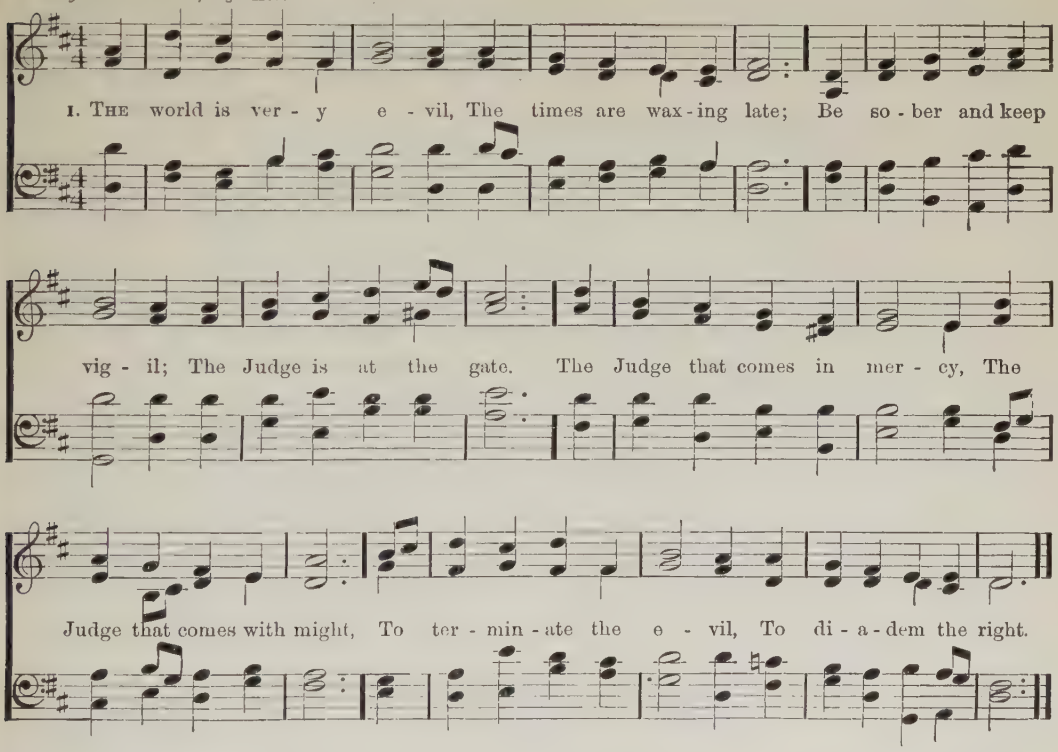
491 The world is very evil.

"Looking for the blessed hope and appearing of the glory of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ."

7s & 6s, D. **Pearsall.**

Lat. Bernard of Morlaix, 1150.
Tr. John M. Neale, 1851. *Abr.*

St. Gall, Katholische Gesangbuch, 1851.


1. The world is ver - y e - vil, The times are wax - ing late; Be so - ber and keep
vig - il; The Judge is at the gate. The Judge that comes in mer - cy, The
Judge that comes with might, To ter - min - ate the e - vil, To di - a - dem the right.

2 Arise, arise good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed,
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead—
To light that has no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

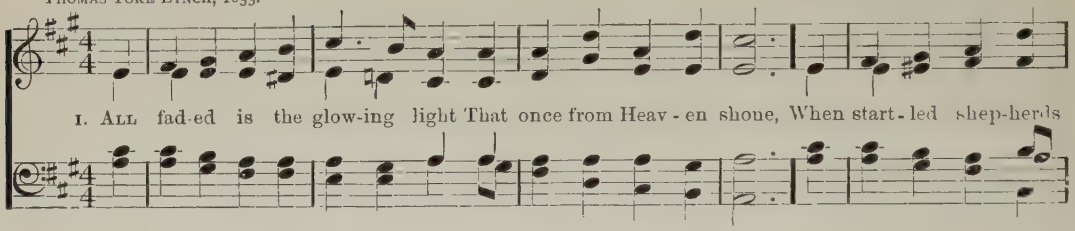
3 And now we fight the battle:
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown
And He, whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

The Second Coming.

492 All faded is the glowing light.

C. M. "*Why sayest thou? My way is hid from the Lord!*" Bernard.

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH, 1855. BERTHOLD TOURS, 1866. *Alt.*



2 Oh shine again, ye angel host,
And say that He is near;
Tho but a simple few at most
Believe He will appear.

3 Ye Heavens, that have been growing dark,
Now also are ye dumb;
When shall the listeners say, "Hark!
They're singing—He will come?"

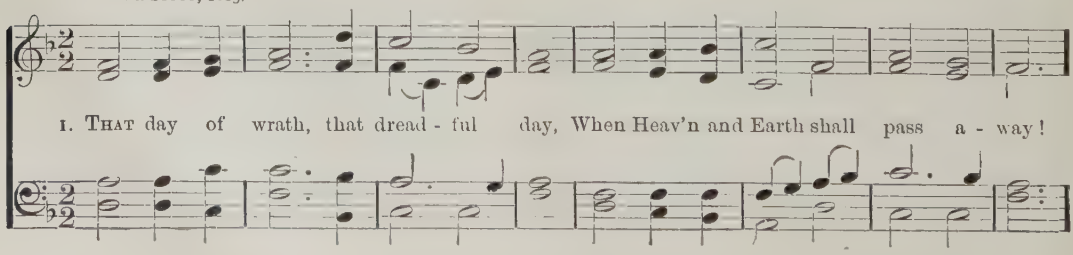
4 Lord, come again, oh come again,
Come even as Thou wilt;
But not anew to suffer pain
And strive with human guilt.

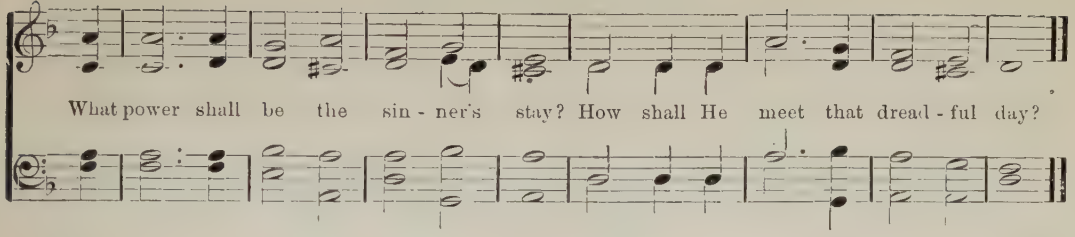
5 Oh come again, Thou mighty King,
Let Earth Thy glory see
And let us hear the angels sing,
"He comes with victory."

493 That day of wrath, that dreadful day.

L. M. "*In the morning the Lord will show who are His.*" St. Cross.

Lat. THOMAS OF CELANO, 1250. *Abr.*
Tr. WALTER SCOTT, 1805. JOHN B. DYKES, 1861.





2 When, shriveling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

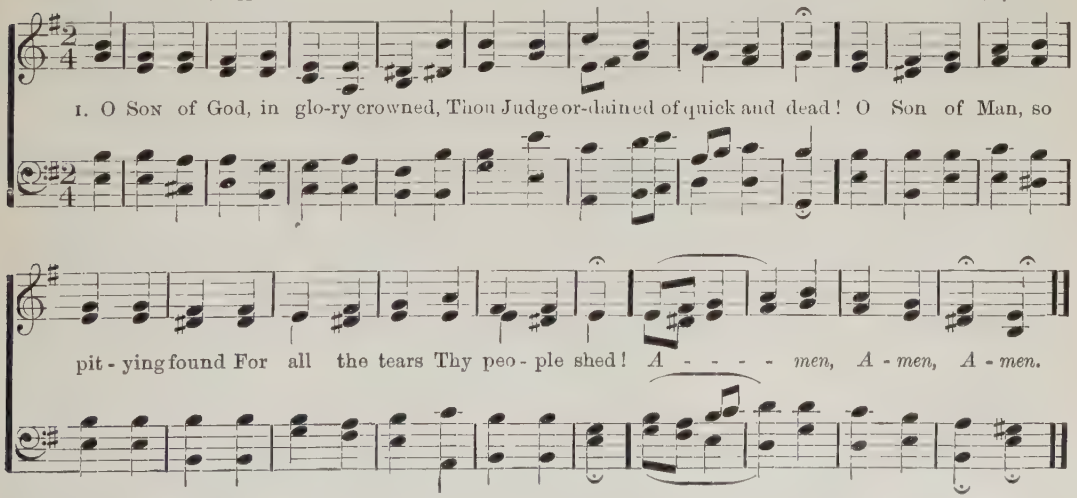
3 Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay!
Tho Heaven and Earth shall pass away.

494 O Son of God, in glory crowned.

"That we may have boldness in the day of judgment; because as He is, even so are we in this world."

L. M.
CECIL F. ALEXANDER, 1853. *Abr.*

St. Jerome.
CARL HEINRICH GRAUN, 1720.


1. O Son of God, in glo-ry crowned, Thou Judge or-dained of quick and dead! O Son of Man, so
pit - ying found For all the tears Thy peo - ple shed! A - - - - men, A - men, A - men.

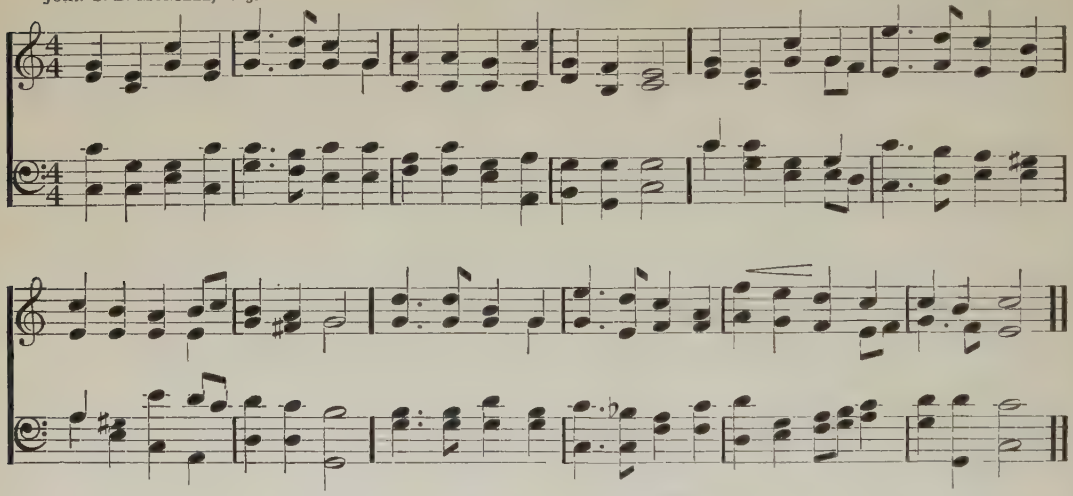
2 Lord, ere the last dread trump be heard
And ere before Thy face we stand,
Look Thou on each accusing word
And blot it with Thy bleeding hand!

3 And by the love that brought Thee here
And by the Cross and by the grave,
Give perfect love for conscious fear
And in the day of judgment save! *Amen.*

495 O'er the distant mountains breaking.

8s & 7s. *"I see a rod of an almond tree."* **Regent Square.**

JOHN S. B. MONSELL, 1863. *Abr.* HENRY SMART, 1867.



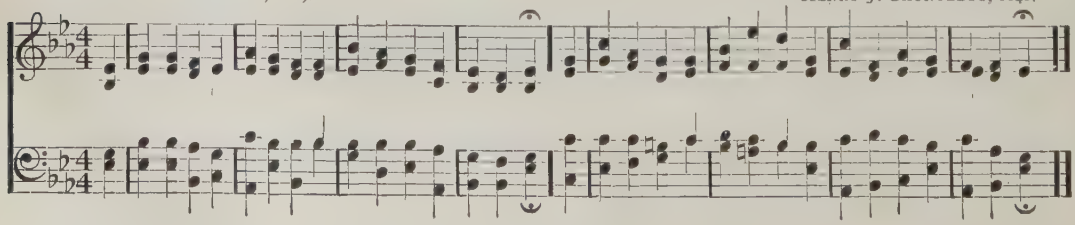
1 O'ER the distant mountains breaking,
Comes the reddening dawn of day;
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise and sing and watch and pray;
'Tis thy Saviour! 'Tis thy Saviour!
On His bright returning way.

2 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand.
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for Thee, till I stand,
O my Saviour! O my Saviour!
In Thy bright and promised land.

496 Jesus! Thy Church with longing eyes.

L. M. *"Let Thy word be verified."* **Riegate.**

WILLIAM H. B. BATHURST, 1829. *Abr.* HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1846.



The Second Coming.

1 Jesus! Thy Church, with longing eyes,
For Thine expected coming waits.
When will Thy promised Light arise,
Thy glory beam from Zion's gates?

2 E'en now, when tempests round us fall,
While wint'ry clouds o'ercast the sky,
Thy words with gladness we recall,
Deeming that our redemption's nigh.

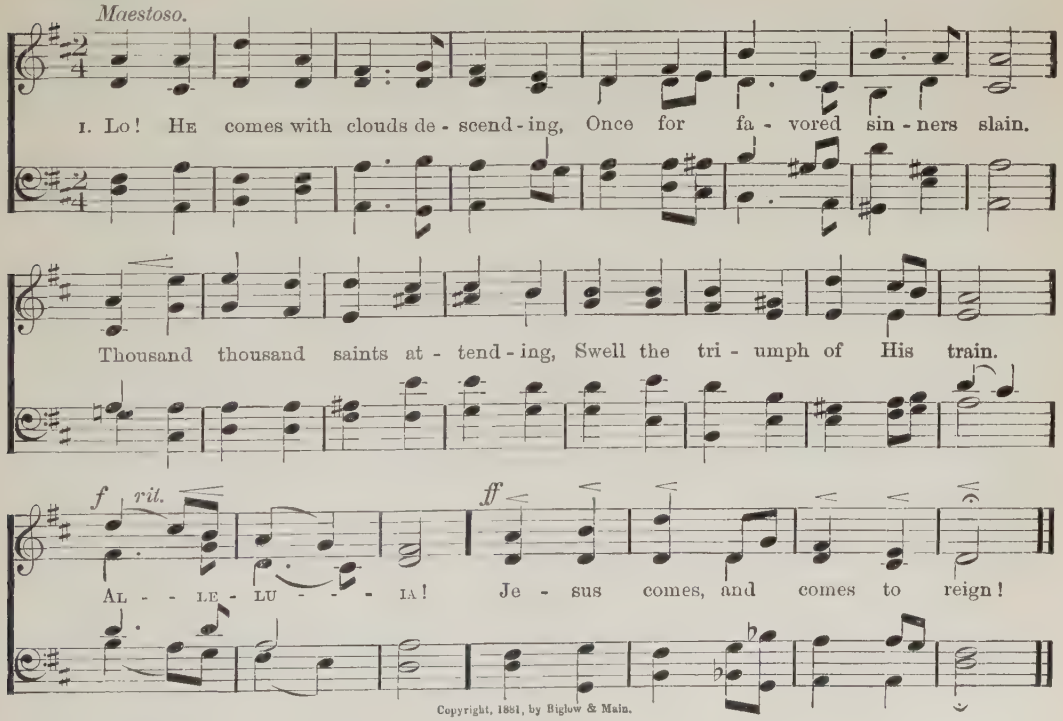
3 Yes, Thou wilt speedily appear!
The smitten Earth already reels
And not far off we seem to hear
The thunder of Thy chariot wheels!

497 Lo! He comes, with clouds descending.

"I am persuaded that He is able to guard that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

8s 7s, & 4. **Archangel.**

Charles Wesley, 1758. *Abr.* Max Piutti, 1880.


Maestoso.
1. Lo! He comes with clouds de - scend - ing, Once for fa - vored sin - ners slain.
Thousand thousand saints at - tend - ing, Swell the tri - umph of His train.
f rit.
Al - - le - lu - - - - ia!
ff
Je - sus comes, and comes to reign!

Copyright, 1881, by Biglow & Main.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty.
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the Tree,
Alleluia!
Shall the true Messiah see.

498 When this passing world is done.

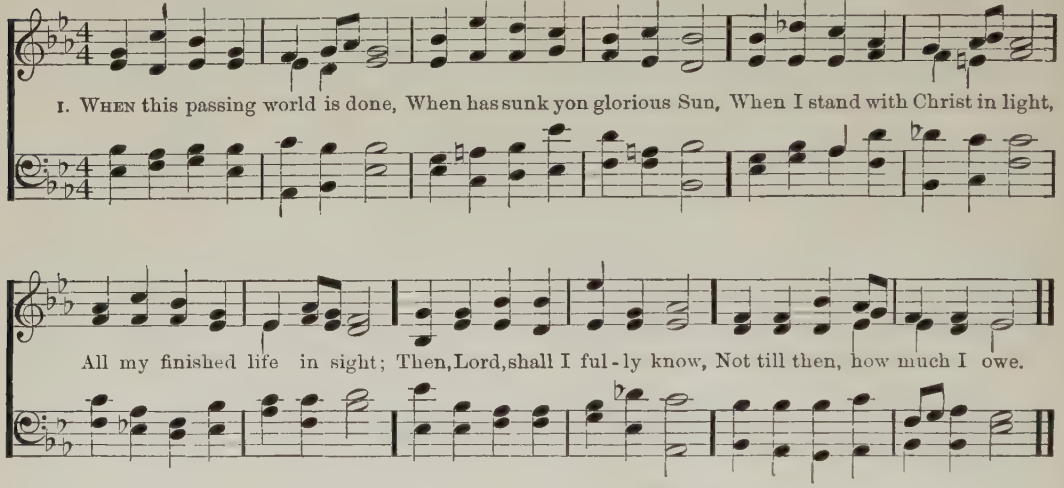
7.7.7.7.7.7.

ROBERT MURRAY MCCHEYNE, 1837. *Abr.*

"He changed his prison garments."

Margaret Street.

ALEXANDER S. COOPER, 1872.


1. WHEN this passing world is done, When has sunk yon glorious Sun, When I stand with Christ in light,
All my finished life in sight; Then, Lord, shall I ful-ly know, Not till then, how much I owe.

2 When I stand before the throne,
Clothed in beauty not my own,
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe!

3 When the praise of Heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harps' melodious voice,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe!

499 I'm but a stranger here.

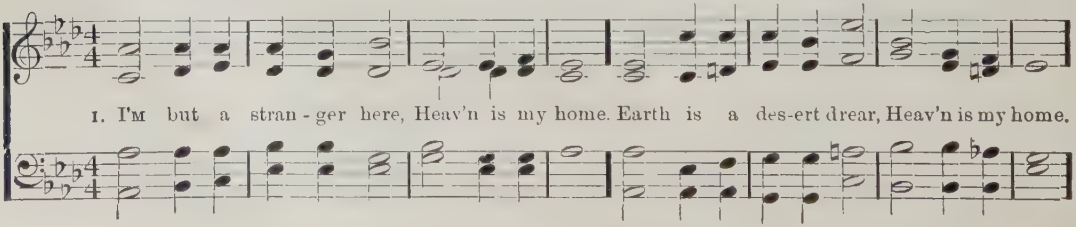
"We will go along the King's highway; we will not turn aside to the right hand nor to the left."

6s & 4s.

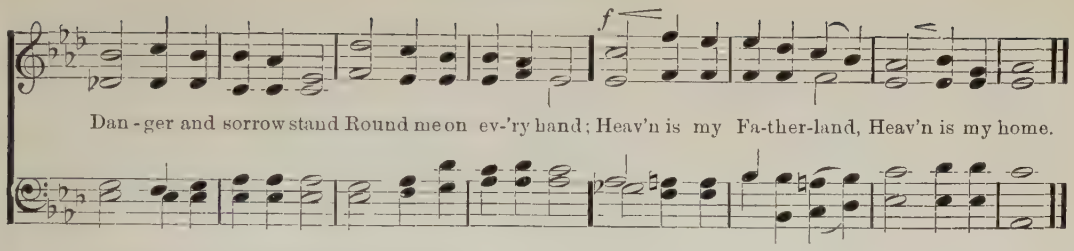
THOMAS RAWSON TAYLOR, 1835.

Saint's Rest.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1872.



Life Eternal.



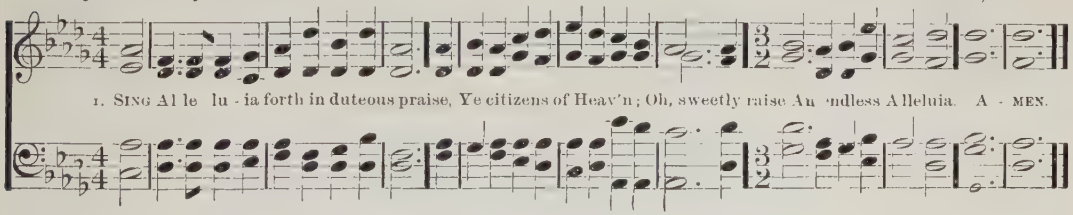
2 What tho the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home.
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home.
Time's wild and wintry blast
Soon will be overpast,
I shall reach home at last;
Heaven is my home.

3 There, at my Saviour's side,—
Heaven is my home!
I shall be glorified;—
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best
There too I soon shall rest;
Heaven is my home.

500 Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise.

10.10.7. *"And they shall see His face."* **Alleluia Perenne.**

Lat. 5th Cent. *Tr.* JOHN ELLERTON, 1868. *Abr.* WILLIAM H MONK, 1868.



2 Ye Powers who stand before th' Eternal Light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height an endless Alleluia.

3 The Holy City shall take up your strain
And with glad songs resounding wake again an endless Alleluia.

4 Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this, an endless Alleluia.

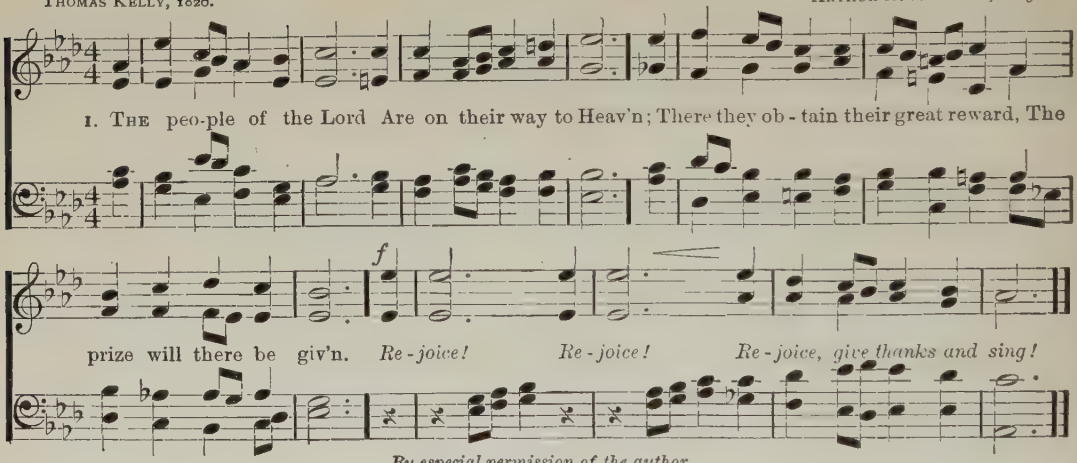
5 There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring
The strains which tell the honor of your King, an endless Alleluia.

501 The people of the Lord.

S. M.
THOMAS KELLY, 1820.

"Peace be within thy walls."

Marion.
ARTHUR H. MESSITER, 1883.


1. The peo-ple of the Lord Are on their way to Heav'n; There they ob - tain their great reward, The
f
prize will there be giv'n. Re - joice! Re - joice! Re - joice, give thanks and sing!

By especial permission of the author.

2 'Tis conflict here below;
'Tis triumph there, and peace:
On Earth we wrestle with the foe;
In Heaven our conflicts cease.

3 'Tis gloom and darkness here;
'Tis light and joy above;
There all is pure, and all is clear;
There all is peace and love.

4 There rest shall follow toil
And ease succeed to care:
The victors there divide the spoil;
They sing and triumph there.

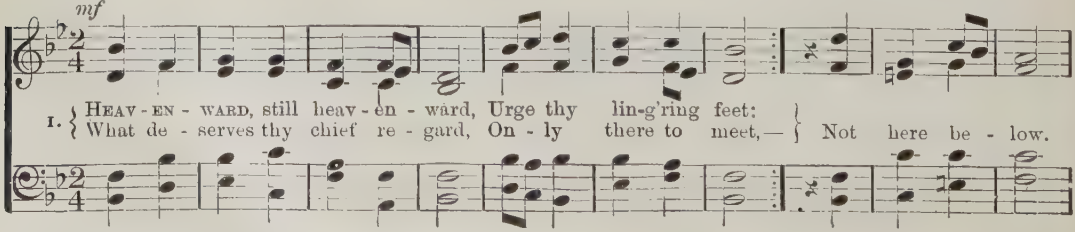
5 Then let us joyful sing;
The conflict is not long:
We hope in Heaven to praise our King
In one eternal song!

502 Heavenward, still heavenward.

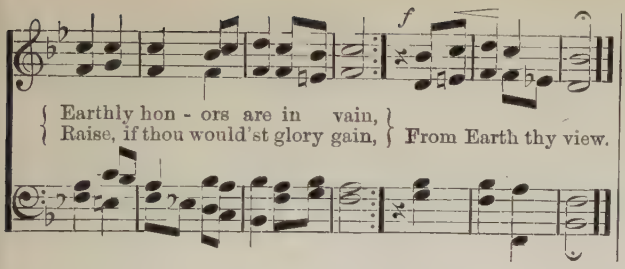
7s, 5s & 4s.
Ger. J. G. SCHONER, *d.* 1818.
Tr. HENRY MILLS, 1845. *Abr.*

"I press on toward the goal unto the prize."

"Gott ist die Ruh'."
JOHANN RUDOLPH AHLE, *cir.* 1660.


mf
1. Heav - en - ward, still heav - en - ward, Urge thy lin-g'ring feet:
What de - serves thy chief re - gard, On - ly there to meet,— Not here be - low.

Life Eternal.



2 Heavenward He points thine eye,
There to seek thy prize:
Not deprest, nor rais'd too high,
By Earth's vanities.
Her wealth is poor;
From the good that here is won,
Only what for Heav'n is done
Will long endure.

503 Light after darkness.

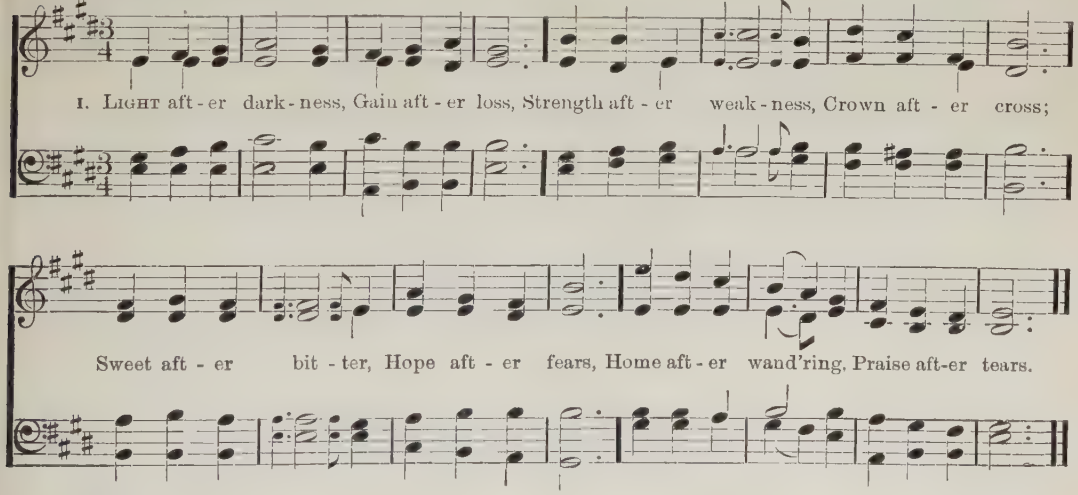
5s 4s & 6s, P.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1871.

"Be of good cheer."

Orient.

ALFRED LEGGE, 1887.


1. LIGHT aft - er dark - ness, Gain aft - er loss, Strength aft - er weak - ness, Crown aft - er cross;
Sweet aft - er bit - ter, Hope aft - er fears, Home aft - er wand'ring, Praise aft-er tears.

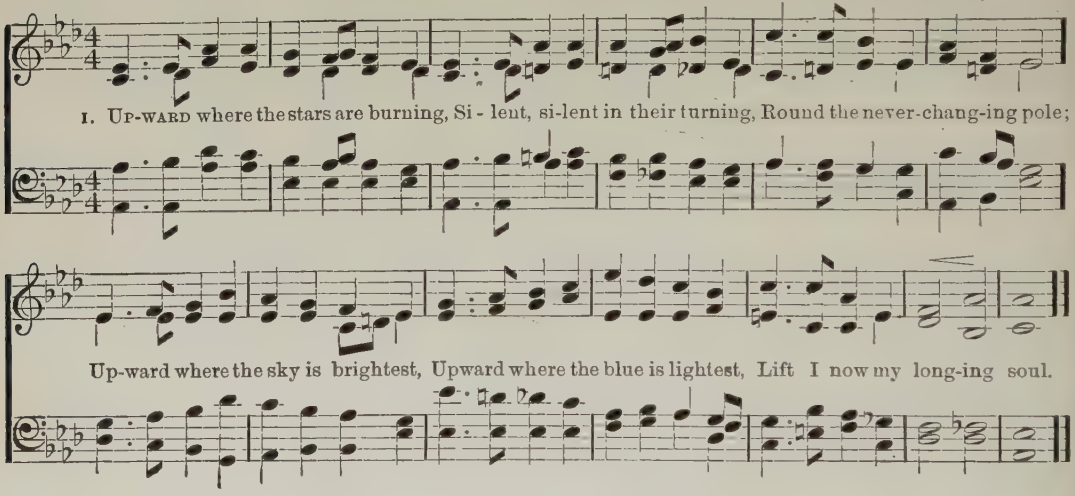
2 Sheaves after sowing,
Sun after rain,
Sight after mystery,
Peace after pain;
Joy after sorrow,
Calm after blast,
Rest after weariness,
Sweet rest at last.

3 Near after distant,
Gleam after gloom,
Love after loneliness,
Life after tomb,
After long agony
Rapture of bliss,
Right was the pathway
Leading to this!

504 Upward where the stars are burning.

8.8.7.8.8.7. *"Thou art my Lord. I have no good beyond Thee."* **Civitas Dei.**

Horatius Bonar, 1866. *Abr.* John Baptiste Calkin, 1872. *Arr.* Hubert P. Main, 1880.

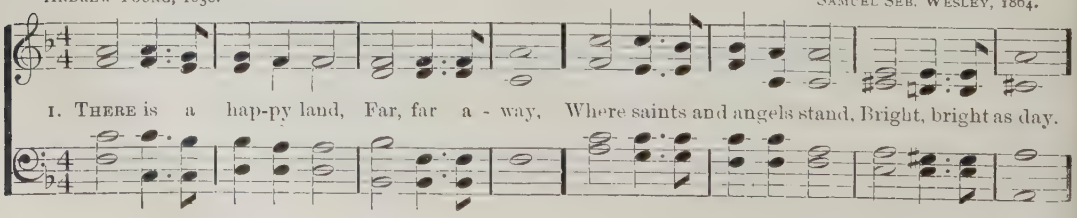

1. Up-ward where the stars are burning, Si - lent, si-lent in their turning, Round the never-chang-ing pole;
Up-ward where the sky is brightest, Upward where the blue is lightest, Lift I now my long-ing soul.

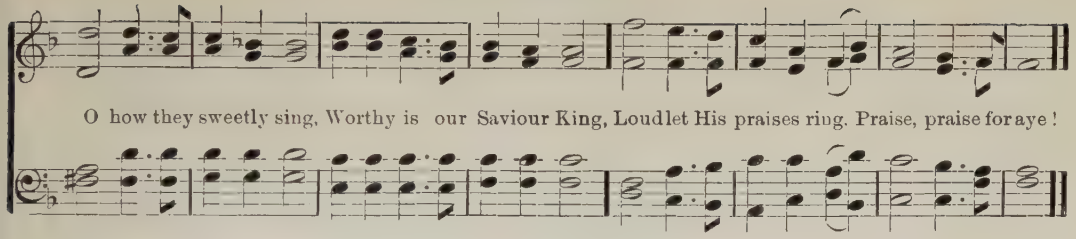
2 Far beyond that arch of gladness,
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair.
Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy,
I would find my mansion there!

505 There is a happy land.

8.8.7.8.8.7. *"A joyous town."* **Eden.**

Andrew Young, 1838. Samuel Seb. Wesley, 1864.



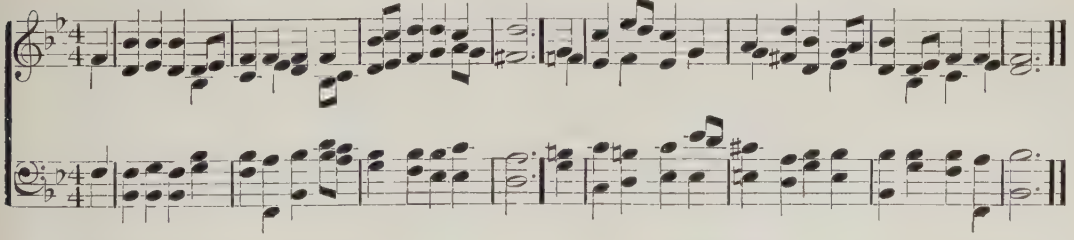
Life Eternal.

2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away:
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free!
Lord, we shall live with Thee!
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye,
Kept by a Father's hand
Love cannot die.
Oh then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won
And bright above the Sun
We'll reign for aye.

506 When I can read my title clear.

C. M. *"Such confidence have we thro Christ."* **Mirfield.**

Isaac Watts, 1707. Arthur Cottman, 1872. *Har.* and *Alt.* B. C. B.



1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should Earth against my soul engage
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my Heaven, mine all!

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

507 There is a land mine eye hath seen.

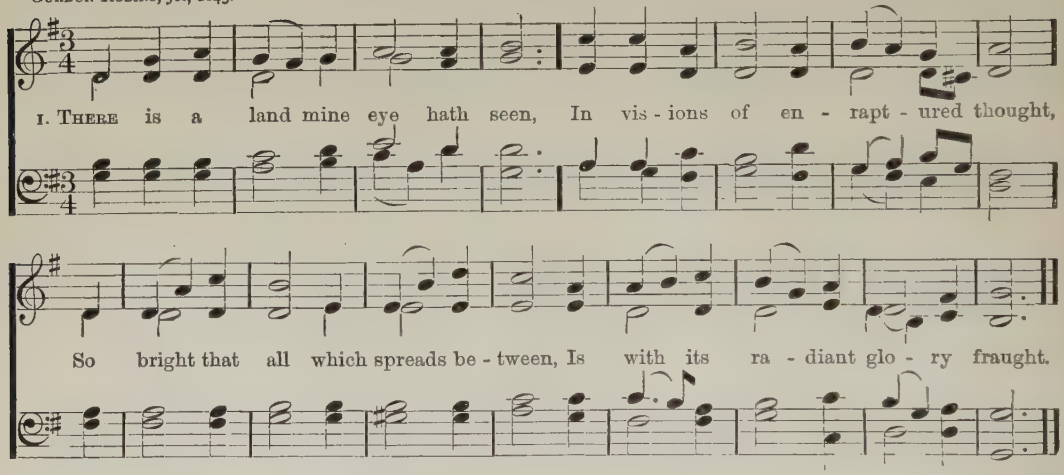
L. M.

GURDON ROBINS, Jr., 1843.

"Show me, I pray Thee, Thy glory."

Starlight.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1858.


1. THERE is a land mine eye hath seen, In vis - ions of en - rapt - ured thought,
So bright that all which spreads be - tween, Is with its ra - diant glo - ry fraught.

2 A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more
And those long parted meet again.

3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light;
It hath no need of suns to rise,
To dissipate the gloom of night.

4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode;
The wanderer there a home may find
Within the paradise of God.

508

1 LET me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, mine eternal Rest;
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest.

2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art.
Thine unveiled glory to behold;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be faithless, treacherous, cold.

3 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy name adore;
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

4 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove,
Where life nor death my soul can part
From Thy blest presence and Thy love.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836.

509

1 O SWEET Jerusalem above,
Dear motherland of all the free!
My tongue and hand prefer thy love
And far from home remember thee.

2 How shall we sing Jehovah's praise
In this strange land of Babylon?
We can but broken music raise,
Till our captivity is done.

3 But joys untold shall breathe and burn
Thro Zion's blest and holy throngs,
When all her ransomed tribes return
With shouts and everlasting songs!

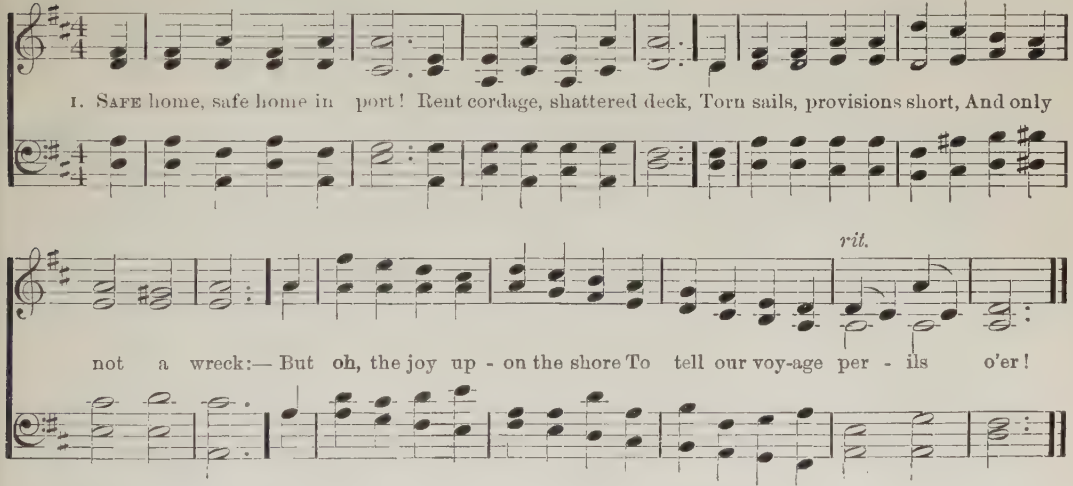
M. W. S., 1890.

510 Safe home, safe home in port!

6.6.6.6.8.8. "*They all escaped safe to the land.*" **Anchorage.**

Gk. Joseph of the Studium, 850.
Tr. John M. Neale, 1862. *Abr.*

Arthur S. Sullivan, 1872.


1. Safe home, safe home in port! Rent cordage, shattered deck, Torn sails, provisions short, And only
rit.
not a wreck:— But oh, the joy up - on the shore To tell our voy-age per - ils o'er!

2 The prize, the prize secure!
The athlete nearly fell,
Bare all he could endure
And bare not always well:
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor-garland on!

3 No more the foe can harm!
No more of leaguered camp
And cry of night alarm
And need of ready lamp;
And yet how nearly had he failed,—
How nearly had that foe prevailed!

4 The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penned,
The lion once had hold
And thought to make an end:
But one came by with wounded side
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

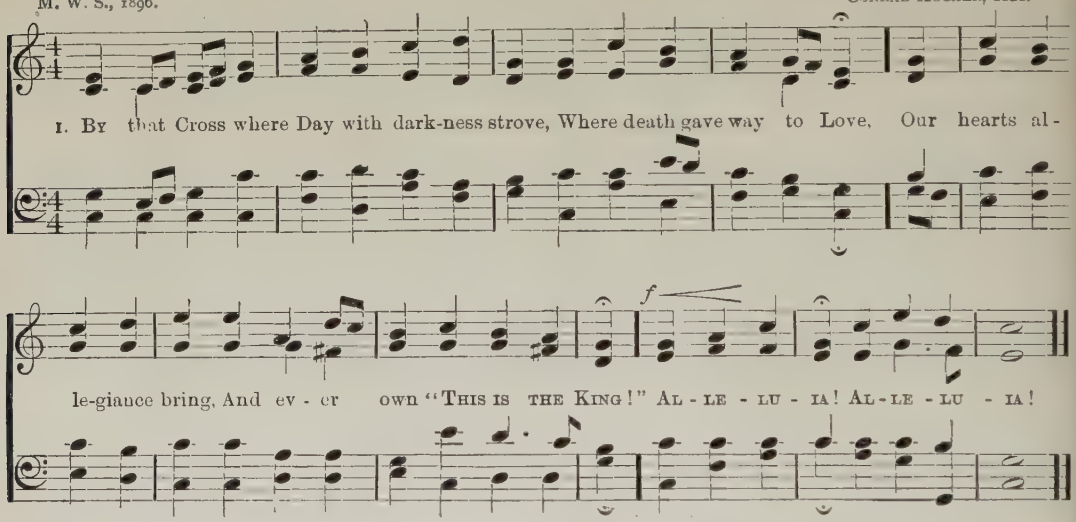
5 The exile is at home!
Oh, nights and days of tears!
Oh, longings not to roam!
Oh, sins and doubts and fears!
What matters now grief's darkest day?
God's hand hath wiped all tears away!

511 By that Cross where Day with darkness strove.

9.6.6.8.8. M. W. S., 1896.

"For all the Earth is mine."

Christus Pastor. Conrad Kocher, 1828.


1. By that Cross where Day with dark-ness strove, Where death gave way to Love, Our hearts al-
f
le-giance bring, And ev - er own "This is the King!" Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

2 O'er Earth's battle-cloud His rainbows shine,—
We conquer by that sign!
Time's long campaign shall cease
And Christ lead home His host in peace.

3 They have trod the storms beneath their feet.
Along the palm-strewn street
Cherubic legions run
And swells their shout—"*Well done! Well done!*"

4 Lift your heads, ye dazzling gates of light
And rock ye walls of might!
Peal out, ye golden bells,
From all your pearly citadels!

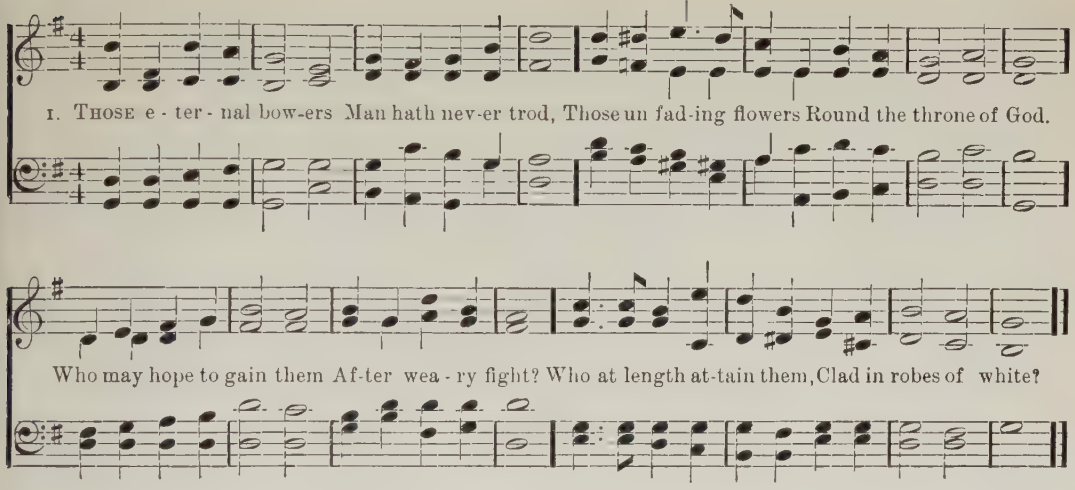
5 When Thou comest, scarred and glorious King,
While war-worn armies sing,
In Thy triumphant name
Grant us to share that vast acclaim!

512 Those Eternal Bowers.

6s & 5s, D. *"An exceeding good land."* **Williams.**

Gk. John of Damascus, 780.
Tr. John M. Neale, 1862.

Thomas Morley, 1890.


1. Those e - ter - nal bow-ers Man hath nev-er trod, Those un fad-ing flowers Round the throne of God.
Who may hope to gain them Af-ter wea - ry fight? Who at length at-tain them, Clad in robes of white?

2 He who wakes from slumber
At the Spirit's voice,
Daring here to number
Things unseen his choice:
He who casts his burden
Down at Jesus' cross,
Christ's reproach his guerdon,
All beside but loss.

3 He who gladly barters
All on earthly ground;
He who, like the martyrs,
Says, *I will be crowned;*
He whose one oblation
Is a life of love,
Knit in God's salvation
To the blest above.

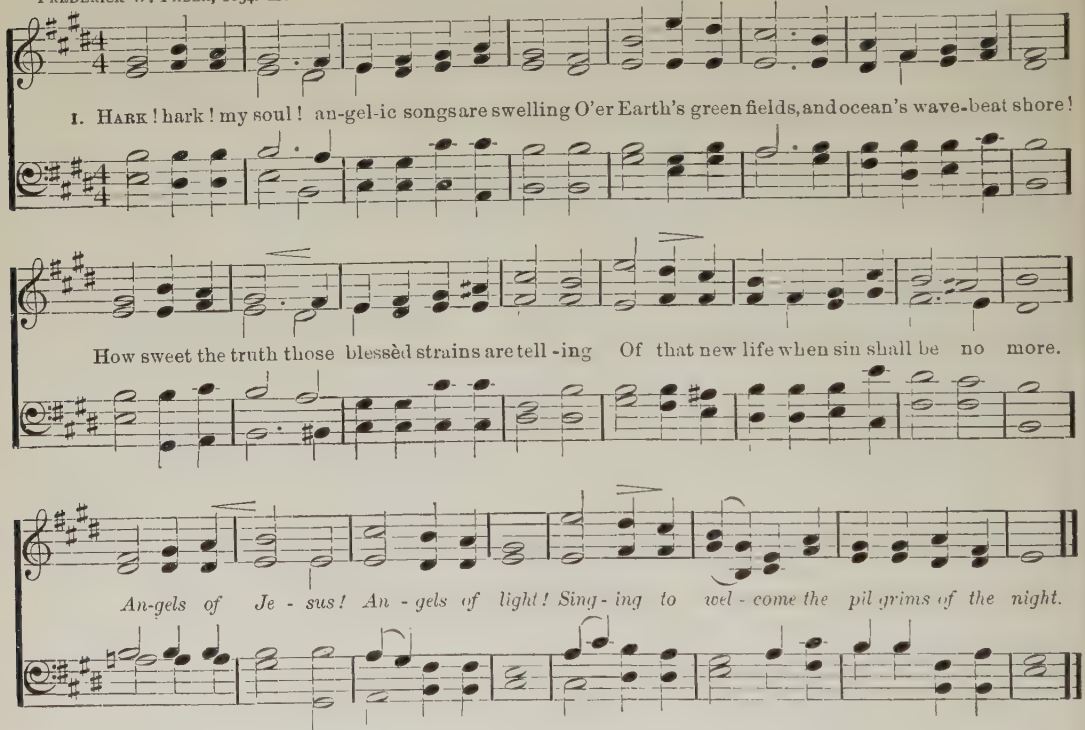
4 Shame upon you, legions
Of the heavenly King,
Citizens of regions
Past imagining!
What, with pipe and tabor
Dream away the light!
When He bids you labor,
When He tells you, *Fight?*

5 Jesus, Lord of glory,
As we breast the tide,
Whisper Thou the story
Of the other side;
Where the saints are casting
Crowns before Thy feet,
Safe for everlasting,
In Thyself complete.

513 Hark! hark! my soul! angelic songs.

IIs, IOs & 9. "*He shall give His angels charge over thee.*" **Pilgrims.**

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1854. *Abr.* HENRY SMART, 1868.


1. HARK! hark! my soul! an-gel-ic songs are swelling O'er Earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore!
How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are tell-ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
An-gels of Je-sus! An-gels of light! Sing-ing to wel-come the pil-grims of the night.

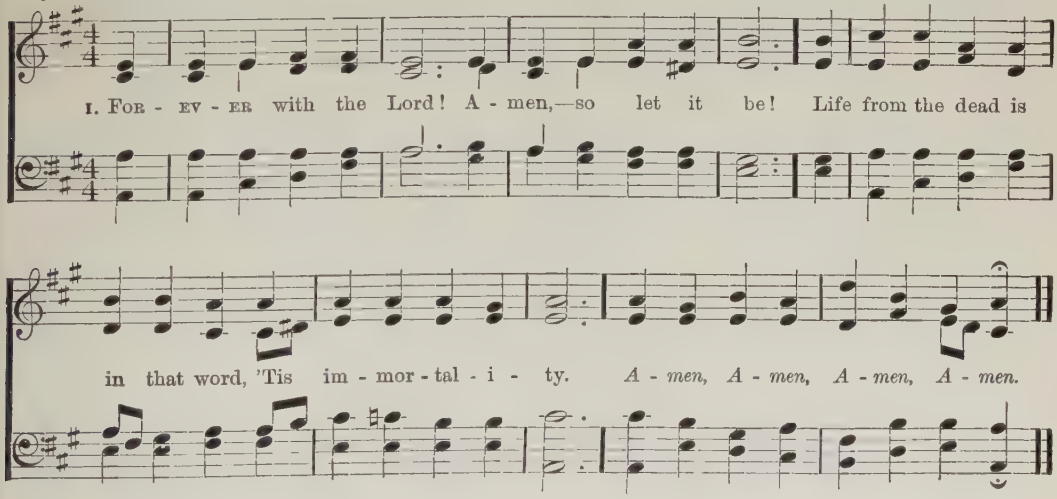
2 Onward we go; for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come"
And thro the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd! turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

4 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love!
Angels of Jesus, &c.

514 Forever with the Lord.

S. M. "*It was but a little that I past from them, but I found Him whom my soul loveth.*" **Gorton.**

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1835. *Abr.* LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam:
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of Heaven.
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower.

4 Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

5 Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail,
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand,
Fight, and I must prevail.

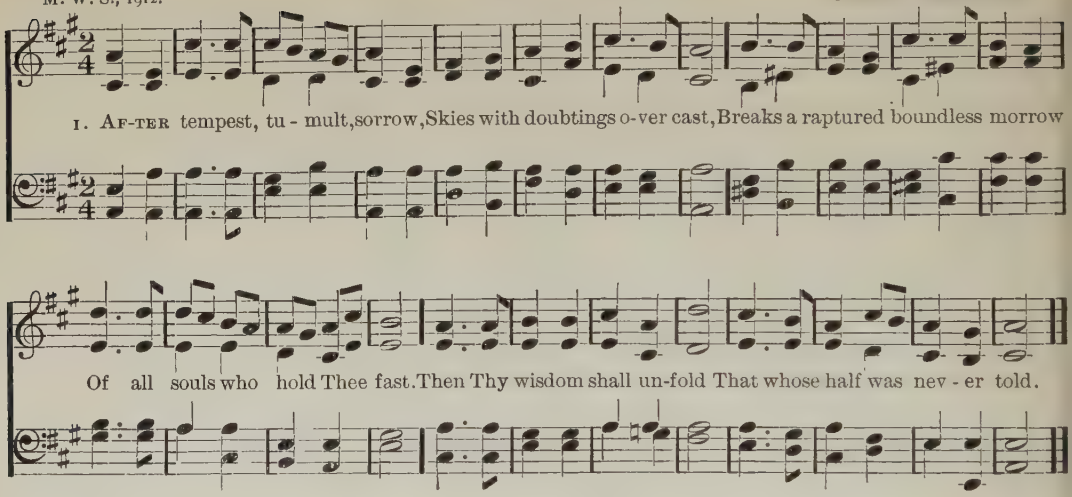
6 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death
And life eternal gain.

7 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word
And oft repeat before the throne
"For ever with the Lord!" *Amen*

515 After tempest, tumult, sorrow.

8.7.8.7.7.7. *"Conformed to the body of His glory."* **Worship.**

M. W. S., 1912. John R. Thomas, 1863.


1. After tempest, tu - mult, sorrow, Skies with doubtings o-ver cast, Breaks a raptured boundless morrow
Of all souls who hold Thee fast. Then Thy wisdom shall un-fold That whose half was nev - er told.

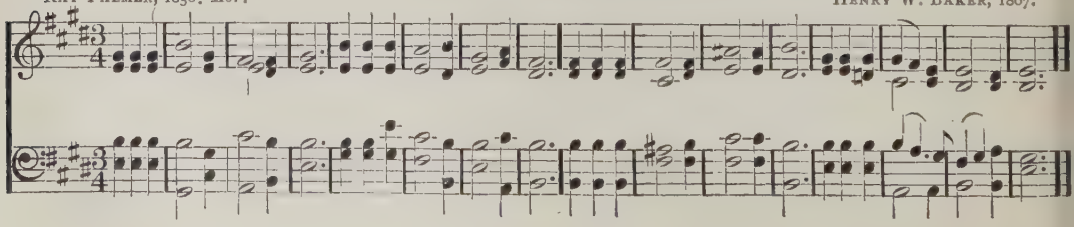
2 Mid the rolling judgment thunder,
When those golden trumpets sound,
Mortal shadows rent asunder,
Hid in Thee may I be found.
Then shall light celestial fall,
God alone be All in All.

3 By Thy poignant cross and passion
Gather us, good Lord, with Thee.
These dull forms of sense refashion
In Thy likeness aye to be.
Past Thy great effectual door
Time and sin shall be no more.

516 Lord, Thou wilt bring the joyful day.

L. M. *"He that wrought us for this very thing is God."* **Whitburn.**

Ray Palmer, 1858. *Abr.* Henry W. Baker, 1867.



1 Lord, Thou wilt bring the joyful day,
Beyond Earth's weariness and pains;
Thou hast a mansion far away,
Where for Thine own, a rest remains.

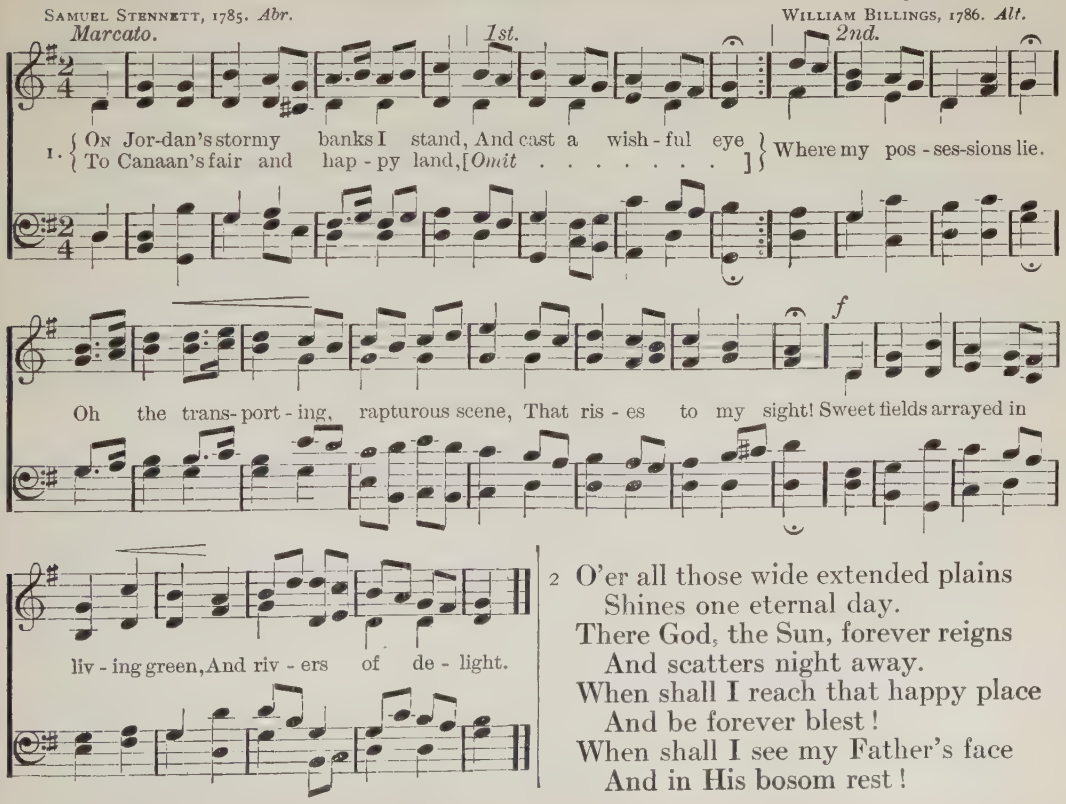
2 The bow of mercy spans the Throne,—
Emblem of love and goodness there;
While notes, to mortals all unknown,
Float on the calm celestial air.

3 There, Lord! Thy way-worn saints shall find
That bliss for which they longed before
And holiest sympathies shall bind
Thine own to Thee for evermore.

4 O Jesus! bring us to that rest,
Where all the ransomed shall be found,
In Thine eternal fullness blest,
While ages roll their cycles round.

517 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand.

C. M. D. "He hath known thy walking thro this great wilderness." Jordan.


Samuel Stennett, 1785. Abr.
William Billings, 1786. Alt.
Marcato.
1st.
2nd.
1. On Jor-dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
To Canaan's fair and hap-py land, [Omit . . . . .]
Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
f
Oh the trans-port-ing, rapturous scene, That ris-es to my sight! Sweet fields arrayed in
liv-ing green, And riv-ers of de-light.

2 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day.
There God, the Sun, forever reigns
And scatters night away.
When shall I reach that happy place
And be forever blest!
When shall I see my Father's face
And in His bosom rest!

518 The sands of time are wasting.

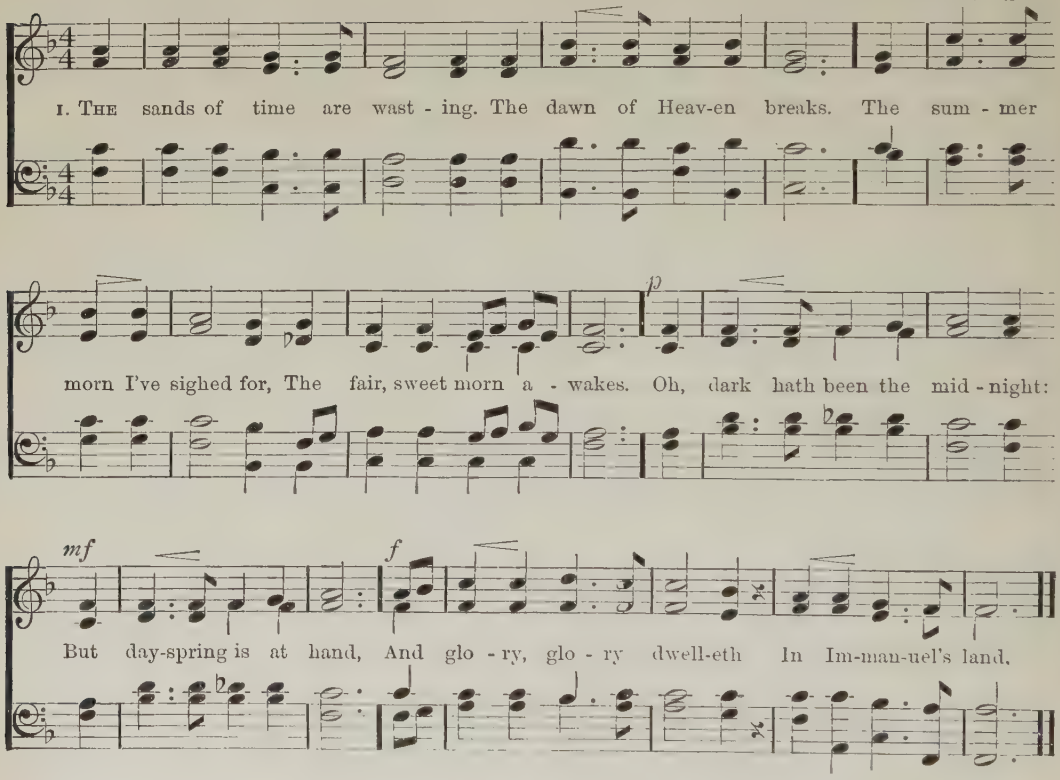
7s & 6s, D.

"*Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty.*"

Rutherford.

Annie R. Cousin, 1857. *Abr.*

Christian Urban, *d.* 1845.
Har. Edward F. Rimbault, 1845.


1. The sands of time are wast - ing. The dawn of Heav-en breaks. The sum - mer
p
morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes. Oh, dark hath been the mid - night:
mf
f
But day-spring is at hand, And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell-eth In Im-man-uel's land.

2 With mercy and with judgment,
My web of time He wove
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustered with His love.
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

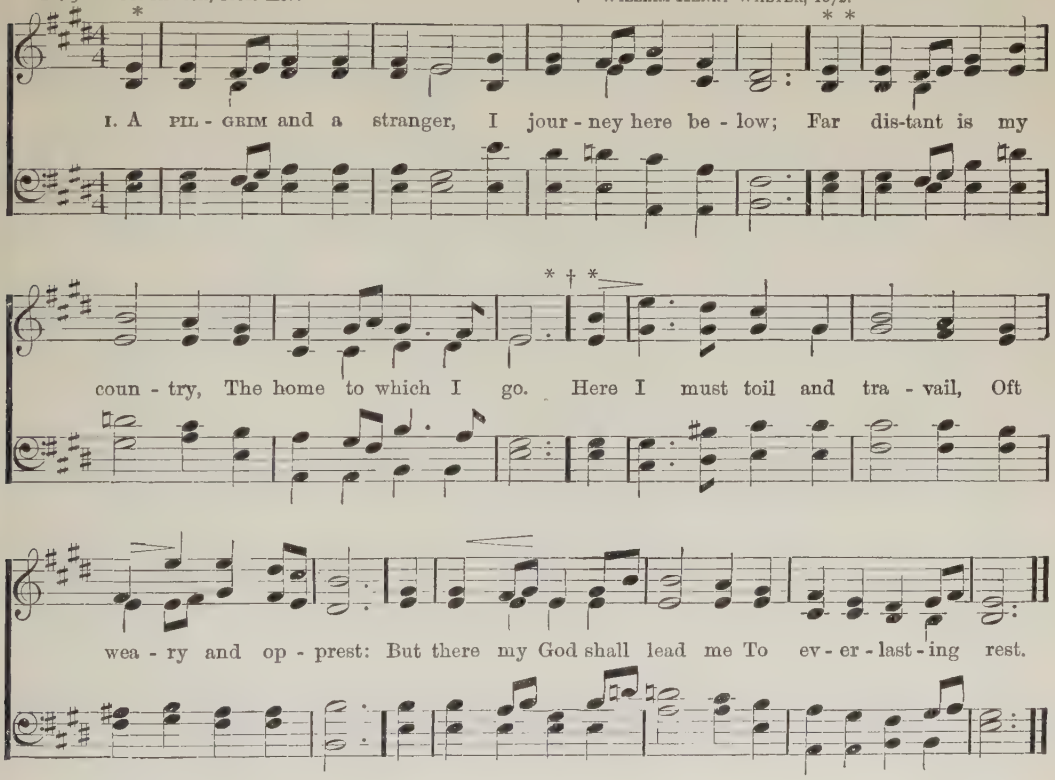
3 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of Grace,—
Not at the crown He giveth,
But on His pierced hand;
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

519 A pilgrim and a stranger.

7s & 6s, D. "*Whither the tribes go up.*" St. Hilda.

Ger. Paul Gerhardt, 1667.
Tr. Jane Borthwick, 1862. *Abr.*

* Justin H. Knecht, 1792: ** Edward Husband, 1871:
* † * William Henry Walter, 1872.


1. A pil - grim and a stranger, I jour - ney here be - low; Far dis-tant is my
coun - try, The home to which I go. Here I must toil and tra - vail, Oft
wea - ry and op - prest: But there my God shall lead me To ev - er - last - ing rest.

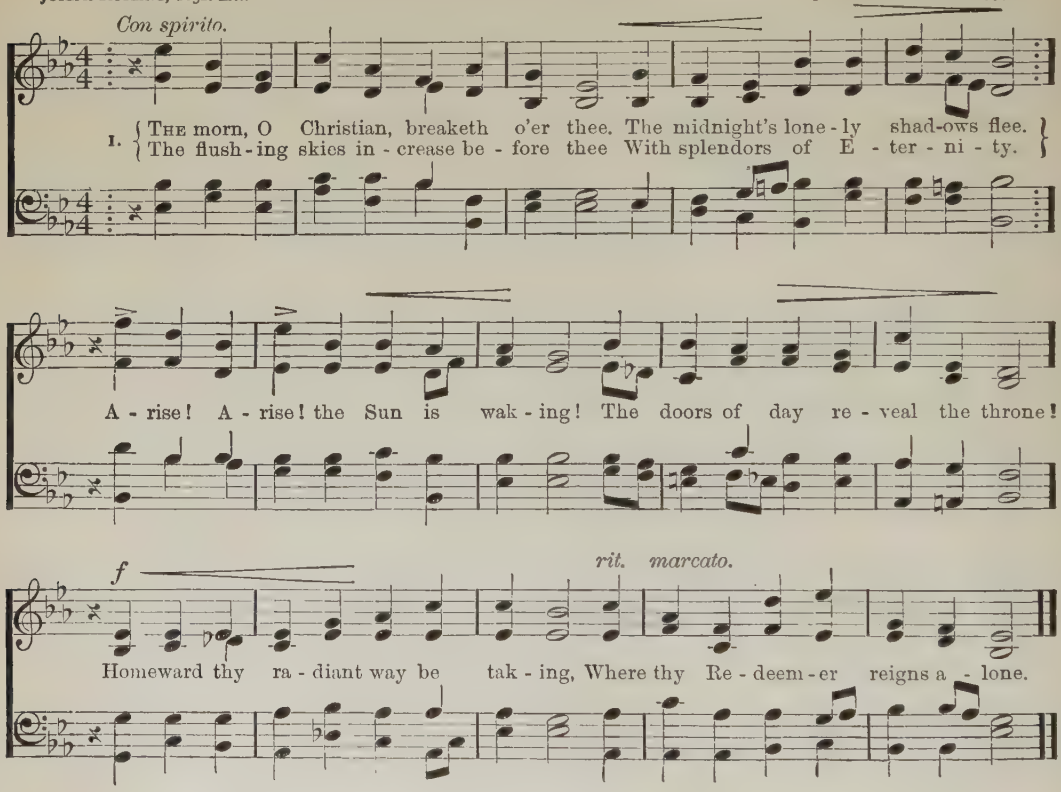
2 It is a well-worn pathway;
Many have gone before,—
The holy saints and prophets,
The patriarchs of yore.
They trod the toilsome journey
In patience and in faith,
And them I fain would follow,
Like them in life and death.

3 With them my thoughts are dwelling,
'Tis there I long to be;
Come, Lord! and call Thy servant
To blessedness with Thee!
Come, bid my toils be ended,
Let all my wanderings cease.
Call from the wayside lodging
To the sweet home of peace!

520 The morn, O Christian, breaketh o'er thee.

9.8.9.8, D. *"The sailors surmised that they were drawing near to some country."* Patmos.

Joseph Rusling, 1832. *Alt.* Justin H. Knecht, 1793.

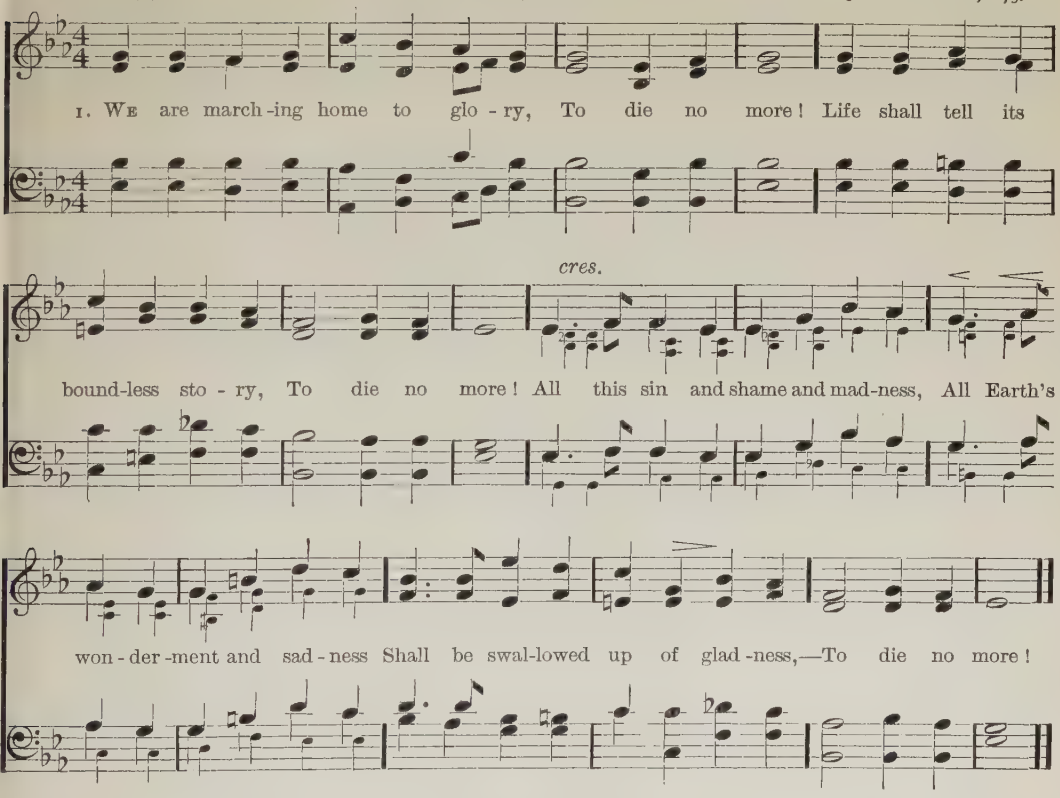

Con spirito.
1. The morn, O Christian, breaketh o'er thee. The midnight's lone-ly shad-ows flee.
The flush-ing skies in-crease be-fore thee With splendors of E-ter-ni-ty.
A-rise! A-rise! the Sun is wak-ing! The doors of day re-veal the throne!
f
rit. marcato.
Homeward thy ra-diant way be tak-ing, Where thy Re-deem-er reigns a-lone.

2 Tossed on Time's rude relentless surges,
Calmly composed and dauntless stand;
For lo! beyond the wave emerges
The height that bounds the promised land.
Land ho! Land ho! The coasts are nearing
Where the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er.
Hark! how the heavenly hosts are cheering!
See in what throngs they range the shore!

521 We are marching home to glory.

8s & 4s, P. *"Who hath abolished death."* **Lux Immortalis.**

M. W. S., 1907. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1875.


1. We are march-ing home to glo-ry, To die no more! Life shall tell its
cres.
bound-less sto-ry, To die no more! All this sin and shame and mad-ness, All Earth's
won-der-ment and sad-ness Shall be swal-lowed up of glad-ness,—To die no more!

2 There shall come no pain, no crying,
To die no more!
Raptured song for weary sighing,
To die no more!
Here, where grief and darkness hold us,
Not the half was ever told us:
There Almighty Love shall fold us
To die no more!

3 As He is the light shall show Him,
To die no more!
As He knows us we shall know Him,
To die no more!
King of Peace, by Thy protection
Bring us to that day's perfection,
Children of the Resurrection,
To die no more!

522 O Mother dear, Jerusalem!

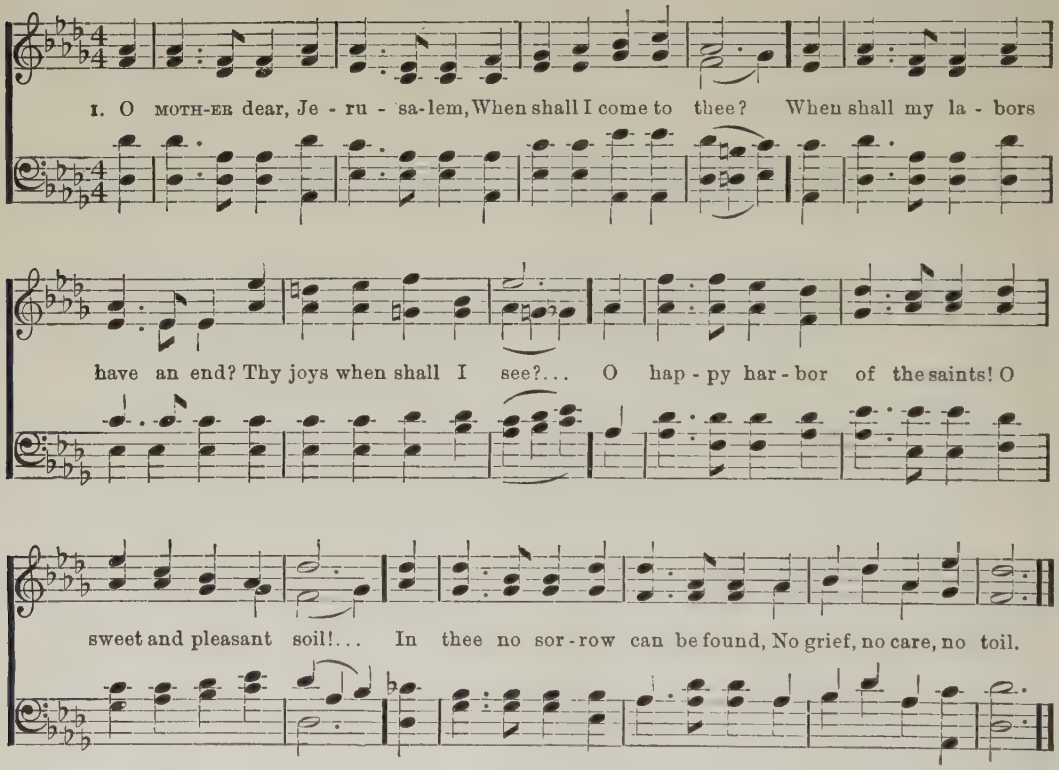
C. M. D.

ANON., *cir.* 1600, *Abr.*

"And they serve Him day and night."

Materna.

SAMUEL A. WARD, 1882.


1. O MOTH-ER dear, Je - ru - sa-lem, When shall I come to thee? When shall my la - bors
have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?... O hap - py har - bor of the saints! O
sweet and pleasant soil!... In thee no sor - row can be found, No grief, no care, no toil.

2 No twilight mist is seen in thee,
No cold, nor darksome night;
There every soul shines as the sun,
There God Himself gives light.
Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square,
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,—
O God, that I were there!

3 Quite thro thy streets with silver sound
Thy pleasant waters flow,
There, filled with every goodly fruit,
The trees of life do grow.
Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

523 The roseate hues of early dawn.

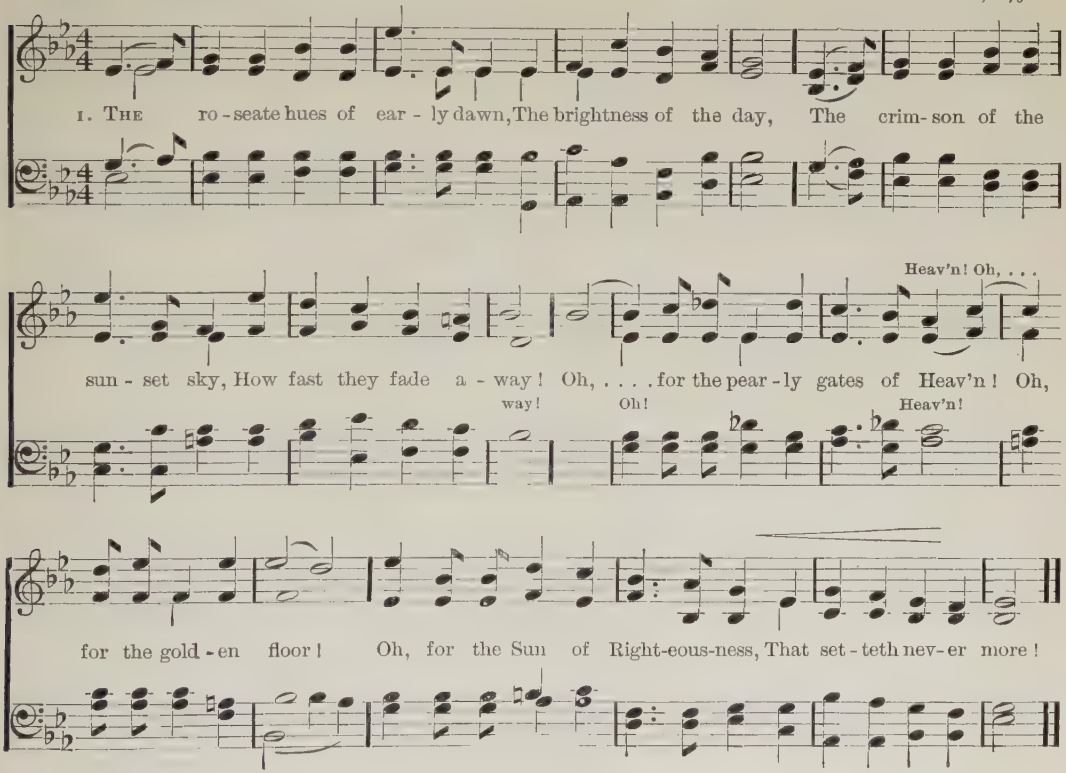
"When that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away."

C. M. D.

Cecil F. Alexander, 1853.

All Hallows.

Robert P. Stewart, 1873.


1. The ro-seate hues of ear-ly dawn, The brightness of the day, The crim-son of the
Heav'n! Oh, . . .
sun-set sky, How fast they fade a-way! Oh, ... for the pear-ly gates of Heav'n! Oh,
way! Oh! Heav'n!
for the gold-en floor! Oh, for the Sun of Right-eous-ness, That set-teth nev-er more!

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
Oh, for a heart that never sins!
Oh, for a soul washed white!
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

3 Here faith is ours and heavenly hope
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace,
Beyond our best desire.
Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord!
Oh, by Thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!

524 Jerusalem, the golden.

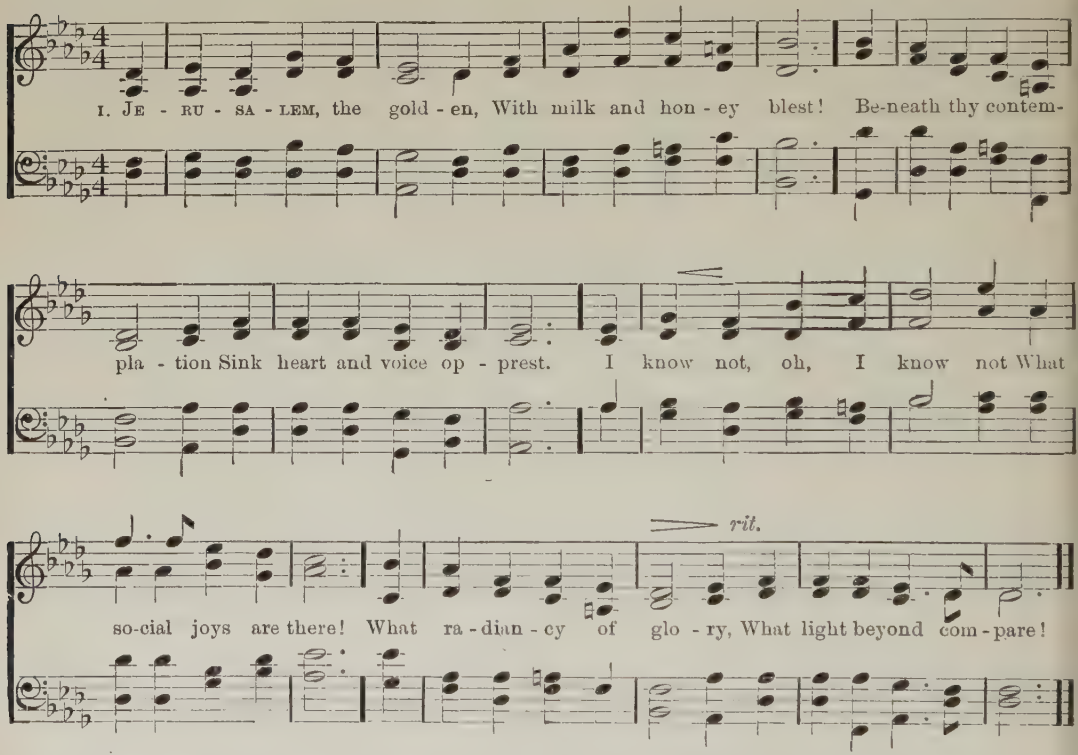
"The voice of joy, and the voice of gladness, the voice of the Bridegroom, and the voice of the Bride, the voice of them that shall say, Praise the Lord of hosts; for the Lord is good; for His mercy endureth forever."

7s & 6s, D.

Lat. Bernard of Morlaix, 1150.
Tr. John M. Neale, 1851.

Ewing.

Alexander Ewing, 1853.


1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest! Be-neath thy contem-
pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest. I know not, oh, I know not What
rit.
so-cial joys are there! What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light beyond com - pare!

2 There grief is turned to pleasure;
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.
And after fleshly scandal
And after this world's night
And after storm and whirlwind
Is calm and joy and light.

3 There is the throne of David!
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast.
And they, who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white!

525 Brief life is here our portion.

"King of Righteousness and then also King of Peace."

1 Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care:
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there:
O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
Conjubilant with song
And bright with many an angel
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows flee away;
Then each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.
There God our King and portion,
In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold forever
And worship face to face.

---

4 For thee, O dear, dear country!
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast
And medicine in sickness
And love and life and rest.

5 O one and only mansion,
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished
And bliss hath no alloy;
The Cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

---

6 There sing the living waters
Along the crystal street
And in the Land of Beauty
All things of beauty meet.
There are the bands of Angels
And, hand in hand, the Saints,
Where there is no more heart-ache,
In service never faints.

7 O sweet and blessèd Country!
Shall I e'er see thy face?
O sweet and blessèd Country!
Shall I e'er win thy grace?
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, His forever,
Thou shalt be and thou art!

8 Jerusalem the glorious,
The home of God's elect,
Uncomprehended vision,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art with God the Father
And Spirit ever blest.

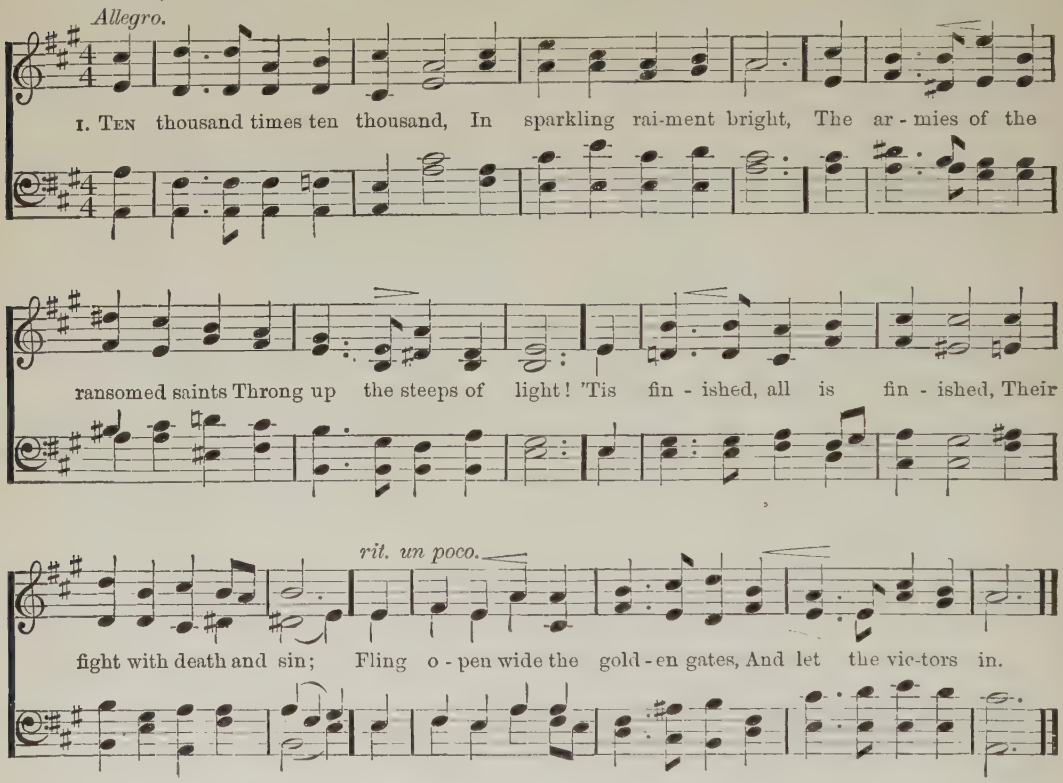
Lat. Bernard of Morlaix, 1150.
Paraphrase of John M. Neale, 1851. *Arr.*

526 Ten thousand times ten thousand.

7.6.8.6, D.
HENRY ALFORD, 1866. *Abr.*

"None enter within the King's gate clothed with sackcloth."

Alford.
JOHN B. DYKES, 1875.


Allegro.
1. Ten thousand times ten thousand, In sparkling rai-ment bright, The ar - mies of the
ransomed saints Throng up the steeps of light! 'Tis fin - ished, all is fin - ished, Their
rit. un poco.
fight with death and sin; Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic-tors in.

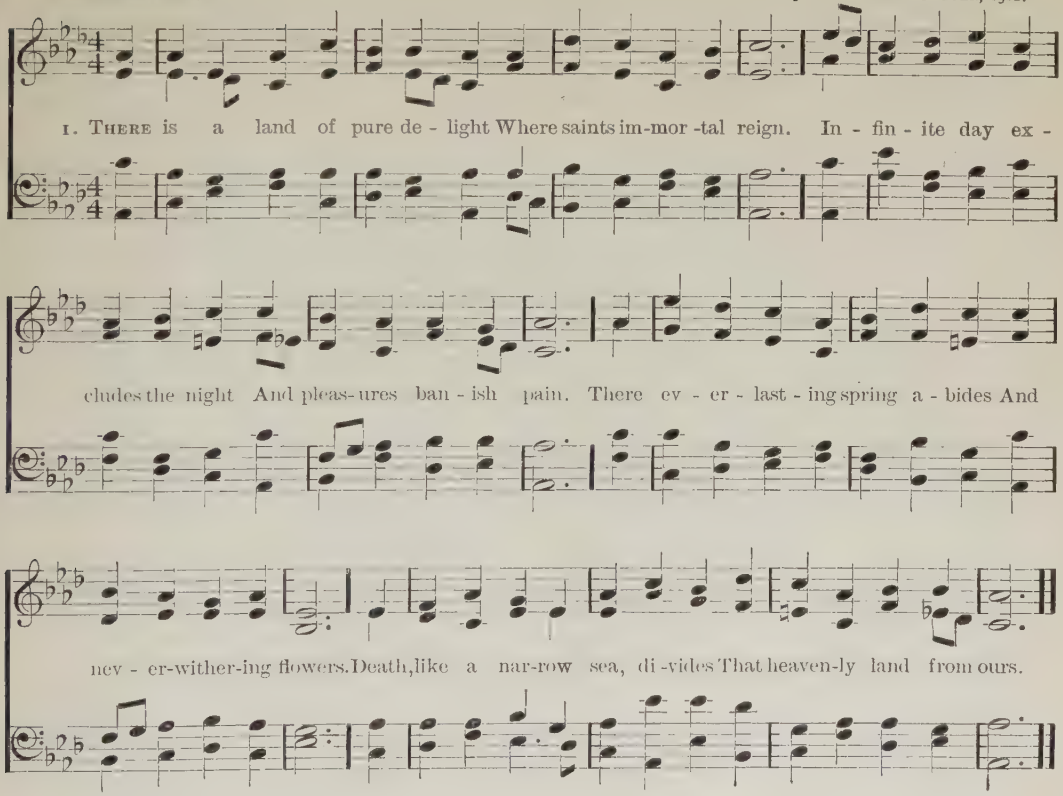
2 Oh, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
What rush of Alleluias
Fills all the Earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!

3 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain.
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign.
Appear, Desire of nations!
Thine exiles long for home.
Show in the heavens Thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

527 There is a land of pure delight.

C. M. D. — "I will give it unto thy seed." — "Old 132d."

Isaac Watts, 1707. — John Dave's Psalter, 1562.


1. There is a land of pure de - light Where saints im-mor -tal reign. In - fin - ite day ex -
cludes the night And pleas-ures ban - ish pain. There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides And
nev - er-wither-ing flowers. Death, like a nar-row sea, di -vides That heaven-ly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between:
But timorous mortals stand and shrink
To cross this narrow sea
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

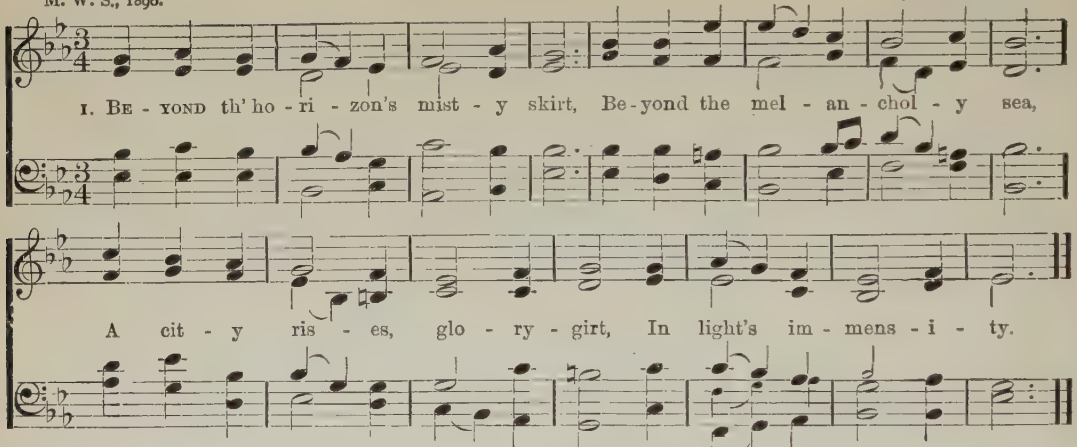
3 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes! [stood
Could we but climb where Moses
And view the landscape o'er, [flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Would fright us from the shore.

528 Beyond the horizon's misty skirt.

8.8.8.6.
M. W. S., 1890.

"There shall be no more sea."

Edelweiss.
G. W. Torrance.



2 Its radiant gates all open stand,
Its countless throngs are passing fair
And blithesome spirits, hand in hand,
Go singing everywhere.

3 There is no sundown there, no night,
No bitter cry of grief or pain;
No sin can mar that deep delight,
Nor requiem sound again.

4 The holy host of shining ones
Speed on the errands of the King
And lift supreme, in perfect tones,
A chant unwavering.

5 The blest of every tongue and clime
Rejoice to tell those ways of Love,
Which led them thro the toils of Time
To purity above.

6 And One is there, whom each one knows
For mercies separate to each
And each to all His mercy shows;
For men shall angels teach.

7 Oh, white apparel! happy place!
Oh, song of rapture! Light benign!
Peace for all pilgrims! Christ, in grace,
Make Thy dear city mine.

Creator, Word and Spirit, Thou
One God, all worlds resound Thy praise;
Accept our humble hearts, both now
And to eternal days.

529

(To the Tune Langran, No. 179.)

1 For aye, O God, Thy covenant endures;
"*To you and to your children,*" speaks Thy word.
That birthright pledge our boldest trust assures;
Thou wilt perform what ancient ages heard.

2 Thine after Law could never disannul
The Gospel promised to believing seed.
That family heritage time cannot dull;
All households of the faith are Thine indeed.

3 That elder and this later sacrament
Make one transcendent oath to bind them in
The bonds of life, who in pure love are sent
To share what Thou with Abraham didst begin.

4 Thou for our babes wilt recognise the claim
Of true-born members in Thy mercy's fold!
Thus we baptize them in Thy holy name,
With prayer that fast their privilege they hold.

5 For all who are far off, estranged from grace,
We pray that they too, undeprived, may come
Where children's children meet a Father's face,
The ark of one true parenthood their home.

M. W. S., 1919.

530

(To the Tune Affiance, No. 166.)

1 There is a City, builded by no hand
And unapproachable by sea or shore
And unassailable by any band
Of storming soldiery, forevermore.
No ray shall fall from satellite or sun,
In that pure City of the Holy One.

2 From God's own footstool silver waters flow.
The saints and martyrs and the blessèd band,
Who loved and were belovèd here below,
Walk with the happy angels, hand in hand.
Sublime, perpetual, august array!
One free, bright, busy and eternal day.

Thomas W. Parsons, 1892. *Arr.*

531

Oh, grant us light.

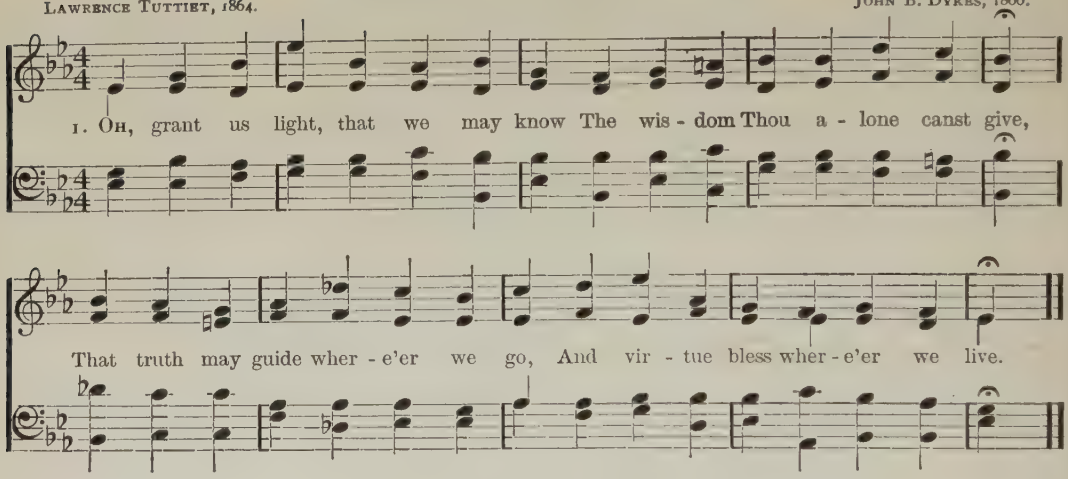
L. M.

"*The law of the wise is a fountain of life.*"

Durham.

LAWRENCE TUTTIET, 1864.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1866.


1. Oh, grant us light, that we may know The wis - dom Thou a - lone canst give,
That truth may guide wher - e'er we go, And vir - tue bless wher - e'er we live.

2 Oh, grant us light, that we may see
Where error lurks in human lore,
And lead our doubting minds to Thee,
To love Thy simple Word the more.

3 Oh, grant us light, that we may learn
How dead is life from Thee apart,
How sure is joy for all who turn
To Thee an undivided heart.

4 Oh, grant us light, in grief and pain,
Lifting our burdened hearts above,
To count the very cross a gain,
And bless our Father's hidden love.

5 Oh, grant us light, when soon or late
All earthly scenes shall pass away,
In Thee to find the open gate
To deathless home and endless day.

532

1 FATHER in Heaven, Who lovest all,
O help Thy children when they call;
That they may build from age to age
An undefilèd heritage.

2 Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

3 Teach us the strength that cannot seek
By deed or thought to hurt the weak;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

4 Teach us delight in simple things
And mirth that has no bitter springs,
Forgiveness free of evil done
And love to all men neath the Sun.

RUDYARD KIPLING, 1906. *Abr.*

533

Not with a choir of angels

(To the Chant, WHITTIER, No. 470.)

1 NOT with a choir of angels without number,
And noise of lutes and lyres:
But gently, with the woven veil of slumber
Across Thine awful fires,

2 We yearn to watch Thy face, serene and tender,
Melt, smiling, calm and sweet,
Where round the print of thorns, in thornlike splendor
Transcendent glories meet!

3 We have no hopes if Thou art close beside us
And no profane despairs,
Since all we need is Thy great hand to guide us,
Thy heart to take our cares.

4 For us is no to-day, to-night, to-morrow,
No past time nor to-be;
We have no joy but Thee, there is no sorrow,
No life to live but Thee!

5 Most sweet of all, when dark the way and moonless,
To feel a touch, a breath,
To know our weary spirits are not tuneless,
Our unseen goal not Death.

6 To know that Thou, in all Thine old sweet fashion,
Art near us to sustain!
We praise Thee, Lord, by all Thy tears and passion,
By all Thy Cross and pain!

7 For when this night of toil and tears is over,
Aross the hills of spice,
Thyself wilt meet us, glowing like a lover
Before Love's Paradise.

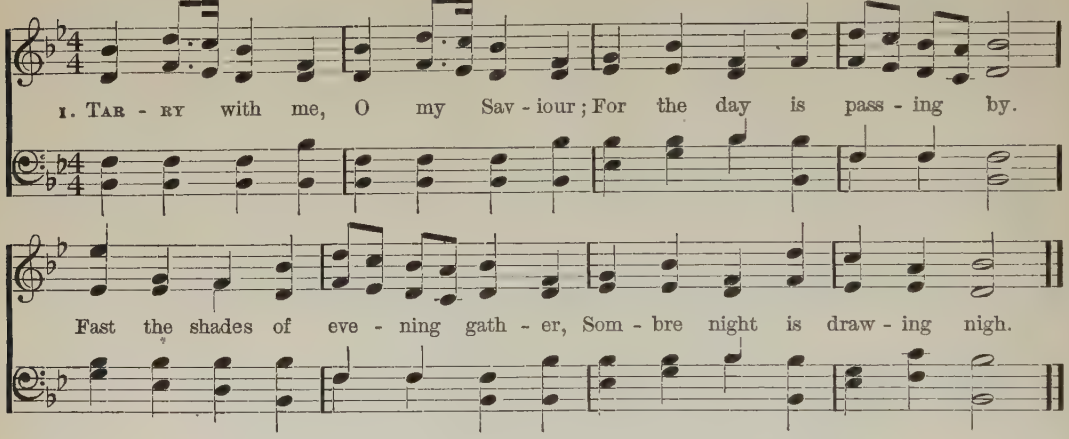
8 There are the saints, with palms and hymns and roses,
And better still than all,
The long, long day of bliss that never closes,—
Thy marriage festival!

EDMUND GOSSE, 1873. *Abr.*

534 Tarry with me, O my Saviour.

8.7.8.7. *"God heard their grieving."* **Wilmot.**

CAROLINE SPRAGUE SMITH, 1852. *Alt.* CARL MARIA VON WEBER, 1820.



2 Deeper, deeper grows the twilight,
Paler sinks the glowing west,
Gathering mist of death advances;
Shall it be a night of rest?

3 Lonelier is the vale of shadow,
Fails my heart in troubled fear;
Give my faith a clearer vision,
Speak, dear Lord, Thy words of cheer.

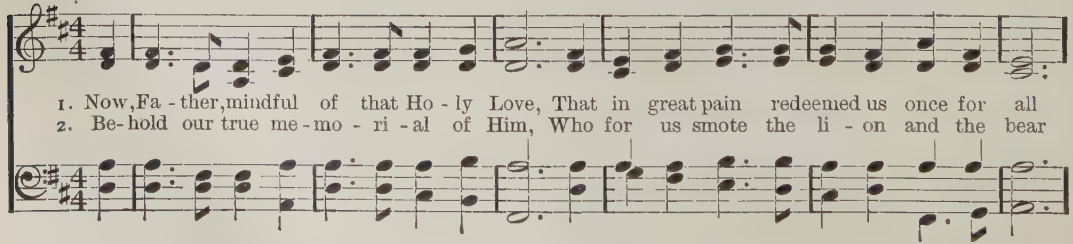
4 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Christ, I cast myself on Thee;
Leave me not amid the darkness;
While I sleep still watch by me.

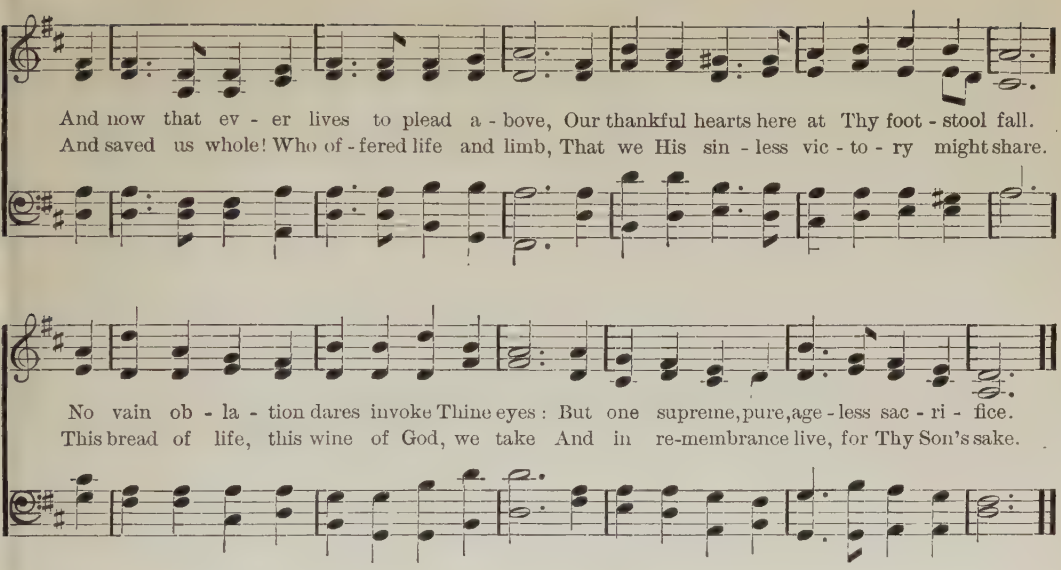
5 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Lay my head upon Thy breast
Till the morning, then awake me,—
Morning of eternal rest.

535 Now, Father, mindful of that Holy Love.

10.10.10.10.10.10. *"Who loved us and gave Himself for us."* **Unde et Mèmores.**

WILLIAM BRIGHT, 1874. *Rew.* WILLIAM H. MONK, 1875. *Har.* J. O. L., 1919.


1. Now, Fa - ther, mindful of that Ho - ly Love, That in great pain redeemed us once for all
2. Be-hold our true me - mo - ri - al of Him, Who for us smote the li - on and the bear


And now that ev - er lives to plead a - bove, Our thankful hearts here at Thy foot - stool fall.
And saved us whole! Who of - fered life and limb, That we His sin - less vic - to - ry might share.
No vain ob - la - tion dares invoke Thine eyes: But one supreme, pure, age - less sac - ri - fice.
This bread of life, this wine of God, we take And in re-membrance live, for Thy Son's sake.

3 Then, Father, look on His anointed face,
Consider us alone as found in Him:
Look not on our misusings of Thy grace,
Our prayer so languid and our faith so dim;
Between our sinfulness and its reward
Stands that High Priest, the Holy One, our Lord!

4 Also for those our dearest and our best,
By Thy transfusing presence we appeal.
Oh, fold them closer to Thy mercy's breast
And do Thine utmost for their souls' true weal.
PREVAILING LIFE, crushed, broken, for their sake,
Crown with Thy strength the ransom Thou didst make.

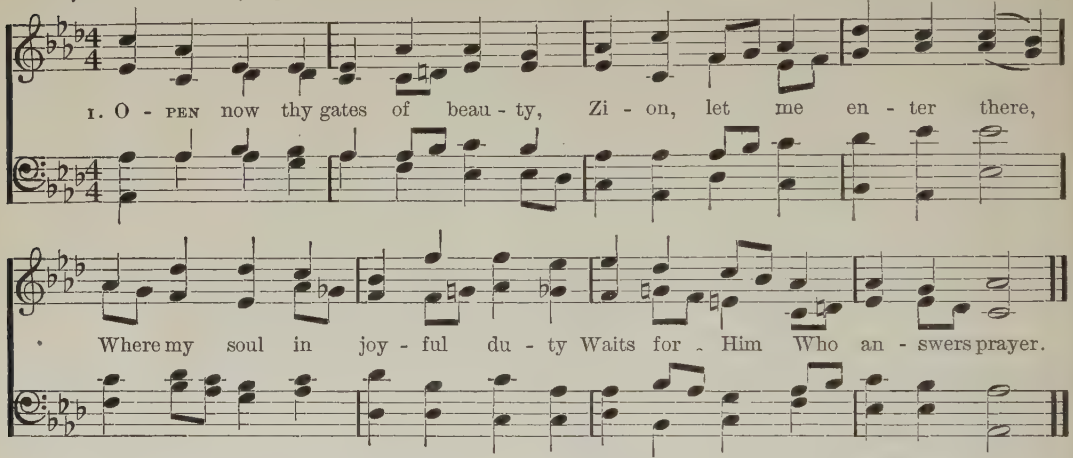
5 O Christ, forget us not! Thyself come near
To be our souls' food. Give abundant peace,
Thou Lamb of God! Thy love cast out all fear.
Thy Cross and Passion grant us full release.
By this obedience pledge us still to be
Thy very own to all eternity!

536 Open now thy gates of beauty.

8.7.8.7. *"I was glad when they said unto me—Let us go unto the house of the Lord."* **Oxford.**

Ger., Benjamin Schmolke, 1704.
Tr., Cath. Winkworth, 1863. *Abr.*

John Stainer, 1887.



2 Yes, my God, I come before Thee,
Come Thou also down to me!
Where we find Thee and adore Thee,
There a Heaven on Earth must be.

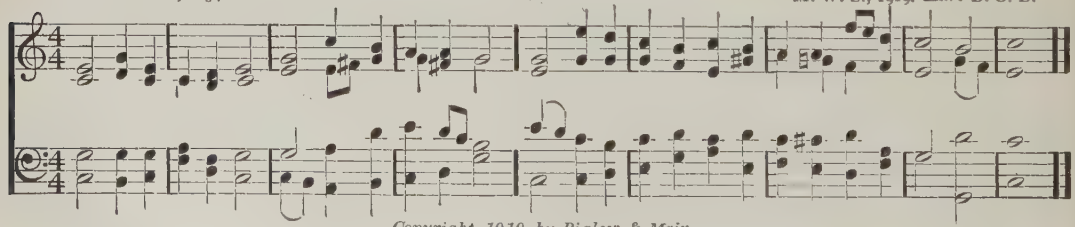
3 Speak, O God, and I will hear Thee,
Let Thy will be done indeed.
May I undisturbed draw near Thee,
While Thou dost Thy people feed.

537 My spirit on Thy care.

S. M. *"Take the matter into Thy hand."* **Orison.**

Henry F. Lyte, 1834.

M. W. S., 1919. *Har.* B. C. B.



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1 My spirit on Thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair;
For Thou art Love divine.

2 In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest;
I know Thee good, I know Thee just
And count Thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.

538

1 I KNOW that all my life
Is portioned out for me
The changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see.

2 I would not have the will
That hurries to and fro,
Restless for some great thing to do
Or secret thing to know.

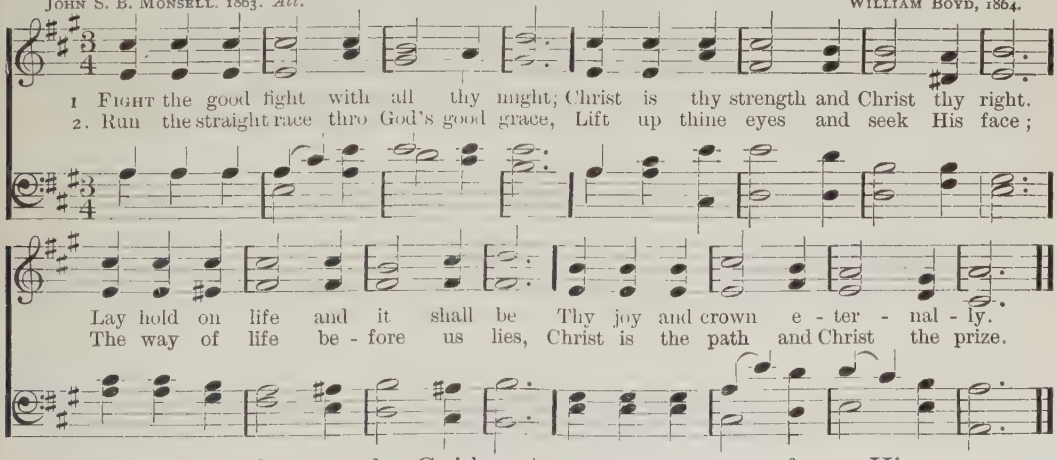
3 If what I do not ask
Among my blessings be,
I'd have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee.

4 Service Thy will appoints
Has no more bonds for me;
Mine inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free.

ANNA L. WARING, 1850. *Alt.*

539 Fight the good fight with all thy might.

L. M. "*A kingdom that cannot be shaken.*" Pentecost

JOHN S. B. MONSELL, 1863. *Alt.* WILLIAM BOYD, 1864.

1 Fight the good fight with all thy might; Christ is thy strength and Christ thy right.
2. Run the straight race thro God's good grace, Lift up thine eyes and seek His face;
Lay hold on life and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly.
The way of life be - fore us lies, Christ is the path and Christ the prize.

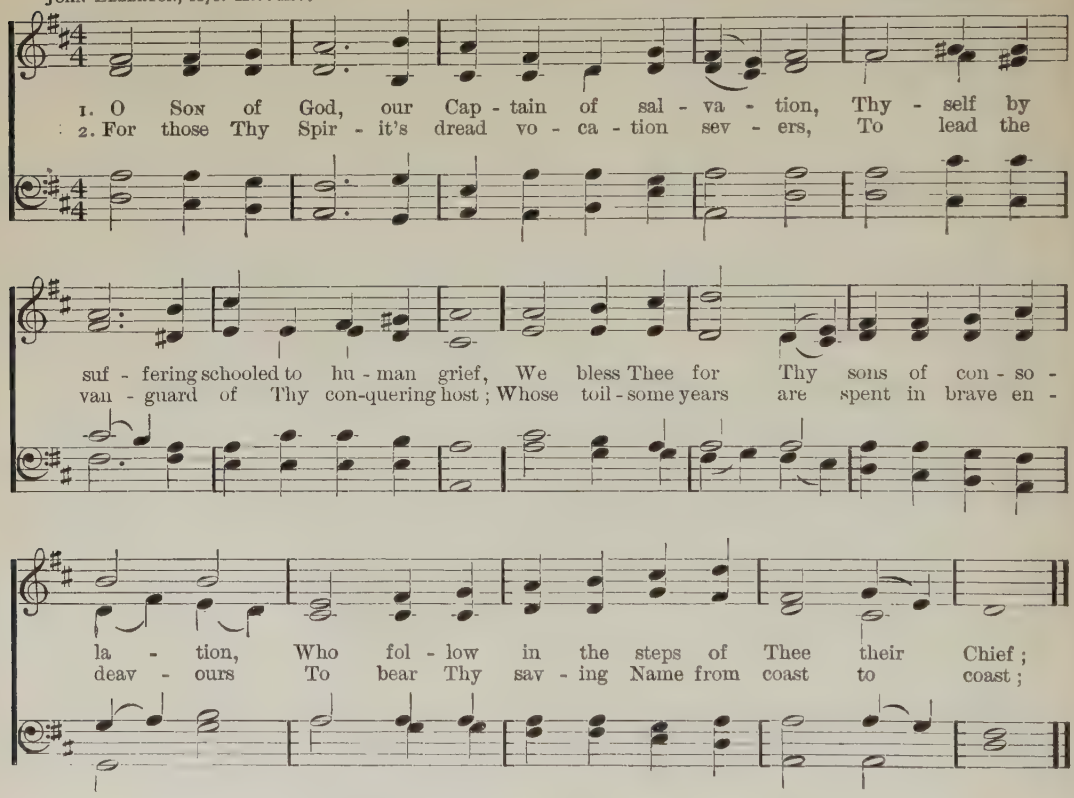
3 Fling care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide.
Trust Him; thy trusting soul shall prove
Him thy true life and Him thy love.

4 Faint not nor fear; His arms are near;
He changeth not and thou art dear.
Only believe and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

540 O Son of God, our Captain of Salvation.

11.10.11.10. *"A good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith."* **St. Barnabas.**

John Ellerton, 1871. *Abr. Arr.* John B. Dykes, 1875.


1. O Son of God, our Cap - tain of sal - va - tion, Thy - self by
2. For those Thy Spir - it's dread vo - ca - tion sev - ers, To lead the
suf - fering schooled to hu - man grief, We bless Thee for Thy sons of con - so -
van - guard of Thy con-quering host; Whose toil - some years are spent in brave en -
la - tion, Who fol - low in the steps of Thee their Chief;
deav - ours To bear Thy sav - ing Name from coast to coast;

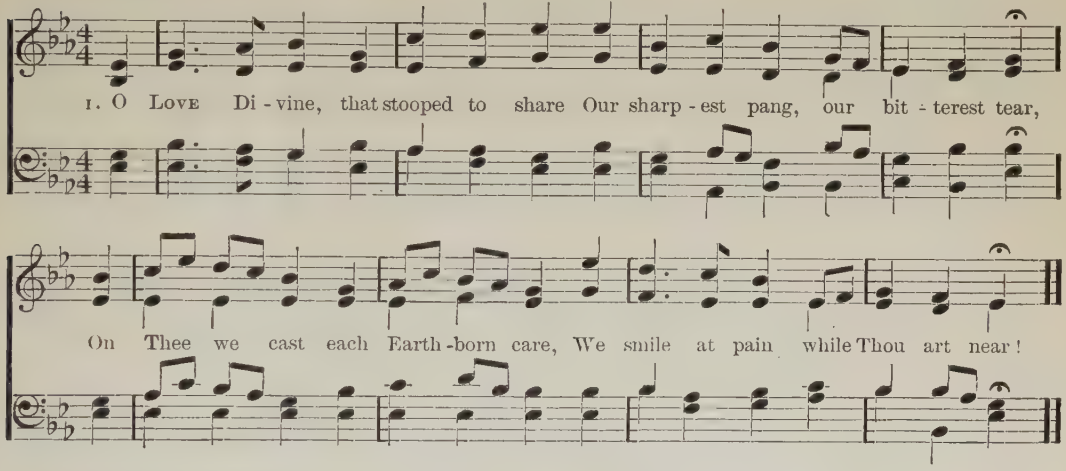
3 Those whose bright faith makes feeble hearts grow stronger
And sends fresh warriors to the great campaign,
Bids the lone convert feel estranged no longer
And wins the sundered to be one again.

4 When others fear, like that good man unshaken,
Who sought and brought Thy new-born to his place,—
That last Apostle! may we help to waken
In many souls the comforts of Thy grace.

541 O Love Divine, that stooped to share.

L. M. "*Let him take hold of My strength.*" **Samson.**

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, 1859. GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL, 1741.


1. O Love Di - vine, that stooped to share Our sharp - est pang, our bit - terest tear,
On Thee we cast each Earth - born care, We smile at pain while Thou art near!

2 Tho long the weary way we tread,
Tho sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
When trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!

4 On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love divine, forever dear,
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near!

542

1 O LIVING Will, that shalt endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock,
Rise in the Spiritual Rock, [pure.
Flow thro our deeds and make them

2 That we may lift from out the dust
A voice, as unto Him that hears,
A cry above the conquered years
To One that with us works and trust,

3 With faith that comes from self-control,
The truths that never can be proved
Until we close with all we loved
And all we flow from, soul in soul.

ALFRED TENNYSON, 1850.

543 (To AMSTERDAM, No. 254.)

LET Thy Cross my will control;
Conform me to my Guide!
In the manger lay my soul,
And crucify my pride!
Give me, Lord, Thy gentle heart;
Lowly Mind! my portion be!
Meek Redeemer! now impart
Thine own humility!

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, 1759. *Abr.*

544 Where cross the crowded ways of life.

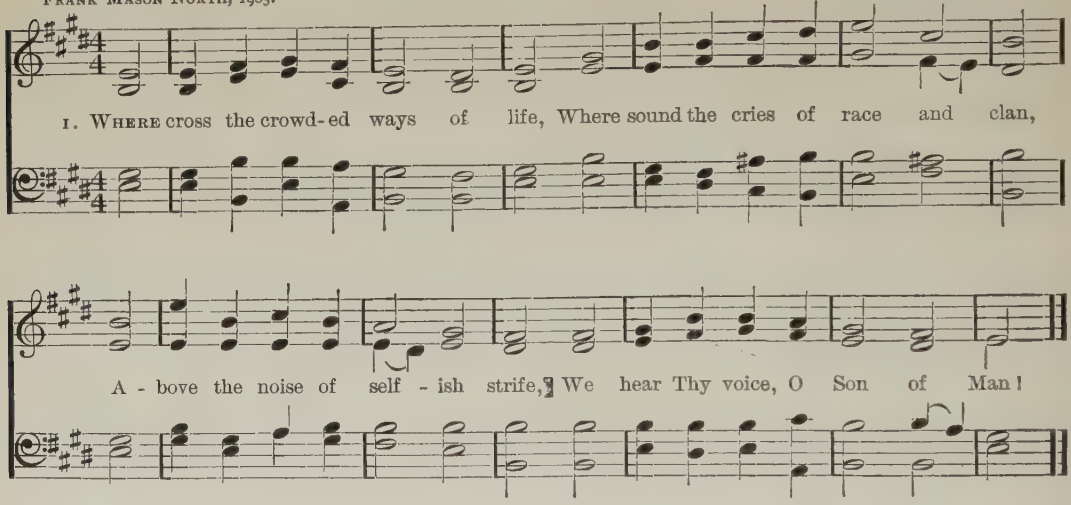
L. M.

FRANK MASON NORTH, 1905.

"When He saw the city, He wept over it."

Uxbridge.

LOWELL MASON, 1824.


1. WHERE cross the crowd-ed ways of life, Where sound the cries of race and clan,
A - bove the noise of self - ish strife, We hear Thy voice, O Son of Man!

2 In haunts of wretchedness and need,
On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
From paths where hide the lures of greed,
We catch the vision of Thy tears.

3 From tender childhood's helplessness,
From woman's grief, man's burdened toil,
From famished souls, from sorrow's stress,
Thy heart hath never known recoil.

4 The cup of water given for Thee
Still holds the freshness of Thy grace:
Yet long these multitudes to see
The sweet compassion of Thy face.

5 O Master, from the mountain side,
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain;
Among these restless throngs abide,
Oh, tread the city's streets again!

6 Till sons of men shall learn Thy love
And follow where Thy feet have trod,
Till glorious from Thy Heaven above
Shall come the City of our God.

545

1 My God, how endless is Thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distill like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

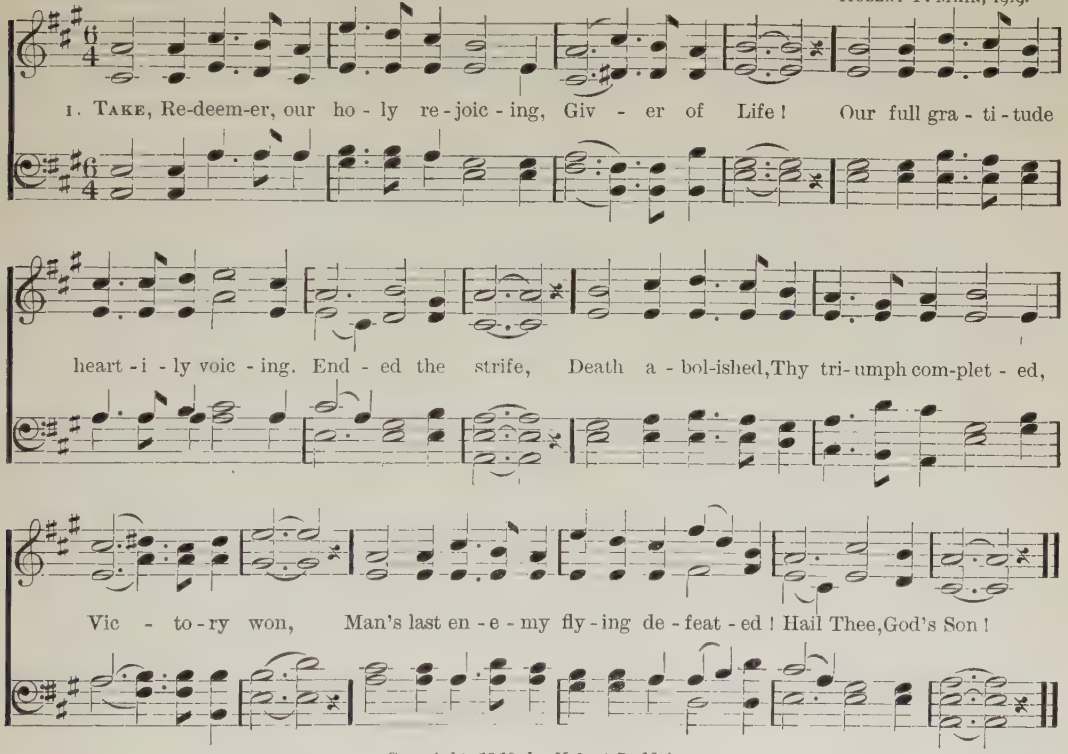
3 I yield my powers to Thy command;
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from Thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

546 Take, Redeemer, our holy rejoicing.

10s & 4s, P. *"Make it as sure as you can."* **Acclaim.**

M. W. S., 1919. Hubert P. Main, 1919.


1. Take, Re-deem-er, our ho - ly re - joic - ing, Giv - er of Life! Our full gra - ti - tude
heart - i - ly voic - ing. End - ed the strife, Death a - bol-ished, Thy tri- umph com-plet - ed,
Vic - to - ry won, Man's last en - e - my fly - ing de - feat - ed! Hail Thee, God's Son!

Copyright, 1919, by Hubert P. Main.

2 By Thine agony opened the portal; Thou art the door!
Light has broken in splendor immortal; Hail! evermore.
Help was laid upon One Who is mighty, Radiant King!
Hear again, as our latest *Venite* Thankful we sing.

3 Dawns the beautiful Easterly story On this first day.
Fear and sorrow Immaculate Glory Beareth away.
All Thy wonderful wide re-creation Man shall receive;
Thine the tragedy, ours the salvation! Lord, we believe!

547 Visit me in wondrous love.

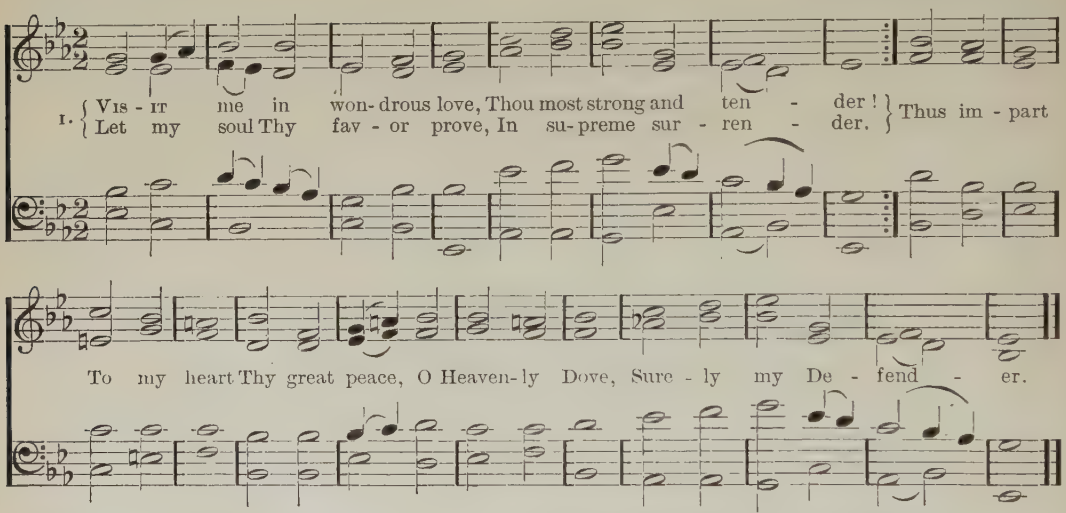
7s, 6s & 3s, P.

M. W. S., 1918.

"We will make our abode with him."

Straf' Micht Nicht.

John Rosenmuller, 1655.


1. Vis - it me in won-drous love, Thou most strong and ten - der!
Let my soul Thy fav - or prove, In su-preme sur - ren - der.
Thus im - part
To my heart Thy great peace, O Heaven-ly Dove, Sure - ly my De - fend - er.

2 In the courage of the Cross
To my task upleaping,
Worldly gain I count but loss,
Yielded to Thy keeping.
Chasten me; So to be,
While these troubles surge and toss,
Safe in grace unsleeping.

3 Confident in God, I stand;
All my need He knoweth.
Clasped securely by His hand,
Naught for me misgoeth.
Thus my ways, All my days,
Bent to do His whole command,
Bounty overfloweth.

548 Man of Sorrows! what a name!

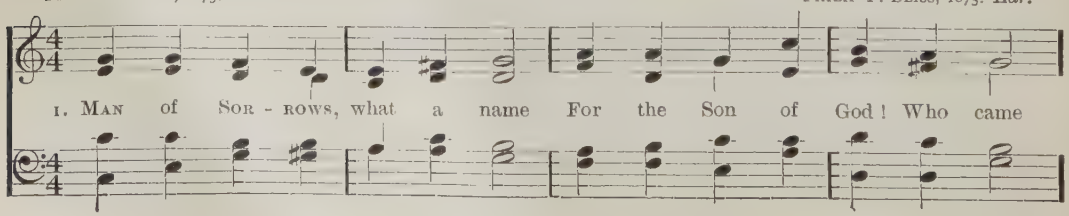
7.7.7.8.

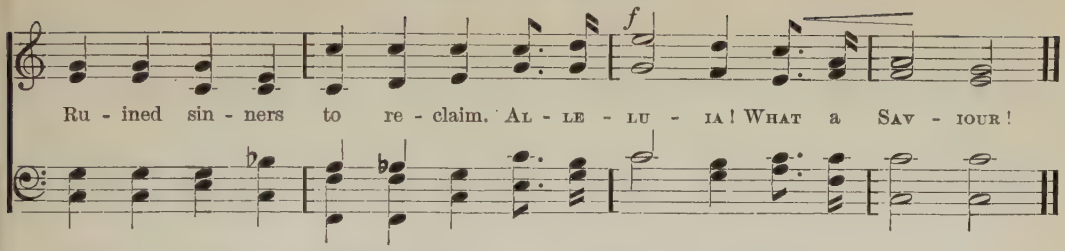
Philip P. Bliss, 1875.

"There ariseth light in darkness."

Ashtabula.

Philip P. Bliss, 1875. *Har.*





2 Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned He stood;
Sealed my pardon with His blood;
Alleluia!—

3 Guilty, vile and helpless, we:
Spotless Lamb of God was He.
Full atonement,—Can it be!
Alleluia!—

4 He was lifted up to die;
Finished! Finished! was His cry;
Now in Heaven exalted high!
Alleluia!—

5 He will come, our glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring;
Evermore this song we'll sing!
Alleluia!—

Arr. Copyright, 1919, by The Biglow & Main Co.

549 Spirit of God! Descend upon my heart.

"That He may be with you forever."

(To Tune Meridian, No. 388.)

1 Spirit of God! Descend upon my heart;
Wean it from Earth, thro all its pulses move;
Stoop to my weakness, Mighty as Thou Art,
And make me love Thee as I ought to love.

2 I ask no dream, no prophet-ecstasies,
No sudden rending of the veil of clay,
No angel visitant, no opening skies:
But take the dimness of my soul away!

3 Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.

4 Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love,
One holy passion filling all my frame,
The baptism of the Heaven-descended Dove;
My heart an altar and Thy love the flame.

George Croly, 1854. *Abr.*

550 Auburn Centennial.

(Tune, Melita, No. 275.)

1 This prophet's school, in love and hope
They builded here in long-gone days,
Who gave their best with steadfast gaze
Beyond their time, held dear the scope
Of all their Lord would prove to be
For that untrodden century.

2 God! Let their mantles fall on us;
That, tho we prophesy in part,
Thy word may fill each yielded heart
And we bear on their burden thus;
Our courage still their faith prolong,
With widening thought and deepening song.

3 So covenanted men thy war,
Thro things not seen as yet, shall dare
Close round that vital Cross, to bare
The Spirit's sword, to storm the door
For Him Who avenues the day
And shall be man's one King for aye.

4 Our banners in Thy name we lift,
Thou First and Last and Living One!
Thy reconciling will be done;
For bloodshot ages wait Thy gift.
Swear us all in, high-heartedly
To march, O Jesus Christ, for Thee!

M. W. S., 1917.

551 (Tune, Ruth, No. 463.)

1 Christ is the Foundation
Of the house we raise;
Be its walls Salvation
And its gateways Praise.
May its threshold lowly
To the Lord be dear,
May the hearts be holy
That shall worship here.

2 Here the vow be sealèd
By Thy Spirit, Lord.
Here the sick be healèd
And the lost restored.
Here the broken-hearted
Thy forgiveness prove.
Here the friends long parted
Be restored to love.

3 Here may faith, ascending,
Find fruition fair.
Here may spirits, bending,
Breathe the breath of prayer.
Here may holy gladness
Fill the waiting heart,
Until sin and sadness
Evermore depart.

4 Here may every token
Of Thy presence be.
Here may chains be broken,
Prisoners here set free.
Here may light illumine
Every soul of Thine,
Lifting up the human
Into the Divine.

John S. B. Monsell, 1863. *Abr.*

552 (Tune, Amsterdam, No. 254.)

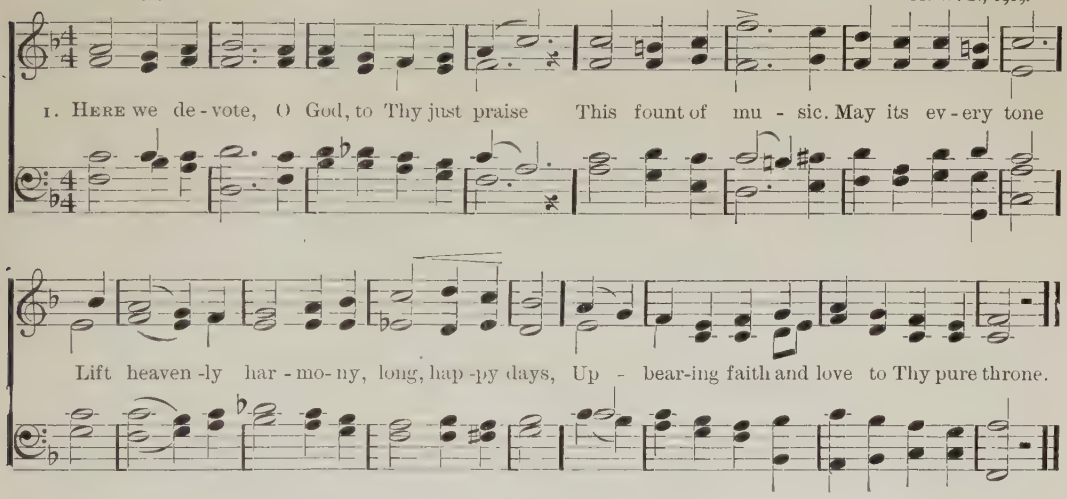
First ourselves an offering,
Do not our gifts refuse:
Take, O Lord, what now we bring
And lift for Thee to use.
All we have to Thee belongs,
Lent to serve Thy grace divine;
Thankful hearts and cheerful songs
But render what is Thine.

M. W. S., 1919.

553 Here we devote, O God, to Thy just praise.

10. 10. 10. 10. *"With the sound of the trumpet."* **Ascription.**

M. W. S., 1919. M. W. S., 1919.


1. Here we de-vote, O God, to Thy just praise This fount of mu-sic. May its ev-ery tone
Lift heaven-ly har-mo-ny, long, hap-py days, Up-bear-ing faith and love to Thy pure throne.

2 Hallowing bridal chant, low requiem,
Anthem and carol, solemn song, unfold
To Thee, O Christ,—one serene diadem;—
These let this diapasoned breath uphold.

3 Let the dear melodies that sob and swell,
Deep prayers of hope, all holy trust that sings,
In beauteous cadences great joy outtell,
Blent with the mystic rush of angels' wings.

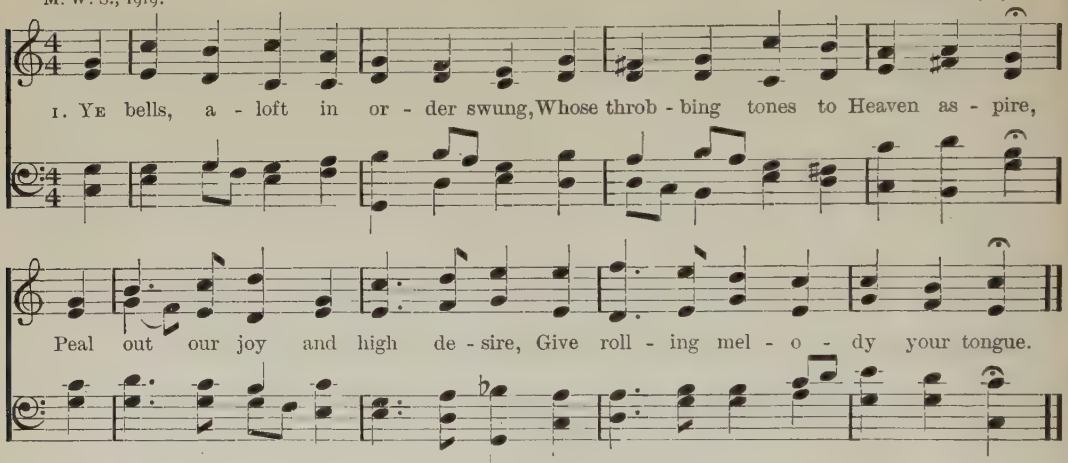
4 So shall the precincts of this house respond,
In glowing foretaste sounding one desire,
Enthralling overtures of bliss beyond
Already joining Thy celestial choir.

5 Faithful Creator, Crown-right Prince of Peace,
Giver of Life,—one God! the tidal voice
Of worship flood to Thee, never to cease,
Till in eternal light our souls rejoice.

554 Ye bells, aloft in order swung.

L. M. "*Holiness to the Lord.*" Campanile.

M. W. S., 1919. M. W. S., 1920.


1. Ye bells, a - loft in or - der swung, Whose throb - bing tones to Heaven as - pire,
Peal out our joy and high de - sire, Give roll - ing mel - o - dy your tongue.

2 All olden faith and hope proclaim;
Let golden love, emboldening [sing
Each rhythmic note, outsound and
In fervid music God's great name!

3 Ye unseen spirits of the air,
Bear on the jubilant accord;
Hail ye the everlasting Lord,
Tune forth His glories everywhere.

4 Thro widening years, your loyal chime
Anticipate that breaking light,
Whose songs of dawn dismiss the night
With carillons unguessed of Time.

555

1 O happy day! that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 Now rest, my long divided heart!
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast!

3 High Heaven, that hears my solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till, in life's latest hour, I bow
And bless, in death, a bond so dear.

Philip Doddridge, 1755. *Abr.*

556 (Tune, St. Hilda, No. 519.)

1 Lord, when distraught I wander,
So wide astray from Thee,
I think in what far country
Thy sinless home must be:
But when with heartfelt sorrow
I beg Thee to forgive,
Thy pardon is so perfect
That in Thy Heaven I live.

2 Thy mercy so surrounds me,
That when I do the right
The loneliest walk of service
Is brightened by Thy light.
I know not what the glories
Before Thy throne must be:
But here Thy glowing presence
Is Heaven on Earth to me.

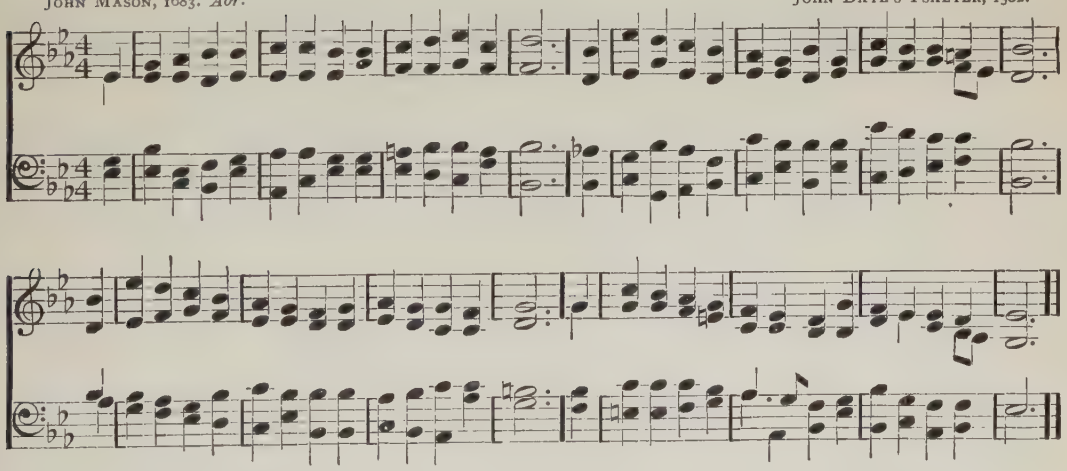
3 To love the right and do it
Is to my soul so sweet,
It makes the path of duty
A shining golden street.
Grant me the strength, O Father,
To choose this path each day;
Then Heaven within, about me,
Shall compass all my way.

CHARLES SMITH, 1875. *Alt.*

557 My soul doth magnify the Lord.

C. M. D. *"He that voucheth for me is on high."* **Wearmouth, (Old 81st.)**

JOHN MASON, 1683. *Abr.* JOHN DAYE'S PSALTER, 1562.



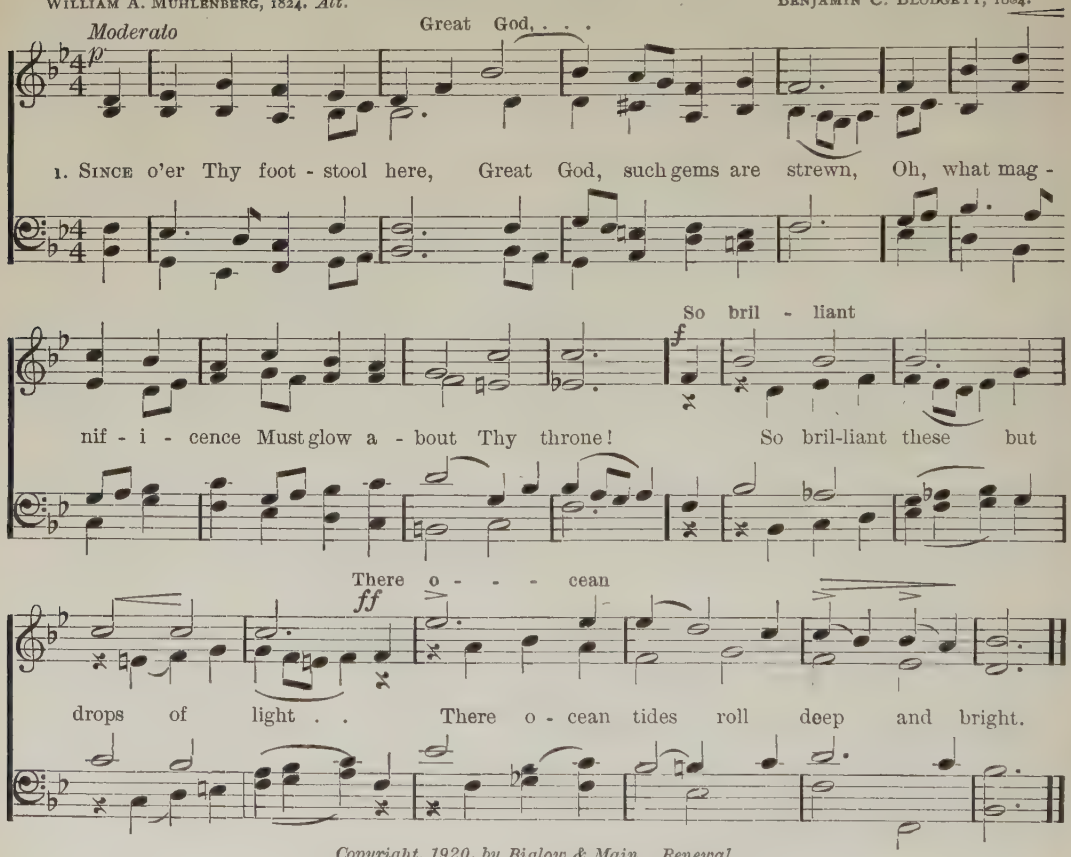
1 My soul doth magnify the Lord,
My spirit doth rejoice
In God, my Saviour and my God;
I hear His joyful voice.
I need not go abroad for joy,
Who have a feast at home.
My sighs are turned to tuneful songs;
The Comforter is come.

2 Down from above the blessèd Dove
Is come into my breast,
To witness God's eternal love;
This is my heavenly feast.
Had I but wings then would I fly
O'er these wild wastes of sin;
Then would my Lord put forth His hand
And kindly take me in!

558 Since o'er Thy footstool here.

6.6.6.6.8.8. *"His children shall have a place of refuge."* **Holyoke.**

WILLIAM A. MUHLENBERG, 1824. *Alt.* BENJAMIN C. BLODGETT, 1884.


Moderato
Great God, . . .
1. SINCE o'er Thy foot - stool here, Great God, such gems are strewn, Oh, what mag -
So bril - liant
nif - i - cence Must glow a - bout Thy throne! So bril-liant these but
There o - - - cean
drops of light . . There o - cean tides roll deep and bright.

Copyright, 1920, by Biglow & Main. Renewal.

2 If night's blue-curtained sky,
With constellations wrought,
Like royal canopy,
With matchless diamonds fraught,
Be, Lord, Thy temple's outer vail,
What splendors at the shrine must dwell!

3 Can these dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays!
These spirits so impure
Upon Thy brightness gaze!
In mercy, Lord, anoint our sight
And robe us for that world of light!

559 Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell.

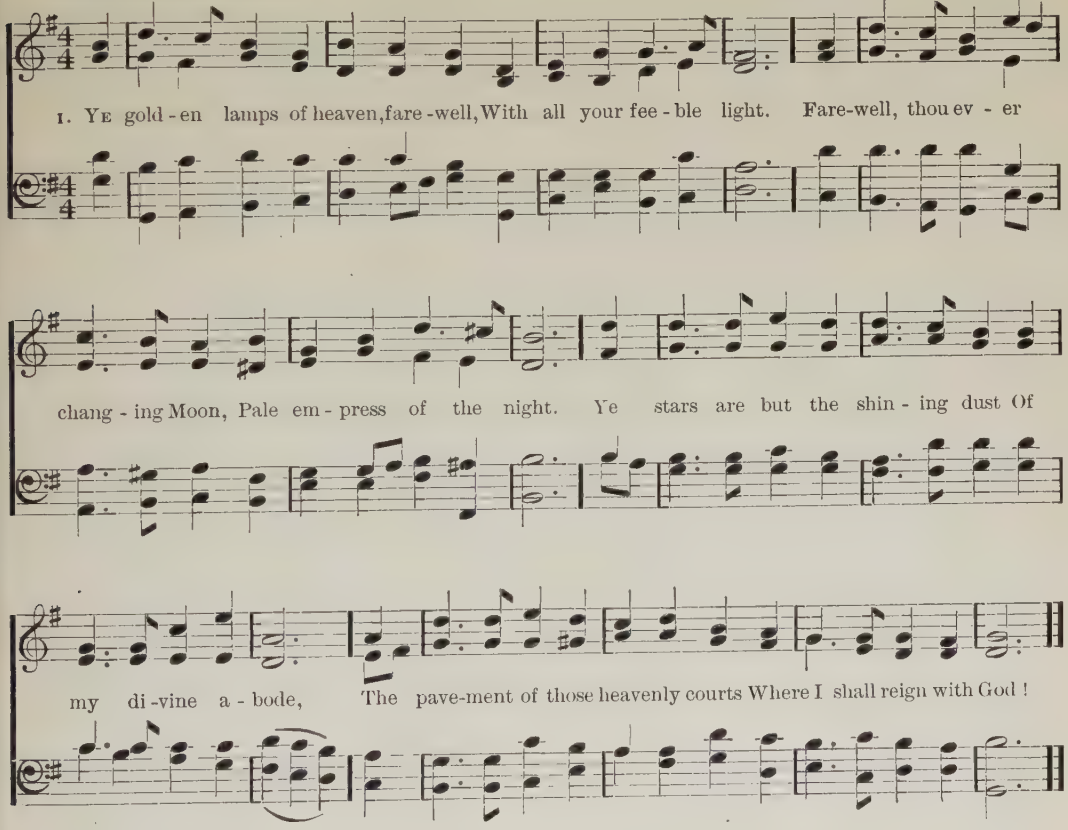
C. M. D.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755. *Abr.*

"And they need no Sun."

St. Ursula.

FREDERICK WESTLAKE, 1872.


1. Ye gold - en lamps of heaven, fare - well, With all your fee - ble light. Fare-well, thou ev - er
chang - ing Moon, Pale em - press of the night. Ye stars are but the shin - ing dust Of
my di - vine a - bode, The pave-ment of those heavenly courts Where I shall reign with God!

2 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes;
Nor the meridian Sun decline,
Amid those brighter skies.

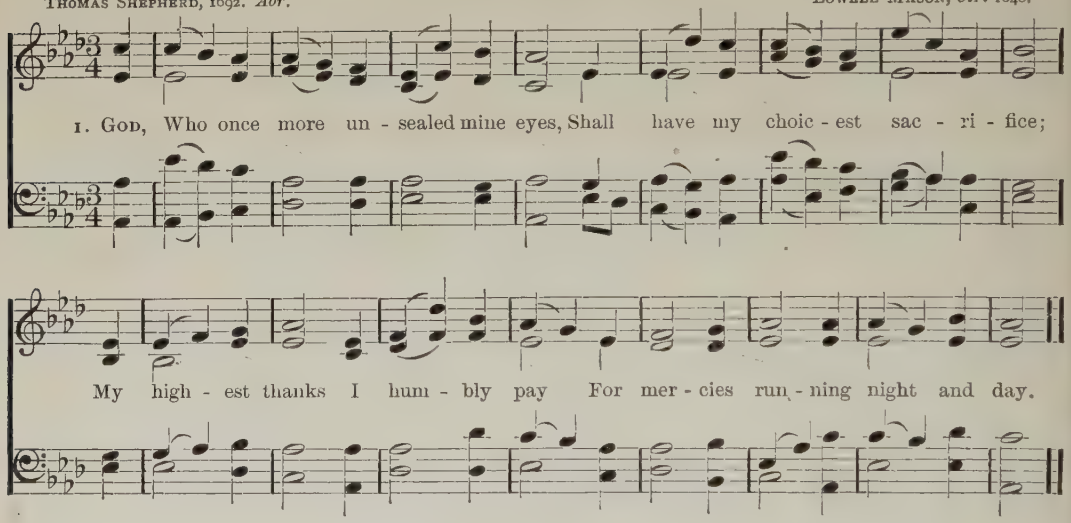
There all the millions of His saints
Shall in one song unite
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

Laus Deo.

560 God, Who once more unsealed mine eyes.

L. M. *"Where is the way to the dwelling of light?"* **Edena.**

THOMAS SHEPHERD, 1692. *Abr.* LOWELL MASON, *cir.* 1840.


1. God, Who once more un - sealed mine eyes, Shall have my choic - est sac - ri - fice;
My high - est thanks I hum - bly pay For mer - cies run - ning night and day.

2 O Lord, Thy pardon I implore
And grace that I offend no more;
Oh, let Thy goodness never cease;
Renew Thy covenant of peace.

3 That I may plainly see and know
The very path that I should go,
And may at night rejoicing say,
My God was kind to me this day.

4 Encircle me within Thine arm,
My body to defend from harm.
Preserve my wandering soul from sin,
Both going out and coming in.

5 Keep far from me a careless heart,
From which my Saviour would depart.
So bless and prosper all my ways,
That they may issue to Thy praise.

561

1 POOR, weak and worthless tho I am,
I have a rich, almighty Friend;
Jesus, the Saviour, is His name.
He freely loves and without end.

2 But ah! mine inmost spirit mourns
And well mine eyes with tears may swim,
To think of my perverse returns;
I've been a faithless friend to Him.

3 Often my gracious Friend I grieve,
Neglect, distrust and disobey
And often Satan's lies believe
Rather than all my Friend can say.

4 Sure, were I not most vile and base,
I could not thus my Friend requite!
And were not He the God of Grace,
He'd frown and spurn me from His sight.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

562 From every stormy wind that blows.

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'T is found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place, than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Tho sundered far, by faith they meet
About one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar
And time and sense seem all no more,
While Heaven comes down our souls to greet
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

5 Oh, may my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget Thy mercy-seat!

Hugh Stowell, 1827.

563

1 I bless Thee, Lord, for sorrows sent
To break my dream of human power,
For now, my shallow cistern spent,
I find Thy founts and thirst no more.

2 I take Thy hand and fears grow still,
Behold Thy face and doubts remove;
Who would not yield his wavering will
To perfect Truth and boundless Love?

3 That Truth gives promise of a dawn,
Beneath whose light I am to see,
When all these blinding veils are drawn,
This was the wisest path for me.

4 That Love this restless soul doth teach
The strength of Thine eternal calm
And tune its sad and broken speech
To join, on Earth, the angels' psalm.

Samuel Johnson, 1858. *Abr.*

564 (Tune, Evan, No. 360.)

1 Lord, when we bend before Thy throne
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our broken spirits, pitying see,
True penitence impart,
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly Thine.

4 Let faith each meek petition fill
And waft it to the skies,
Oh, teach our hearts, 't is goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

Joseph Dacre Carlyle, 1805. *Abr.*

565 (Tune, Azmon, No. 335.)

1 Oh, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet Messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn
And drove Thee from my breast.

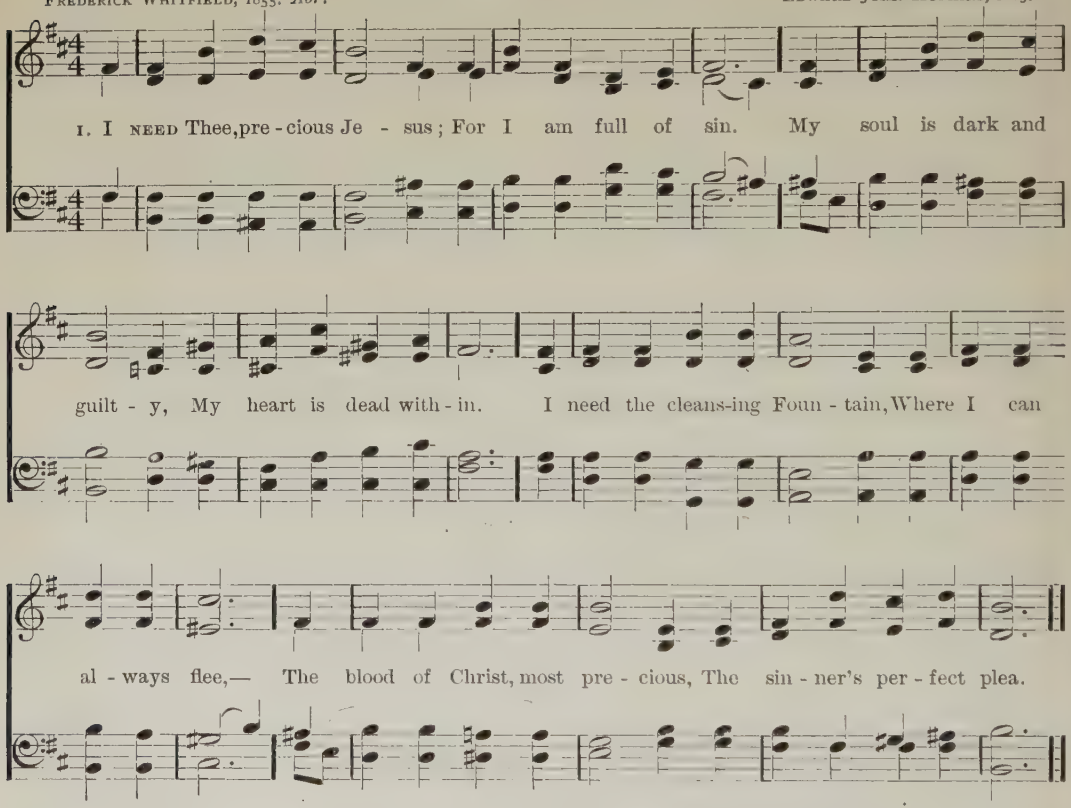
3 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper, 1772. *Abr.*

566 I need Thee, precious Jesus.

7s & 6s, D. *"Thou hast pleaded the causes of my soul."* **Borrowdale.**

FREDERICK WHITFIELD, 1855. *Abr.* EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS, 1885.


1. I NEED Thee, pre - cious Je - sus; For I am full of sin. My soul is dark and
guilt - y, My heart is dead with - in. I need the cleans-ing Foun - tain, Where I can
al - ways flee,— The blood of Christ, most pre - cious, The sin - ner's per - fect plea.

2 I need Thee, blessèd Jesus!
For I am very poor.
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store.
I need Thy love, O Jesus,
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

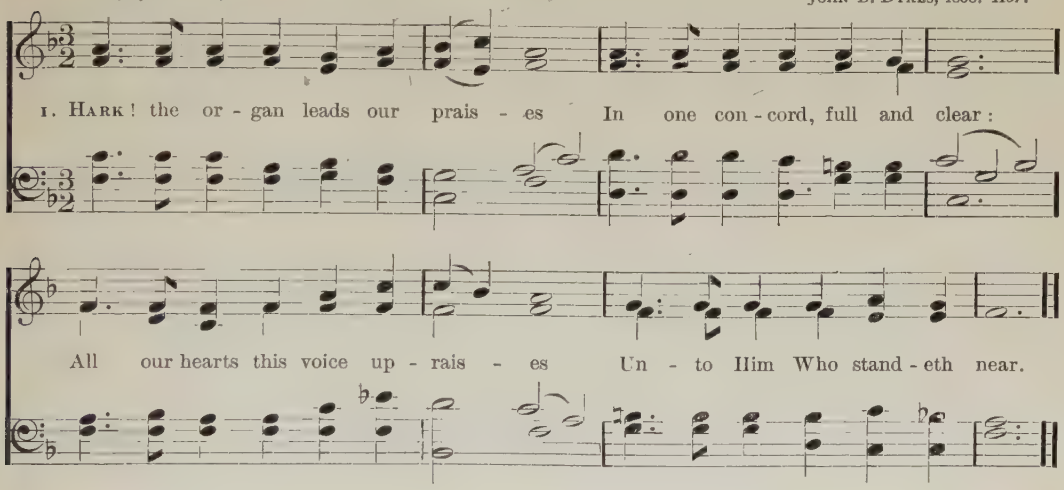
3 I need Thee, blessèd Jesus,
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow
And seated on Thy throne.
There, with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be
To sing Thy praise, O Jesus!
To gaze, my Lord! on Thee!

567 Hark! the organ leads our praises.

8s & 7s. M. W. S., 1920.

"All my fountains are in Thee."

St. Sylvester. John B. Dykes, 1860. *Abr.*


1. Hark! the or - gan leads our prais - es In one con - cord, full and clear:
All our hearts this voice up - rais - es Un - to Him Who stand - eth near.

2 Music, bring your noblest rapture,
Till the echoes of our song
That celestial anthem capture,
Where the holy angels throng.

3 Let the vision of that glory,
Where the blessèd near Thy throne
Tell the dear redemption story,
Seal our souls for Thee alone.

4 Move us with glad hymns to greet
One united melody [Thee;
Be our joy, until we meet Thee,
Singing by that crystal sea.

5 Then shall be the culmination
Of these chords, beyond the skies,
Where in wondrous consummation
Age-long harmonies shall rise!

568

1 Now the laborer's task is ended,
Now the battle-day is past,
On that shore, by angels friended,
Lands the voyager at last.

2 There the tears of Earth are over,
There its hidden things are clear,
There the life-work shall discover
All it sought and strove for here.

3 There the souls that last hour turning
To the Cross their longing eyes
All the love of Christ are learning,
At His feet in Paradise.

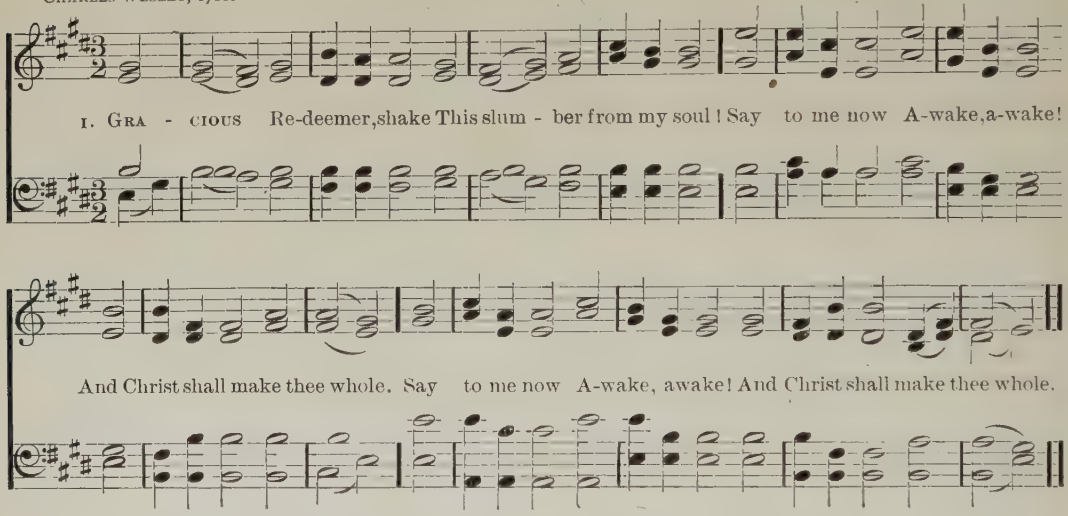
4 Trustful hope to share its reaping
Waits Thy morning without fear.
Father, in Thy holy keeping
Leave we now this dust so dear.

John Ellerton, 1870. *Alt.*

569 Gracious Redeemer, shake this slumber.

S. M. "*He that wrought us for this very thing is God.*" Selvin

CHARLES WESLEY, 1780. *Abr.* *Arr.* LOWELL MASON, 1850.


1. GRA - CIOUS Re-deemer, shake This slum - ber from my soul! Say to me now A-wake, a-wake!
And Christ shall make thee whole. Say to me now A-wake, awake! And Christ shall make thee whole.

2 Lay to Thy mighty hand!
Alarm me in this hour
And make me fully understand
The thunder of Thy power.

3 Give me on Thee to call,
Always to watch and pray,
Lest I into temptation fall
And cast my shield away.

4 For each assault at ward
And ready may I be,
Forever standing on my guard
And looking up to Thee.

5 Oh, do Thou always warn
My soul of evil near.
When to the right or left I turn,
Thy voice still let me hear!

6 Myself I cannot save,
Myself I cannot keep:
But strength in Thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep.

7 My soul to Thee alone
I steadfastly commend;
Thou, Jesus, love me as Thine own
And love me to the end!

8 What thing my God doth hate
That I no more may do;
Thy creature, Lord, again create
And all my soul renew.

9 Thy nature be my law,—
Thy spotless sanctity;
Thus sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to Thee.

570

1 Blest be Thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love Thee for Thyself
And for that love obey.

2 Whether we sleep or wake,
To Thee we both resign;
By night we see, as well as day,
If Thy light on us shine.

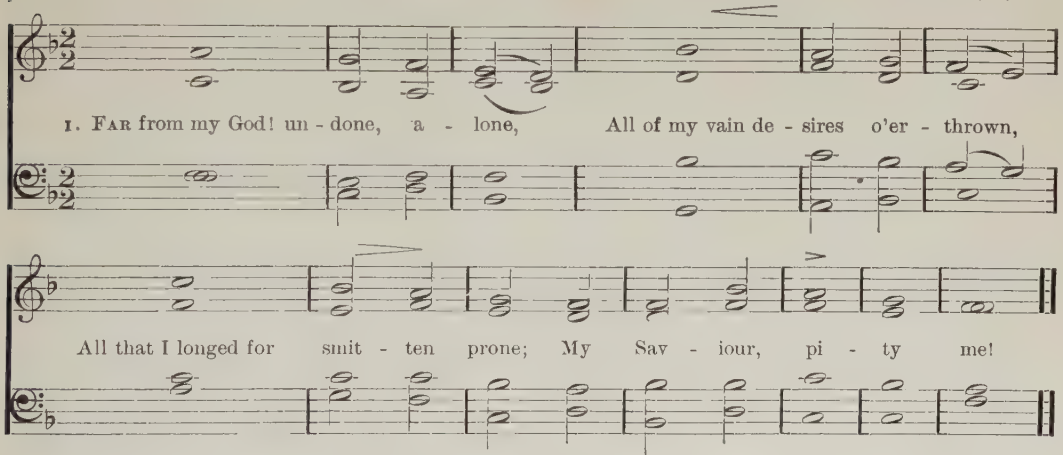
John Austin, 1668. *Abr.*

571 Far from my God! undone, alone.

8.8.8.6.
M. W. S., 1920.

"Let the sighing of the prisoner come before Thee."

Warren.
George William Warren, 1871.



Copyright, Harper & Bros., 1888. Geo. W. Warren, 1916. Permission.

2 Save, Lord; I perish! | Lest I sink,
Help Thou mine unbe | lief! The brink
Of death is nigh! On | me bethink;
My Saviour, pity me.

3 Look on mine unde | serving lot,
Who have so much Thy | grace forgot:
Yet help me still, for | sake me not;
My Saviour, pity me.

4 Until these storms are | overpast,
Be my one shelter | in the blast,
Fold me again and | hold me fast;
My Saviour, pity me.

5 From Thee estranged, sin | overcame;
I was Thy truant, | to my shame:
But now my self-fond | soul reclaim;
My Saviour, pity me.

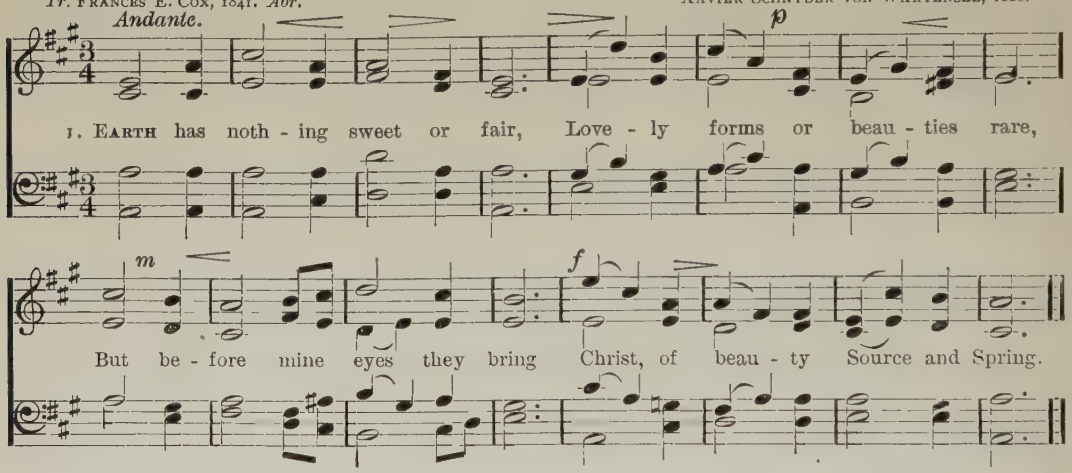
6 If but Thy succor | draweth nigh,
The armies of the | aliens fly;
Oh, answer now this | heart-torn cry;
My Saviour, pity me!

572 Earth has nothing sweet or fair.

7·7·7·7. *"It is the voice of my Beloved!"* **Horton.**

Ger. Johann Scheffler, 1657.
Tr. Frances E. Cox, 1841. *Abr.*

Xavier Schnyder von Wartensee, 1826.


Andante.
p
1. Earth has noth - ing sweet or fair, Love - ly forms or beau - ties rare,
m
f
But be - fore mine eyes they bring Christ, of beau - ty Source and Spring.

2 When the morning paints the skies,
When the golden sunbeams rise,
Then my Saviour's form I find,
Brightly imaged on my mind.

3 When the day-beams pierce the night,
Oft I think on Jesus' light,—
Think,—how bright that light will be
Shining thro eternity.

4 When, as moonlight softly steals,
Heaven its thousand eyes reveals,
Then I think;—Who made their light
Is a thousand times more bright!

573

1 Lord of Earth! Thy forming hand
Well this beauteous frame hath plann'd;
Woods that wave and hills that tower
Ocean rolling in his power:

2 Yet amid this scene so fair,
Should I cease Thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I on Earth but Thee!

3 Lord of Heaven! beyond our sight
Shines a world of purer light;
There, in love's unclouded reign,
Parted hands shall clasp again;

4 Oh, that world is passing fair!
Yet, if Thou wert absent there,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I in Heaven but Thee!

Robert Grant, 1820. *Abr.*

574

1 Cometh sunshine after rain,
After mourning joy again,
After heavy, bitter grief,
Dawneth surely sweet relief.

2 Tho to-day may not fulfil
All thy hopes, have patience still;
As God willeth march the hours,
Bringing joy at last in showers.

3 To my God I yet will cling,
All my life His praises sing;
For the wondrous gleams from Thee
Shine thro all my memory.

PAUL GERHARDT, 1659.
Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1855. *Abr.*

575

1 NOT with haughty heart and eyes
Set on things too high for me:
But my soul is stilled and lies,
Lord, in quietude on Thee,

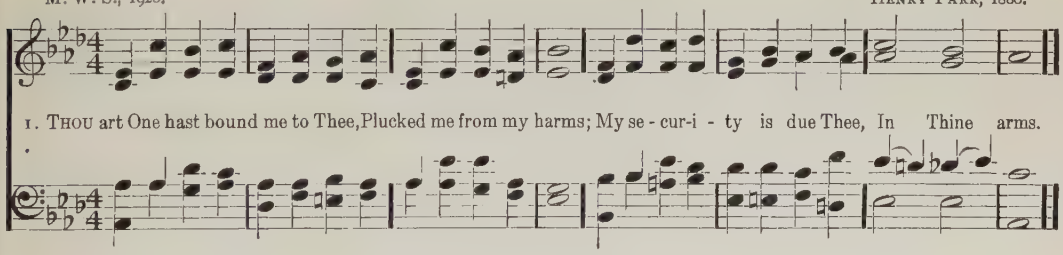
2 Like a very little child,
With his mother all content,
Trusting her and unbeguiled
In his wistful wonderment.

PSALM CXXXI.
M. W. S., 1913.

576 Thou art One hast bound me to Thee.

8.5.8.3. *"Set me as a seal upon Thine heart."* **Yealand.**

M. W. S., 1920. HENRY PARR, 1880.



2 Had Thy light not long pursued me,
Only could I grope;
All were gone if Thou elude me,—
Life and Hope!

3 All Thy paths are true and kindly,
In Thy covenant trod;
Pardon where I went so blindly,
O my God!

4 Orphaned not, Thy grace must guide me,
Lest my courage fail.
Thou hast found me; go beside me,
Mine avail.

5 Not in gain and not in pleasure,
Not in human praise:
In Thy love alone the measure
Of my days.

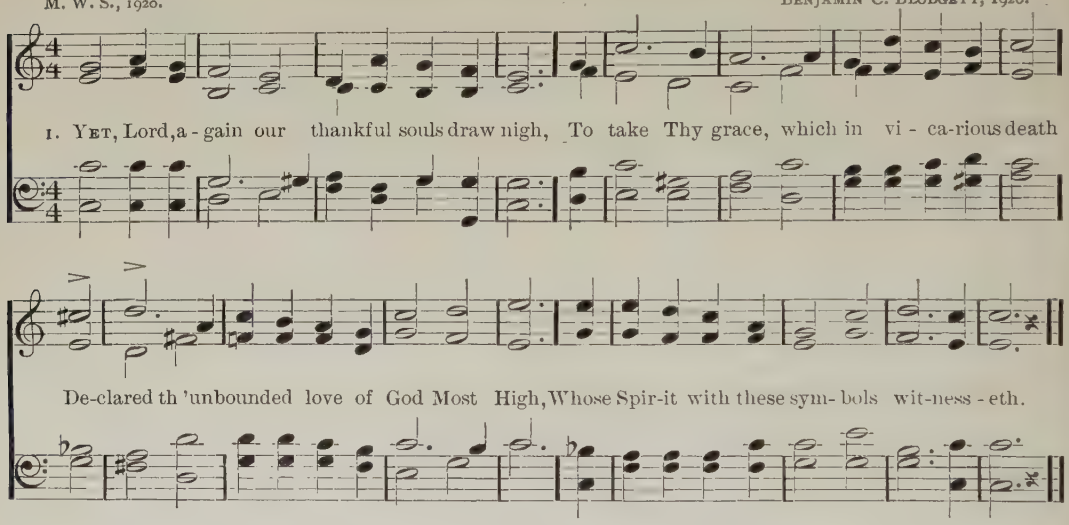
6 Nothing from Thyself shall sever,
Who didst bear my blame;—
Yesterday, today, forever,
Still the same.

7 Let me nevermore forsake Thee,
Falsely free to roam;
For mine all in all I take Thee;
Fetch me home!

577 Yet, Lord, again our thankful souls draw nigh.

10.10.10.10. *"He withdraweth not His eyes from the righteous."* **Testimony.**

M. W. S., 1920. BENJAMIN C. BLODGETT, 1920.


1. YET, Lord, a - gain our thankful souls draw nigh, To take Thy grace, which in vi - ca-rious death
De-clared th 'unbounded love of God Most High, Whose Spir-it with these sym- bols wit-ness - eth.

2 Thyself art here. We thus commune with Thee,—
With all who testify their trust and show,
In blessèd foretaste, that eternity
Whose feasts with Thy full presence overflow.

3 In joyful confidence we face Thy throne,
Singing of raptured life in Him that died.
Soon wilt Thou come, reclaiming all Thine own;
Then Thy time-travail shall be satisfied.

4 Oh, that the whole wide world might know Thee, Lord,
And find in Thee abundant life unpriced,
Cast out inhuman strifes, with one accord
To kneel in brother love,— Thy wards, O Christ!

5 For there is room for every hungry heart
At Thy broad table, with such blessings spread.
Sacred is every soul that would have part
With them to whom a Saviour breaketh bread.

578 Christ for the world we sing.

(Tune, Italian Hymn, No. 88.)

1 Christ for the world, we sing!
The world to Christ we bring,
With loving zeal.
The poor and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin-sick and sorrow worn,
Whom Christ doth heal.

2 Christ for the world, we sing!
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost,
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

Samuel Wolcott, 1869. *Abr.*

579 (Tune, Amsterdam, No. 254.)

1 Son of God, arise, arise,
And to Thy temple come!
Look and with Thy flaming eyes
The man of sin consume.
Ready now my Saviour stands;
Him I now rejoice to see,
With the plummet in His hand
To build and finish me.

2 I right early shall awake
And see the perfect day.
Soon the Lamb of God shall take
Mine inbred sin away.
When to me my Lord shall come,
Sin forever shall depart;
Jesus takes up all the room
In a believing heart.

3 Foolish world, thy shouts forbear
Till thou hast won the day!
Could thy wisdom keep me there,
When in thy hands I lay?
If my heart to thee incline,
Christ again shall set it free;
I am His and He is mine
To all eternity.

Charles Wesley, 1780. *Arr.*

580 (Tune, Amsterdam, No. 254.)

1 Father, in the name I pray
Of Thine Incarnate Love;
Humbly ask, that as my day
My suffering strength may prove.
When my sorrows most increase,
Let Thy strongest joys be given.
Jesus, come with my distress!
Then agony is Heaven!

2 Father, succor me! Thou must
For good remember me,
Me, whom Thou hast caused to trust
For more than life on Thee!
With me in the fire remain,
Till like burnished gold I shine,
Meet thro consecrated pain
To see Thy face divine!

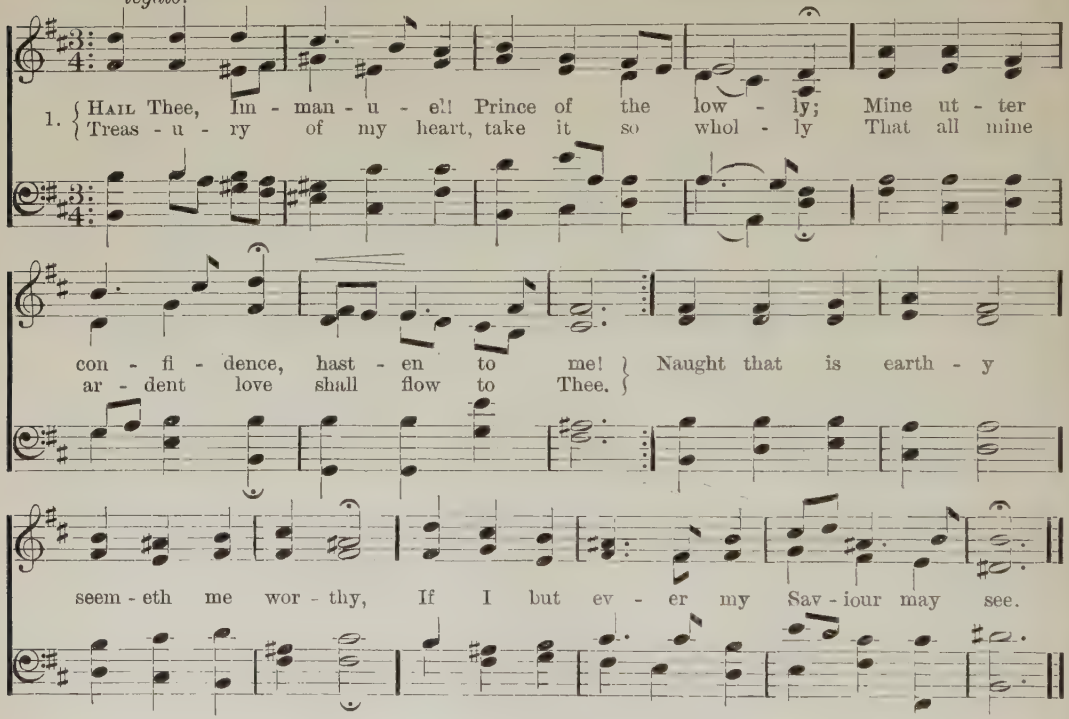
Charles Wesley, 1780.

581 Hail Thee, Immanuel! Prince of the lowly.

"Neither do I exercise myself in great matters, nor in things too high for me."

IIS & IOS, P. **"Liebster Immanuel."**

From *Ger.* AHASHUERUS FRITZSCH, 1668. *Abr.* LEIPSIC, 1675, *ascribed* to JOH. RUDOLPH AHLE
Har. JOHANN SEB. BACH, 1736


legato.
1. Hail Thee, Im - man - u - el! Prince of the low - ly; Mine ut - ter
Treas - u - ry of my heart, take it so whol - ly That all mine
con - fi - dence, hast - en to me! Naught that is earth - y
ar - dent love shall flow to Thee.
seem - eth me wor - thy, If I but ev - er my Sav - iour may see.

2 Wonderful, Holy One, for Thee I listen!
Gracious and loveliest; as neath the dew
All the cool fields of bloom with morning glisten,
So doth Thy glowing name my soul imbue.
My spirit parteth from all that smarteth,
When in adoring trust my Lord I view.

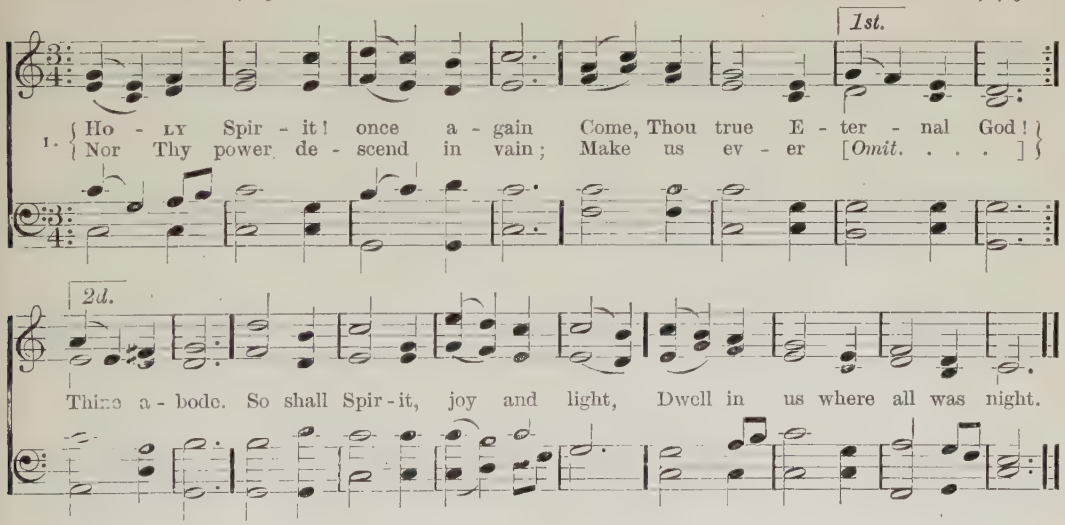
3 Thus if mine earthliness Time's cross appalleth,
That my great Saviour's lot it was to share,
While my life's deepest thought on Jesus calleth,
Already shall my way o'er roses fare!
No storm's wild riot can faith disquiet,
So I with Christ, secure, its raging bear.

4 When Satan's stout device fain would o'erpower me,
When conscience threateneth of broken laws,
When with its myrmidons Hell would devour me,
When Death's corroding tooth my heart begnaws;
Immanuel nearing,
Stand I unfearing;
These by His covenant Christ overawes!

582 Holy Spirit! once again.

7·7·7·7·7·7· "*Earnest of our inheritance.*" **Kirke.**

Ger. Heinrich Held, 1661.
Tr. Cath. Winkworth, 1858. *Abr. Alt.*

Dimitri Bortinansky, 1783.

1st.
1. Ho - ly Spir - it! once a - gain Come, Thou true E - ter - nal God!
Nor Thy power de - scend in vain; Make us ev - er [Omit. . . .]
2d.
Thine a - bode. So shall Spir - it, joy and light, Dwell in us where all was night.

2 Guide us, Lord! from day to day,
Keep us in the paths of grace,
Clear all hindrances away
That might foil us in the race;
When we stumble, hear our call,
Work repentance for our fall.

3 Whensoe'er a yearning strong
Presses out the bitter cry,
'Ah my God, how long, how long!'
Then, oh, let us find Thee nigh;
So when tried, perplext, distrest,
In Thy love we still may rest.

4 And when we at last must die,
Reassure the sinking heart;
Holy Spirit, from on high,
Thro our faith Thy glory dart.
Be our God, our firm defence,
Suffer naught to tear us thence.

583

The Magi.

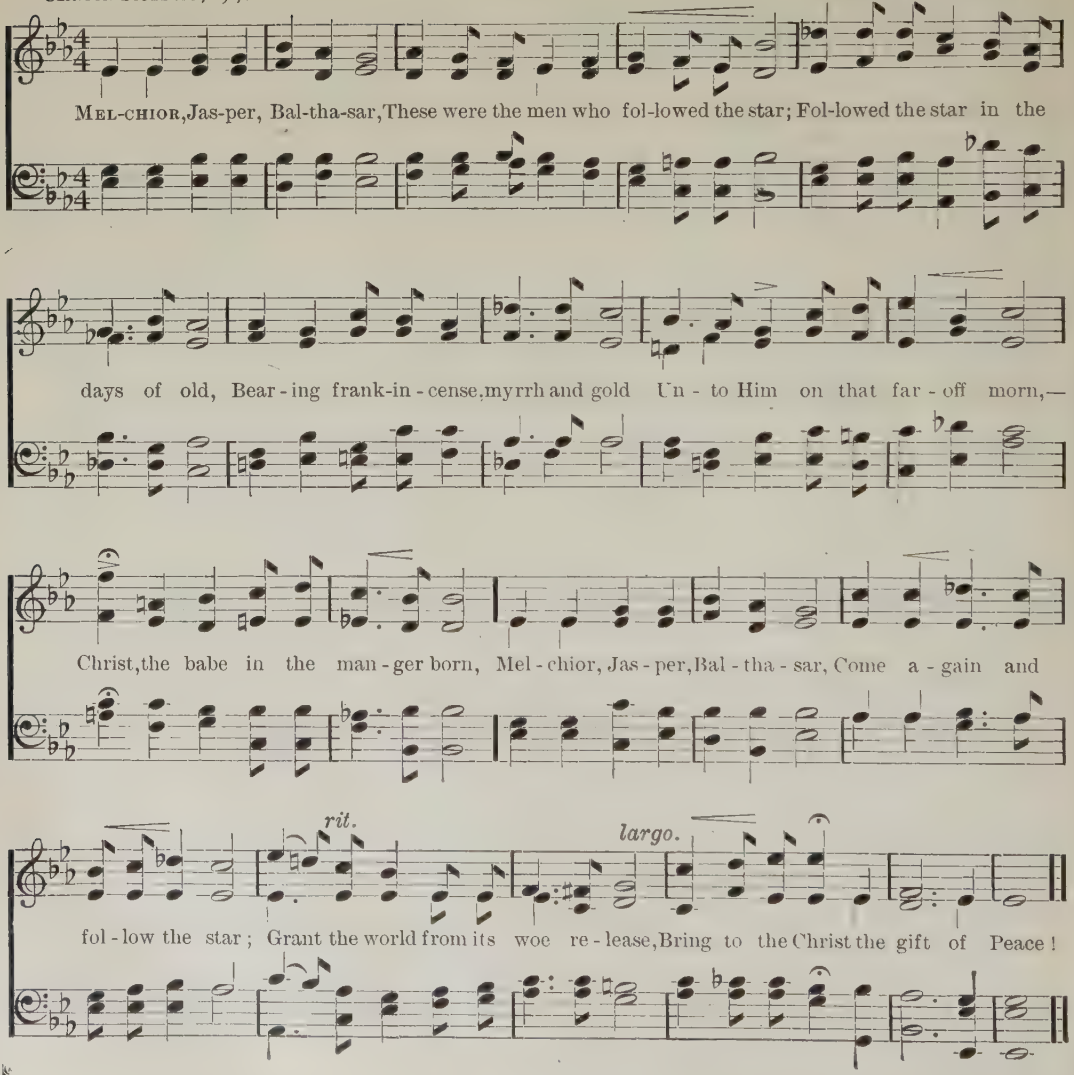
P. M.

"We have come to worship Him."

Epiphany.

CLINTON SCOLLARD, 1917.

M. W. S., & B. C. B., 1918.


MEL-CHIOR, Jas-per, Bal-tha-sar, These were the men who fol-lowed the star; Fol-lowed the star in the
days of old, Bear-ing frank-in-cense, myrrh and gold Un-to Him on that far-off morn,—
Christ, the babe in the man-ger born, Mel-chior, Jas-per, Bal-tha-sar, Come a-gain and
rit.
largo.
fol-low the star; Grant the world from its woe re-lease, Bring to the Christ the gift of Peace!

584 When, marshaled on the nightly plain.

"Let your songs be of Him."

(Tune, Ascension, No. 149.)

1 When, marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! Hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem:
But one alone the Saviour speaks;—
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode; [dark;
The storm was loud, the night was
The ocean yawned and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering barque;
Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose;— [stem;
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It was my guide, my light, mine all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease
And thro the storm and danger's thrall
It led me to the port of peace.
Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
The Star,—the Star of Bethlehem!

Henry Kirke White, 1804.

585 (Tune, Wareham, No. 68.)

1 Art of all arts, Thy praise to make,
Our unseen, everlasting King!
Let one adoring tribute bring
All things which into music break.

2 When our Sun sets, unfathomed skies
Are filled with uncomputed stars:
But,—Light no shade of nighttime mars,—
Beyond those lamps Thy splendors rise!

3 What worlds of spirits are Thine own!
In unimagined melody
One vast Trisagion answers Thee,
Whose flames of song mount to Thy throne.

4 Our souls would ride those floods, to blend
In that high-tidal anthem, climb
The cliffs where morning planets chime
With angel shouts, world without end.

M. W. S., 1919.

586 (Tune, Louvan, No. 383.)

1 O Master, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free.
Tell me Thy secret. Help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love.
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

3 Help me to bear the sting of spite,
The hate of men who hide Thy light,
The dulness of the multitude
Who dimly guess that Thou art good.

4 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company, [strong,
In work that keeps faith sweet and
In trust that triumphs over wrong,

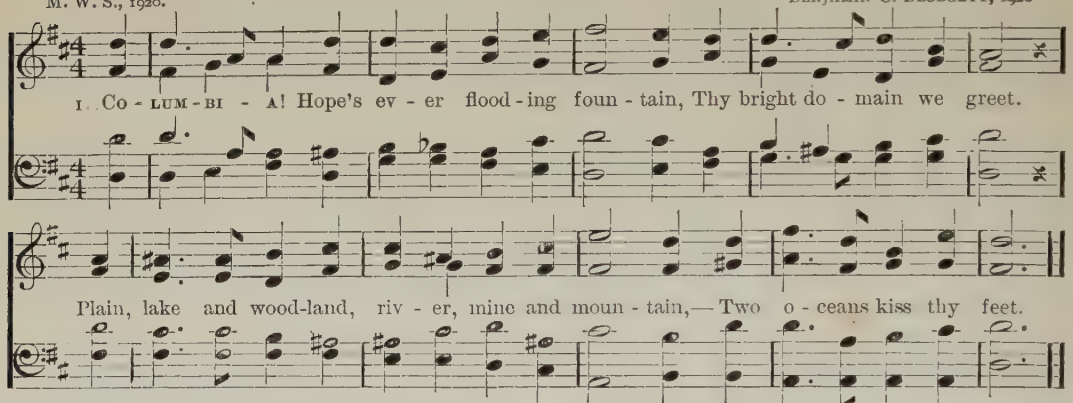
5 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live!

Washington Gladden, 1879. *Abr.*

587 Columbia! Hope's ever-widening fountain.

11.6.11.6. *"Ye people, pour out your hearts before Him."* **Hesperides.**

M. W. S., 1920. BENJAMIN C. BLODGETT, 1920


1. Co - LUM - BI - A! Hope's ev - er flood - ing foun - tain, Thy bright do - main we greet.
Plain, lake and wood-land, riv - er, mine and moun - tain,— Two o - ceans kiss thy feet.

2 Thy liberties, in majesty and wonder,
Front all the winds that blow;
While strike the century bells, hand shall not sunder
Thy life in overthrow.

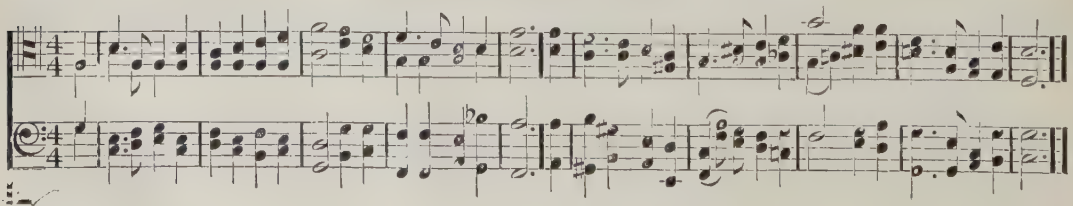
3 Thy mastheads sweep the skies. With brilliant starlight
And dawns broad belts, thy flag
Bids valiant spirits muster in that far light.
Thine anchors shall not drag.

4 To peoples in the dark thine heart outreaching,
High faith emboldening
Their staggering souls, God's help for them beseeching;
So sobbing lands shall sing.

5 COLUMBIA! His perpetual word learn straightway,
Make end of evil strife;
Love, only love, can guard that solemn gateway
Where life takes hold on Life.

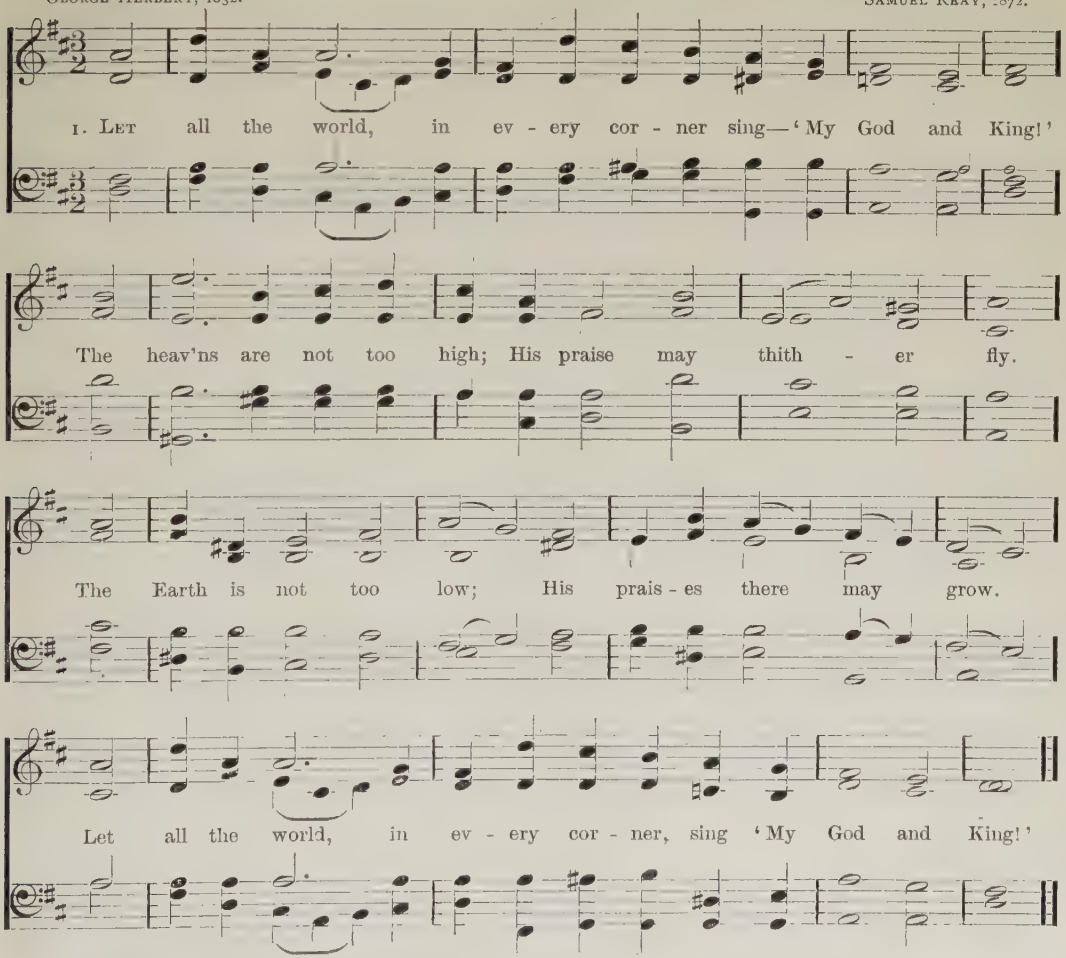
6 Amid great waterfloods the lasting timbers,
That build thine Ark, float sure.
Artillery of blackest Hell unlimbers
In vain. God's lines endure.

7 The strong high hills are Thine, O God; Thy meaning
Unfold while ages run.
The Commonwealth save Thou! Thine intervening
Divine will all be done.

FOR MALE VOICES

588 Let all the world, in every corner, sing.

10s, 4s & 7s, P. *"Who helpeth them to right that suffer wrong."* **Undique Gloria.**

GEORGE HERBERT, 1632. SAMUEL REAY, 1872.


1. Let all the world, in ev - ery cor - ner sing—'My God and King!'
The heav'ns are not too high; His praise may thith - er fly.
The Earth is not too low; His prais - es there may grow.
Let all the world, in ev - ery cor - ner, sing 'My God and King!'

2 Let all the world, in every corner, sing
'My God and King!'
The Church with psalms must shout;
No door can shut them out:
But, above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part.
Let all the world, in every corner, sing
'My God and King!'

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SCRIPTURE READINGS

FOR THE USES OF

COMMON WORSHIP

New York
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PREFACE.

THESE selections are gathered for the convenience of congregations desiring to make the concerted reading of Scripture portions a part of public worship.

The Psalms are by their liturgical form and history first in fitness for such use: but not to the exclusion of much besides, including many stately and resonant passages from the New Testament.

The Revision of 1881-1885 has been followed, with the incorporation of some of the marginal readings, and also of some of the preferences of the American company. Their decision for the direct transfer into our use of the name JEHOVAH is gladly accepted, in the persuasion that the change is of profound importance. This title of God, full of the genius of His revelation to and by the Hebrews, has special and indispensable significance, to which, however accustomed to our ears, the word *Lord*, containing as it does but the one idea of rulership, is wholly unequal. The name Jehovah is loftier, wider, and more tender; and, chosen as it was by Eternal Grace as the especial designation of Himself, its obliterating by translation has been a vital loss. It is deeply inwrought with that redemptive history which culminated in Him whose name JESUS continues the unfolding idea of the Infinite *Being* manifested unto salvation. Wherever occurring, the comparatively infrequent Hebrew word corresponding to the meaning of "Lord" is properly so rendered.

The form in which these selections are here printed admits, of course, of united reading; or of alternation between minister and congregation by verses; or, yet again, in the poetical portions, of following responsively the original structure, as indicated by the roman and italic characters.

To divide the congregation, left and right hand sides reading each with the leader, but antiphonally to each other, is a practicable and vivid method.

But whatever is printed in small capitals should always be read in unison by the leader and the entire congregation.

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SELECTIONS FROM HOLY SCRIPTURE.

FOR RESPONSIVE OR UNITED READING IN PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Selection 1.

PSALM 1.

BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the wicked, *Nor standeth in the way of sinners, Nor sitteth in the seat of scoffers.*

2 But his delight is in the law of Jehovah; *And in His law doth he meditate day and night.*

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the streams of water, *That bringeth forth its fruit in its season,* Whose leaf also doth not wither; *And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.*

4 The wicked are not so: *But are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.*

5 Therefore the wicked shall not stand in the judgment, *Nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.*

6 For Jehovah knoweth the way of the righteous: *But the way of the wicked shall perish.*

PSALM 2.

WHY do the nations rage, *And the peoples meditate a vain thing?*

2 The kings of the Earth set themselves, *And the rulers take counsel together, Against Jehovah, and against His Anointed, saying,*

3 "Let us break Their bonds asunder, *And cast away Their cords from us.*"

4 He that sitteth in the Heavens shall laugh: *The Lord shall have them in derision.*

5 Then shall He speak unto them in His wrath, *And vex them in His sore displeasure:*

6 "Yet I have set My king *Upon My holy hill of Zion.*

7 I will tell of the decree: *Jehovah said unto Me, Thou art my Son; This day have I begotten Thee.*

8 Ask of Me, and I will give the nations for Thine inheritance, *And the uttermost parts of the Earth for Thy possession.*

9 Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; *Thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.*"

10 Now therefore be wise, O ye kings; *Be instructed, ye judges of the Earth.*

11 Serve Jehovah with fear, *And rejoice with trembling.*

12 Kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and ye perish in the way; *For His wrath will soon be kindled.* BLESSED ARE ALL THEY THAT TAKE REFUGE IN HIM.

PSALM 4.

ANSWER me when I call, O God of my righteousness; *Thou hast set me at large when I was in distress; Have mercy upon me, and hear my prayer.*

2 O ye sons of men, how long shall my glory be turned into dishonor? *How long will ye love vanity, and seek after falsehood?*

3 But know that Jehovah hath set apart him that is godly for Himself: *Jehovah will hear when I call unto Him.*

4 Stand in awe and sin not: *Commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still.*

5 Offer the sacrifices of righteousness, *And put your trust in Jehovah.*

6 Many there are that say, Who will show us any good? *Jehovah, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us!*

7 Thou hast put gladness in my heart, *More than they have when their grain and their new wine are increased.*

8 In peace will I both lay me down and sleep; *For Thou, Jehovah, alone makest me dwell in safety.*

Selection 2.

PSALM 8.

O JEHOVAH, our Lord, How excellent is Thy name in all the Earth! *Who hast set Thy glory upon the heavens.*

2 Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou established strength, Because of Thine adversaries, *That Thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.*

3 When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, *The moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained;*

4 What is man, that Thou art mindful of him? *And the son of man, that Thou visitest him?*

5 For Thou hast made him but little lower than God, *And crownest him with glory and honour.*

6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands; *Thou hast put all things under his feet:*

7 All sheep and oxen, *Yea, and the beasts of the field;*

8 The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, *Whatsoever passeth thro the paths of the seas.*

9 O Jehovah, our Lord, *How excellent is Thy name in all the Earth!*

PSALM 15.

JEHOVAH, who shall sojourn in Thy tabernacle? *Who shall dwell in Thy holy hill?*

2 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, *And speaketh truth in his heart.*

3 He that slandereth not with his tongue, Nor doeth evil to his friend, *Nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.*

4 In whose eyes a reprobate is despised: But he honoureth them that fear Jehovah. *He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.*

5 He that putteth not out his money to usury, *Nor taketh reward against the innocent.* HE THAT DOETH THESE THINGS SHALL NEVER BE MOVED.

PSALM 16.

PRESERVE me, O God: *For in Thee do I take refuge.*

2 O my soul, thou hast said unto Jehovah, Thou art my Lord: *I have no good beyond Thee.*

3 As for the saints that are in the Earth, *They are the excellent in whom is all my delight.*

4 Their sorrows shall be multiplied that give gifts for another god. *Their drink offerings of blood will I not offer, Nor take their names upon my lips.*

5 Jehovah is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup: *Thou maintainest my lot.*

6 The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; *Yea, I have a goodly heritage.*

7 I will bless Jehovah, who hath given me counsel: *Yea, my reins instruct me in the night seasons.*

8 I have set Jehovah always before me: *Because He is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.*

9 Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: *My flesh also shall dwell in safety.*

10 For Thou wilt not leave my soul to Sheol; *Neither wilt Thou suffer Thy holy one to see corruption.*

11 Thou wilt show me the path of life: *In Thy presence is fulness of joy;* IN THY RIGHT HAND THERE ARE PLEASURES FOR EVERMORE.

PSALM 19.

THE heavens declare the glory of God; *And the firmament showeth His handywork.*

2 Day unto day uttereth speech, *And night unto night showeth knowledge.*

3 There is no speech nor language; *Their voice cannot be heard.*

4 Their line is gone out thro all the Earth, And their words to the end of the world. *In them hath He set a tabernacle for the Sun,*

5 Who is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, *And rejoiceth as a strong man to run his course.*

6 His going forth is from the end of the heaven, And his circuit unto the ends of it; *And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.*

7 The law of Jehovah is perfect, restoring the soul: *The testimony of Jehovah is sure, making wise the simple.*

8 The precepts of Jehovah are right, rejoicing the heart; *The commandment of Jehovah is pure, enlightening the eyes.*

9 The fear of Jehovah is clean, enduring for ever: *The judgments of Jehovah are true, and righteous altogether.*

10 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: *Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.*

11 Moreover by them is Thy servant warned: *In keeping of them there is great reward.*

12 Who can discern his errors? *Clear Thou me from hidden faults.*

13 Keep back Thy servant also from presumptuous sins; *Let them not have dominion over me; then shall I be perfect, And I shall be clear from great transgression.*

14 Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in

Thy sight, O JEHOVAH, MY ROCK, AND MY REDEEMER.

Selection 3.

PSALM 20.

JEHOVAH answer thee in the day of trouble; *The name of the God of Jacob set thee up on high;*

2 Send thee help from the sanctuary, *And strengthen thee out of Zion;*

3 Remember all thy offerings, *And accept thy burnt sacrifice;*

4 Grant thee thy heart's desire, *And fulfil all thy counsel.*

5 We will triumph in Thy salvation, *And in the name of our God we will set up our banners: Jehovah fulfil all thy petitions.*

6 Now know I that Jehovah saveth His anointed; *He will answer him from His holy heaven With the saving strength of His right hand.*

7 Some trust in chariots, and some in horses: *But we will make mention of the name of Jehovah our God.*

8 They are bowed down and fallen: *But we are risen, and stand upright.*

9 Save, Jehovah: *Let the King answer us when we call.*

PSALM 23.

JEHOVAH is my shepherd; *I shall not want.*

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: *He leadeth me beside the still waters.*

3 He restoreth my soul: *He guideth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.*

4 Yea, tho I walk thro the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; *for Thou art with me: Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.*

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: *Thou hast anointed my head with oil; my cup runneth over.*

6 Surely goodness and lovingkindness shall follow me all the days of my life: *And I will dwell in the house of Jehovah for ever.*

PSALM 24.

THE Earth is Jehovah's, and the fulness thereof; *The world, and they that dwell therein.*

2 For He hath founded it upon the seas, *And established it upon the floods.*

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of Jehovah? *And who shall stand in His holy place?*

4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; *Who hath not lifeth up his soul unto vanity, And hath not sworn deceitfully.*

5 He shall receive a blessing from Jehovah, *And righteousness from the God of his salvation.*

6 This is the generation of them that seek after Him, *That seek Thy face, even Jacob.*

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; *And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors: And the King of glory shall come in.*

8 Who is the King of glory? *Jehovah strong and mighty, Jehovah mighty in battle.*

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; *Yea, lift them up, ye everlasting doors: And the King of glory shall come in.*

10 Who is this King of glory? *Jehovah of hosts, He is the King of glory.*

Selection 4.

PSALM 25.

UNTO Thee, O Jehovah, do I lift up my soul.

2 O my God, in Thee have I trusted, *Let me not be put to shame; Let not mine enemies triumph over me.*

3 Yea, none that wait for Thee shall be put to shame: *They shall be put to shame that deal treacherously without cause.*

4 Show me Thy ways, O Jehovah: *Teach me Thy paths.*

5 Guide me in Thy truth, and teach me; *For Thou art the God of my salvation; For Thee do I wait all the day.*

6 Remember, O Jehovah, Thy tender mercies and Thy lovingkindnesses: *For they have been ever of old.*

7 Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions: *According to Thy lovingkindness remember Thou me, for Thy goodness' sake, O Jehovah.*

8 Good and upright is Jehovah: *Therefore will He instruct sinners in the way.*

9 The meek will He guide in judgment: *And the meek will He teach His way.*

10 All the paths of Jehovah are lovingkindness and truth *Unto such as keep His covenant and His testimonies.*

11 For Thy name's sake, O Jehovah, *Pardon mine iniquity, for it is great.*

12 What man is he that feareth Jehovah? *Him shall He instruct in the way that He shall choose.*

13 His soul shall dwell at ease; *And his seed shall inherit the land.*

14 The secret of Jehovah is with them that fear Him; *And He will show them His covenant.*

15 Mine eyes are ever toward Jehovah; *For He shall pluck my feet out of the net.*

16 Turn Thee unto me, and have mercy upon me; *For I am desolate and afflicted.*

17 The troubles of my heart are enlarged: *O bring Thou me out of my distresses.*

18 Consider mine affliction and my travail; *And forgive all my sins.*

19 Consider mine enemies, for they are many; *And they hate me with cruel hatred.*

20 O keep my soul, and deliver me: *Let me not be put to shame, for I take refuge in Thee.*

21 Let integrity and uprightness preserve me, *For I wait for Thee.*

22 REDEEM ISRAEL, O GOD, OUT OF ALL HIS TROUBLES.

PSALM 27.

JEHOVAH is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? *Jehovah is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?*

2 When evil-doers came upon me to

eat up my flesh, *Even mine adversaries and my foes, they stumbled and fell.*

3 Tho a host should encamp against me, *My heart shall not fear:* Tho war should rise against me, *Even then will I be confident.*

4 One thing have I asked of Jehovah, that will I seek after; *That I may dwell in the house of Jehovah all the days of my life, To behold the beauty of Jehovah, and to inquire in His temple.*

5 For in the day of trouble He shall keep me secretly in His pavilion: *In the covert of His tabernacle shall He hide me; He shall lift me up upon a rock.*

6 And now shall my head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me; *And I will offer in His tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto Jehovah.*

7 Hear, O Jehovah, when I cry with my voice: *Have mercy also upon me, and answer me.*

8 When Thou saidst, Seek ye My face; my heart said unto Thee, *Thy face, Jehovah, will I seek.*

9 Hide not Thy face from me; *Put not Thy servant away in anger:* Thou hast been my help; *Cast me not off, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.*

10 For my father and my mother have forsaken me: *But Jehovah will take me up.*

11 Teach me Thy way, O Jehovah; *And lead me in a plain path, Because of mine enemies.*

12 Deliver me not over unto the will of mine adversaries: *For false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.*

13 I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of Jehovah *In the land of the living.*

14 Wait for Jehovah: *Be strong, and let thy heart take courage;* YEA, WAIT THOU FOR JEHOVAH.

Selection 5.

PSALM 32.

BLESSED is he whose transgression is forgiven, *whose sin is covered.*

2 Blessed is the man unto whom Jehovah imputeth not iniquity, *And in whose spirit there is no guile.*

3 When I kept silence, my bones waxed old *Thro my roaring all the day long.*

4 For day and night Thy hand was heavy upon me: *My moisture was changed as with the drought of summer.*

5 I acknowledged my sin unto Thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid: *I said, I will confess my transgressions unto Jehovah; And Thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.*

6 For this let every one that is godly pray unto Thee in a time when Thou mayest be found: *Surely when the great waters overflow they shall not reach unto him.*

7 Thou art my hiding place; Thou wilt preserve me from trouble; *Thou wilt compass me about with songs of deliverance.*

8 I will instruct thee and teach thee

in the way which thou shalt go: *I will counsel thee with Mine eye upon thee.*

9 Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding: *Whose trappings must be bit and bridle to hold them in, Else they will not come near unto thee.*

10 Many sorrows shall be to the wicked: *But he that trusteth in Jehovah, lovingkindness shall compass him about.*

11 Be glad in Jehovah; and rejoice, ye righteous: *And shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.*

PSALM 34.

I WILL bless Jehovah at all times: *His praise shall continually be in my mouth.*

2 My soul shall make her boast in Jehovah: *The meek shall hear thereof, and be glad.*

3 O magnify Jehovah with me, *And let us exalt His name together.*

4 I sought Jehovah, and He answered me, *And delivered me from all my fears.*

5 They looked unto Him, and were lightened: *And their faces shall never be confounded.*

6 This poor man cried, and Jehovah heard him, *And saved him out of all his troubles.*

7 The angel of Jehovah encampeth round about them that fear Him, *And delivereth them.*

8 O taste and see that Jehovah is good: *Blessed is the man that taketh refuge in Him.*

9 O fear Jehovah, ye His saints: *For there is no want to them that fear Him.*

10 The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: *But they that seek Jehovah shall not want any good thing.*

11 Come, ye children, hearken unto me: *I will teach you the fear of Jehovah.*

12 What man is he that desireth life, *And loveth many days, that he may see good?*

13 Keep thy tongue from evil, *And thy lips from speaking guile.*

14 Depart from evil, and do good; *Seek peace, and pursue it.*

15 The eyes of Jehovah are toward the righteous, *And His ears are open unto their cry.*

16 The face of Jehovah is against them that do evil, *To cut off the remembrance of them from the Earth.*

17 The righteous cried, and Jehovah heard, *And delivered them out of all their troubles.*

18 Jehovah is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, *And saveth such as are of a contrite spirit.*

19 Many are the afflictions of the righteous: *But Jehovah delivereth him out of them all.*

20 He keepeth all his bones: *Not one of them is broken.*

21 Evil shall slay the wicked: *And they that hate the righteous shall be condemned.*

22 Jehovah redeemeth the soul of His servants: *And none of them that take refuge in Him shall be condemned.*

Selection 6.

PSALM 40.

I WAITED patiently for Jehovah; *And He inclined unto me, and heard my cry.*

2 He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay; *And He set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.*

3 And He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God: *Many shall see it, and fear, And shall trust in Jehovah.*

4 Blessed is the man that maketh Jehovah his trust, *And respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies.*

5 Many, O Jehovah my God, are the wonderful works which Thou hast done, *And Thy thoughts which are to us-ward:* They cannot be set in order unto Thee; *If I would declare and speak of them, They are more than can be numbered.*

6 Sacrifice and offering Thou hast no delight in; Mine ears hast Thou opened: *Burnt offering and sin offering hast Thou not required.*

7 Then said I, Lo, I am come; *In the roll of the book it is written of me:*

8 I delight to do Thy will, O my God; *Yea, Thy law is within my heart.*

9 I have published righteousness in the great congregation; *Lo, I will not refrain my lips, O Jehovah, Thou knowest.*

10 I have not hid Thy righteousness within my heart; I have declared Thy faithfulness and Thy salvation: *I have not concealed Thy lovingkindness and Thy truth from the great congregation.*

11 Withhold not Thou Thy tender mercies from me, O Jehovah: *Let Thy lovingkindness and Thy truth continually preserve me.*

12 For innumerable evils have compassed me about, *Mine iniquities have overtaken me, so that I am not able to look up; They are more than the hairs of my head, and my heart hath failed me.*

13 Be pleased, O Jehovah, to deliver me: *Make haste to help me, O Jehovah.*

14 Let them be put to shame and confounded together *That seek after my soul to destroy it:* Let them be turned backward and brought to dishonour *That delight in my hurt.*

15 Let them be desolate by reason of their shame *That say unto me, Aha, Aha.*

16 Let all those that seek Thee rejoice and be glad in Thee: *Let such as love Thy salvation say continually, Jehovah be magnified.*

17 But I am poor and needy; *Yet the Lord thinketh upon me:* THOU ART MY HELP AND MY DELIVERER: MAKE NO TARRYING, O MY GOD.

PSALM 42.

AS the hart panteth after the water brooks, *So panteth my soul after Thee, O God.*

2 My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: *When shall I come and appear before God?*

3 My tears have been my food day and night, *While they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?*

4 These things I remember, and pour out my soul within me, *How I went with the throng, and led them to the house of God, With the voice of joy and praise, a multitude keeping holy-day.*

5 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? *And why art thou disquieted within me?* Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him *For the help of His countenance.*

6 O my God, my soul is cast down within me: *Therefore do I remember Thee from the land of Jordan, And the Hermons, from the hill Mizar.*

7 Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of Thy waterspouts: *All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me.*

8 Yet Jehovah will command His lovingkindness in the day-time, *And in the night His song shall be with me, Even a prayer unto the God of my life.*

9 I will say unto God my rock, Why hast Thou forgotten me? *Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?*

10 As with a sword in my bones, mine adversaries reproach me; *While they continually say unto me, "Where is thy God?"*

11 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? *And why art thou disquieted within me?* Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise Him, *Who is the help of my countenance, and my God.*

Selection 7.

PSALM 44:1—8.

WE have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, *What work Thou didst in their days, in the days of old.*

2 Thou didst drive out the nations with Thy hand, but them Thou didst plant; *Thou didst afflict the peoples, but them Thou didst spread abroad.*

3 For they gat not the land in possession by their own sword, Neither did their own arms save them: *But Thy right hand, and Thine arm, and the light of Thy countenance, Because Thou hadst a favour unto them.*

4 Thou art my King, O God: *Command deliverance for Jacob.*

5 Thro Thee will we push down our adversaries: *Thro Thy name will we tread them under that rise up against us.*

6 For I will not trust in my bow, *Neither shall my sword save me.*

7 But Thou hast saved us from our adversaries, *And hast put them to shame that hate us.*

8 In God have we made our boast all the day long, *And we will give thanks unto Thy name for ever.*

PSALM 46.

GOD is our refuge and strength, *A very present help in trouble.*

2 Therefore will we not fear, tho the Earth do change, *And tho the mountains be moved in the heart of the seas;*

3 Tho the waters thereof roar and

be troubled, *Tho the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.*

4 There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God, *The holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.*

5 God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: *God shall help her, and that right early.*

6 The nations raged, the kingdoms were moved: *He uttered His voice, the Earth melted.*

7 Jehovah of hosts is with us; *The God of Jacob is our refuge.*

8 Come, behold the works of Jehovah, *What desolations He hath made in the Earth.*

9 He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the Earth; *He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; He burneth the chariots in the fire.*

10 Be still, and know that I am God: *I will be exalted among the nations, I will be exalted in the Earth.*

11 Jehovah of hosts is with us; *The God of Jacob is our refuge.*

Selection 8.

PSALM 51.

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy lovingkindness: *According to the multitude of Thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.*

2 Wash me thoroly from mine iniquity, *And cleanse me from my sin.*

3 For I acknowledge my transgressions: *And my sin is ever before me.*

4 Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, *And done that which is evil in Thy sight:* That Thou mayest be justified when Thou speakest, *And be clear when Thou judgest.*

5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; *And in sin did my mother conceive me.*

6 Behold, Thou desirest truth in the inward parts: *And in the hidden part Thou shalt make me to know wisdom.*

7 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: *Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.*

8 Make me to hear joy and gladness; *That the bones which Thou hast broken may rejoice.*

9 Hide Thy face from my sins, *And blot out all mine iniquities.*

10 Create in me a clean heart, O God; *And renew a right spirit within me.*

11 Cast me not away from Thy presence; *And take not Thy holy Spirit from me.*

12 Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation: *And uphold me with a willing spirit.*

13 Then will I teach transgressors Thy ways; *And sinners shall be converted unto Thee.*

14 Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, Thou God of my salvation; *And my tongue shall sing aloud of Thy righteousness.*

15 O Lord, open Thou my lips; *And my mouth shall show forth Thy praise.*

16 For Thou delightest not in sacrifice; else would I give it: *Thou hast no pleasure in burnt offering.*

17 The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: *A broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.*

18 Do good in Thy good pleasure unto Zion. *Build Thou the walls of Jerusalem.*

19 Then shalt Thou delight in the sacrifices of righteousness, in burnt offering and whole burnt offering: *Then shall they offer bullocks upon Thine altar.*

PSALM 61.

HEAR my cry, O God, *Attend unto my prayer*

2 From the end of the Earth will I call unto Thee, when my heart is overwhelmed *Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.*

3 For Thou hast been a refuge for me, *A strong tower from the enemy.*

4 I will dwell in Thy tabernacle for ever: *I will take refuge in the covert of Thy wings.*

5 For Thou, O God, hast heard my vows: *Thou hast given me the heritage of those that fear Thy name.*

6 Thou wilt prolong the king's life: *His years shall be as many generations.*

7 He shall abide before God for ever: *O prepare lovingkindness and truth, that they may preserve him.*

8 So will I sing praise unto Thy name for ever, *That I may daily perform my vows.*

Selection 9.

PSALM 63:1—8.

O GOD, Thou art my God; earnestly will I seek Thee: *My soul thirsteth for Thee, my flesh longeth for Thee, In a dry and weary land, where no water is.*

2 So have I looked upon Thee in the sanctuary, *To see Thy power and Thy glory.*

3 For Thy lovingkindness is better than life; *My lips shall praise Thee.*

4 So will I bless Thee while I live: *I will lift up my hands in Thy name.*

5 My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness; *And my mouth shall praise Thee with joyful lips;*

6 When I remember Thee upon my bed, *And meditate on Thee in the night watches.*

7 For Thou hast been my help, *And in the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice.*

8 My soul followeth hard after Thee: *Thy right hand upholdeth me.*

PSALM 65.

PRAISE waiteth for Thee, O God, in Zion: *And unto Thee shall the vow be performed.*

2 O Thou that hearest prayer, *Unto Thee shall all flesh come.*

3 Iniquities prevail against me: *As for our transgressions, Thou shalt forgive them.*

4 Blessed is the man whom Thou choosest, and causest to approach unto Thee, That he may dwell in Thy courts: *We shall be satisfied with the goodness of Thy house, Thy holy temple.*

5 By terrible things Thou wilt answer us in righteousness, *O God of our salvation;* Thou that art the confidence of

all the ends of the Earth, *And of them that are afar off upon the sea:*

6 Who by His strength setteth fast the mountains; *Being girded about with might:*

7 Who stilleth the roaring of the seas, the roaring of their waves, *And the tumult of the peoples.*

8 They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid at Thy tokens: *Thou maketh the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.*

9 Thou visitest the Earth, and waterest it, *Thou greatly enrichest it;* The river of God is full of water: *Thou providest them grain, when Thou hast so prepared the Earth.*

10 Thou waterest her furrows abundantly; *Thou settlest the ridges thereof:* Thou makest it soft with showers; *Thou blessest the springing thereof.*

11 Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness; *And Thy paths drop fatness.*

12 They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness: *And the hills are girded with joy.*

13 The pastures are clothed with flocks; *The valleys also are covered over with grain; They shout for joy, they also sing.*

Selection 10.

PSALM 67.

GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us, *And cause His face to shine upon us;*

2 That Thy way may be known upon Earth, *Thy salvation among all nations.*

3 Let the peoples praise Thee, O God; *Let all the peoples praise Thee.*

4 O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: *For Thou shalt judge the peoples with equity, And lead the nations upon Earth.*

5 Let the peoples praise Thee, O God; *Let all the peoples praise Thee.*

6 The Earth hath yielded her increase: *God, even our own God, shall bless us.*

7 God shall bless us; *And all the ends of the Earth shall fear Him.*

PSALM 72.

GIVE the king Thy judgments, O God, *And Thy righteousness unto the king's son.*

2 He shall judge Thy people with righteousness, *And Thy poor with judgment.*

3 The mountains shall bring peace to the people, *And the hills, in righteousness.*

4 He shall judge the poor of the people, He shall save the children of the needy, *And shall break in pieces the oppressor.*

5 They shall fear Thee while the Sun endureth, *And so long as the Moon, throöut all generations.*

6 He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass: *As showers that water the Earth.*

7 In His day shall the righteous flourish; *And abundance of peace, till the Moon be no more.*

8 He shall have dominion also from

sea to sea, *And from the River unto the ends of the Earth.*

9 They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before Him; *And His enemies shall lick the dust.*

10 The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents: *The kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts.*

11 Yea, all kings shall fall down before Him: *All nations shall serve Him.*

12 For He shall deliver the needy when he crieth; *And the poor, that hath no helper.*

13 He shall have pity on the poor and needy, *And the souls of the needy He shall save.*

14 He shall redeem their soul from oppression and violence; *And precious shall their blood be in His sight:*

15 And they shall live; and to him shall be given of the gold of Sheba: *And men shall pray for Him continually; They shall bless Him all the day long.*

16 There shall be abundance of grain in the Earth upon the top of the mountains; *The fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon: And they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth.*

17 His name shall endure for ever: *His name shall be continued as long as the Sun:* And men shall be blest in Him; *All nations shall call Him happy.*

18 BLESSÉD BE JEHOVAH, GOD, THE GOD OF ISRAEL, WHO ONLY DOETH WONDROUS THINGS:

19 AND BLESSÉD BE HIS GLORIOUS NAME FOR EVER; AND LET THE WHOLE EARTH BE FILLED WITH HIS GLORY. AMEN, AND AMEN.

Selection 11.

PSALM 84.

HOW amiable are Thy tabernacles, *O Jehovah of hosts!*

2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of Jehovah; *My heart and my flesh cry out unto the living God.*

3 Yea, the sparrow hath found her a house, And the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, *Even Thine altars, O Jehovah of hosts, My King, and my God.*

4 Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house: *They will be still praising Thee.*

5 Blessed is the man whose strength is in Thee; *In whose heart are the highways to Zion.*

6 Passing thro the valley of Weeping they make it a place of springs; *Yea, the early rain covereth it with blessings.*

7 They go from strength to strength, *Every one of them appeareth before God in Zion.*

8 O Jehovah God of hosts, hear my prayer: *Give ear, O God of Jacob.*

9 Behold, O God our shield, *And look upon the face of Thine anointed.*

10 For a day in Thy courts is better than a thousand. *I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, Than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.*

11 For Jehovah God is a sun and a shield: *Jehovah will give grace and glory:* No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

12 O JEHOVAH OF HOSTS, BLESSÉD IS THE MAN THAT TRUSTETH IN THEE.

PSALM 86.

Bow down Thine ear, O Jehovah, and answer me; *For I am poor and needy.*

2 Preserve my soul; for I am godly: *O Thou my God, save Thy servant that trusteth in Thee.*

3 Be merciful unto me, O Lord; *For unto Thee do I cry all the day long.*

4 Rejoice the soul of Thy servant; *For unto Thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.*

5 For Thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive, *And abundant in lovingkindness unto all them that call upon Thee.*

6 Give ear, O Jehovah, unto my prayer; *And hearken unto the voice of my supplications.*

7 In the day of my trouble I will call upon Thee; *For Thou wilt answer me.*

8 There is none like unto Thee among the gods, O Lord; *Neither are there any works like unto Thy works.*

9 All nations whom Thou hast made shall come and worship before Thee, O Lord; *And they shall glorify Thy name.*

10 For Thou art great, and doest wondrous things: *Thou art God alone.*

11 Teach me Thy way, O Jehovah; I will walk in Thy truth: *Unite my heart to fear Thy name.*

12 I will praise Thee, O Lord my God, with my whole heart; *And I will glorify Thy name for evermore.*

13 For great is Thy lovingkindness toward me; *And Thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest Sheol.*

14 O God, the proud are risen up against me, *And the congregation of violent men have sought after my soul, And have not set Thee before them.*

15 But Thou, O Lord, art a God merciful and gracious, *Slow to anger, and abundant in lovingkindness and truth.*

16 O turn unto me, and have mercy upon me; *Give Thy strength unto Thy servant, And save the son of Thy handmaid.*

17 Show me a token for good; That they who hate me may see it, and be put to shame, *Because Thou, Jehovah, hast helped me, and comforted me.*

Selection 12.

PSALM 89:1—34.

I WILL sing of the lovingkindness of Jehovah for ever: *With my mouth will I make known Thy faithfulness to all generations.*

2 For I have said, Lovingkindness shall be built up for ever; *Thy faithfulness shalt Thou establish in the very heavens.*

3 "I have made a covenant with My chosen, *I have sworn unto David My servant;*

4 Thy seed will I establish for ever, *And build up thy throne to all generations.*

5 And the heavens shall praise Thy wonders, O Jehovah; *Thy faithful-*

ness also in the assembly of the holy ones.

6 For who in the skies can be compared unto Jehovah? *Who among the sons of the mighty is like unto Jehovah,*

7 A God very terrible in the council of the holy ones, *And to be feared above all them that are round about Him?*

8 O Jehovah God of hosts, Who is a mighty one, like unto Thee, O Jehovah? *And Thy faithfulness is round about Thee.*

9 Thou rulest the pride of the sea: *When the waves thereof arise, Thou stillest them.*

10 Thou hast broken Egypt in pieces, as one that is slain; *Thou hast scattered Thine enemies with the arm of Thy strength.*

11 The heavens are Thine, the Earth also is Thine: *The world and the fulness thereof, Thou hast founded them.*

12 The north and the south, Thou hast created them: *Tabor and Hermon rejoice in Thy name.*

13 Thou hast a mighty arm: *Strong is Thy hand, and high is Thy right hand.*

14 Righteousness and judgment are the foundation of Thy throne: *Lovingkindness and truth go before Thy face.*

15 Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound: *They walk, O Jehovah, in the light of Thy countenance.*

16 In Thy name do they rejoice all the day: *And in Thy righteousness are they exalted.*

17 For Thou art the glory of their strength: *And in Thy favour our horn shall be exalted.*

18 For our shield belongeth unto Jehovah; *And our king to the Holy One of Israel.*

19 Then Thou spakest in vision to Thy saints, *And saidst, I have laid help upon one that is mighty; I have exalted one chosen out of the people.*

20 I have found David My servant; *With My holy oil have I anointed him:*

21 With whom My hand shall be established; *Mine arm also shall strengthen him.*

22 The enemy shall not exact upon him; *Nor the son of wickedness afflict him.*

23 And I will beat down his adversaries before him, *And smite them that hate him.*

24 But My faithfulness and My lovingkindness shall be with him; *And in My name shall his horn be exalted.*

25 I will set his hand also on the sea, *And his right hand on the rivers.*

26 He shall cry unto me, "Thou art my father, *My God, and the rock of my salvation.*"

27 I also will make him My firstborn, *The highest of the kings of the Earth.*

28 My lovingkindness will I keep for him for evermore, *And My covenant shall stand fast with him.*

29 His seed also will I make to endure for ever, *And his throne as the days of heaven.*

30 If his children forsake My law, *And walk not in My judgments;*

31 If they break My statutes, *And keep not My commandments;*

32 Then will I visit their transgression with the rod, *And their iniquity with stripes.*

33 But My lovingkindness will I not utterly take from him, *Nor suffer My faithfulness to fail.*

34 My covenant will I not break, *Nor alter the thing that is gone out of My lips.*

Selection 13.

PSALM 90.

LORD, Thou hast been our dwelling place *In all generations.*

2 Before the mountains were brought forth, Or ever Thou hadst formed the Earth and the world, *Even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God.*

3 Thou turnest man to destruction; *And sayest, Return, ye children of men.*

4 For a thousand years in Thy sight *Are but as yesterday when it is past, And as a watch in the night.*

5 Thou carriest them away as with a flood: they are as a sleep: *In the morning they are like grass which groweth up.*

6 In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; *In the evening it is cut down, and withereth.*

7 For we are consumed in Thine anger, *And in Thy wrath are we troubled.*

8 Thou hast set our iniquities before Thee, *Our secret sins in the light of Thy countenance.*

9 For all our days are passed away in Thy wrath: *We bring our years to an end as a sigh.*

10 The days of our years are threescore years and ten, *Or even by reason of strength fourscore years;* Yet is their pride but labor and sorrow; *For it is soon gone, and we fly away.*

11 Who knoweth the power of Thine anger, *And Thy wrath according to the fear that is due unto Thee?*

12 So teach us to number our days, *That we may get us a heart of wisdom.*

13 Return, O Jehovah; how long? *And let it repent Thee concerning Thy servants.*

14 O satisfy us in the morning with Thy lovingkindness; *That we may rejoice and be glad all our days.*

15 Make us glad according to the days wherein Thou hast afflicted us, *And the years wherein we have seen evil.*

16 Let Thy work appear unto Thy servants, *And Thy glory upon their children.*

17 And let the favor of Jehovah our God be upon us: *And establish Thou the work of our hands upon us;* YEA, THE WORK OF OUR HANDS ESTABLISH THOU IT.

PSALM 91.

HE that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High *Shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.*

2 I will say of Jehovah, He is my refuge and my fortress; *My God in whom I trust.*

3 For He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, *And from the noisome pestilence.*

4 He shall cover thee with His pinions, *And under His wings shalt*

thou take refuge: His truth is a shield and a buckler.

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, *Nor for the arrow that flieth by day;*

6 For the pestilence that walketh in darkness, *Nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.*

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, And ten thousand at thy right hand; *But it shall not come nigh thee.*

8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold, *And see the reward of the wicked.*

9 For Thou, O Jehovah, art my refuge! *Thou hast made the Most High thy habitation;*

10 There shall no evil befall thee, *Neither shall any plague come nigh thy tent.*

11 For He shall give His angels charge over thee, *To keep thee in all thy ways.*

12 They shall bear thee up in their hands, *Lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.*

13 Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; *The young lion and the serpent shalt thou trample under feet.*

14 Because he hath set his love upon Me, therefore will I deliver him: *I will set him on high, because he hath known My name.*

15 He shall call upon Me, and I will answer him; *I will be with him in trouble: I will deliver him, and honor him.*

16 With long life will I satisfy him, *And show him My salvation.*

Selection 14.

PSALM 95.

O COME, let us sing unto Jehovah: *Let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.*

2 Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving, *Let us make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms.*

3 For Jehovah is a great God, *And a great King above all gods.*

4 In His hand are the deep places of the Earth; *The heights of the mountains are His also.*

5 The sea is His, and He made it; *And His hands formed the dry land.*

6 O come, let us worship and bow down; *Let us kneel before Jehovah our Maker:*

7 For He is our God, *And we are the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His hand.* To-day, Oh that ye would hear His voice!

8 "Harden not your heart, as at Meribah, *As in the day of Massah in the wilderness:*

9 When your fathers tempted Me, Proved Me, and saw My work.

10 Forty years long was I grieved with that generation, *And said, It is a people that do err in their heart, And they have not known My ways:*

11 Wherefore I sware in My wrath, *That they should not enter into My rest.*"

PSALM 96.

O SING unto Jehovah a new song: *Sing unto Jehovah, all the Earth.*

2 Sing unto Jehovah, bless His

name; *Show forth His salvation from day to day.*

3 Declare His glory among the nations, *His marvellous works among all the peoples.*

4 For great is Jehovah, and highly to be praised: *He is to be feared above all gods.*

5 For all the gods of the peoples are idols: *But Jehovah made the heavens.*

6 Honor and majesty are before Him: *Strength and beauty are in His sanctuary.*

7 Give unto Jehovah, ye kindreds of the peoples, *Give unto Jehovah glory and strength.*

8 Give unto Jehovah the glory due unto His name: *Bring an offering, and come into His courts.*

9 O worship Jehovah in the beauty of holiness: *Tremble before Him, all the Earth.*

10 Say among the nations, Jehovah reigneth: *The world also is established that it cannot be moved: He shall judge the peoples with equity.*

11 Let the heavens be glad, and let the Earth rejoice; *Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof;*

12 Let the field exult, and all that is therein; *Then shall all the trees of the wood sing for joy;*

13 Before Jehovah, for He cometh; *For He cometh to judge the Earth:* HE SHALL JUDGE THE WORLD WITH RIGHTEOUSNESS, AND THE PEOPLES WITH HIS TRUTH.

Selection 15.

PSALM 98.

O SING unto Jehovah a new song; For He hath done marvellous things: *His right hand, and His holy arm, hath wrought salvation for Him.*

2 Jehovah hath made known His salvation: *His righteousness hath He openly showed in the sight of the nations.*

3 He hath remembered His loving-kindness and His faithfulness toward the house of Israel: *All the ends of the Earth have seen the salvation of our God.*

4 Make a joyful noise unto Jehovah, all the Earth: *Break forth and sing for joy, yea, sing praises.*

5 Sing praises unto Jehovah with the harp; *With the harp and the voice of melody.*

6 With trumpets and sound of cornet *Make a joyful noise before the King, Jehovah.*

7 Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof; *The world, and they that dwell therein;*

8 Let the floods clap their hands; *Let the hills sing for joy together;*

9 Before Jehovah, for He cometh to judge the Earth: *He shall judge the world with righteousness, And the peoples with equity.*

PSALM 100.

MAKE a joyful noise unto Jehovah, all ye lands.

2 Serve Jehovah with gladness:

Come before His presence with singing.

3 Know ye that Jehovah He is God: It is He that hath made us, and we are His; *We are His people, and the sheep of His pasture.*

4 Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, And into His courts with praise: *Give thanks unto Him, and bless His name.*

5 For Jehovah is good; His lovingkindness endureth for ever; *And His faithfulness unto all generations.*

PSALM 103.

BLESS Jehovah, O my soul; *And all that is within me, bless His holy name.*

2 Bless Jehovah, O my soul, *And forget not all His benefits:*

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; *Who healeth all thy diseases;*

4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; *Who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies:*

5 Who satisfieth thy desire with good things; *So that thy youth is renewed like the eagle.*

6 Jehovah executeth righteous acts, *And judgments for all that are oppressed.*

7 He made known His ways unto Moses, *His doings unto the children of Israel.*

8 Jehovah is merciful and gracious, *Slow to anger, and abundant in lovingkindness.*

9 He will not always chide; *Neither will He keep His anger for ever.*

10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins, *Nor rewarded us after our iniquities.*

11 For as the heaven is high above the Earth, *So great is His lovingkindness toward them that fear Him.*

12 As far as the east is from the west, *So far hath He removed our transgressions from us.*

13 Like as a father pitieth his children, *So Jehovah pitieth them that fear Him.*

14 For He knoweth our frame; *He remembereth that we are dust.*

15 As for man, his days are as grass; *As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.*

16 For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; *And the place thereof shall know it no more.*

17 But the lovingkindness of Jehovah is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him, *And His righteousness unto children's children;*

18 To such as keep His covenant, *And to those that remember His precepts to do them.*

19 Jehovah hath established His throne in the heavens; *And His kingdom ruleth over all.*

20 Bless Jehovah, ye angels of His: *Ye mighty in strength, that fulfil His word, Hearkening unto the voice of His word.*

21 Bless Jehovah, all ye His hosts; *Ye ministers of His, that do His pleasure.*

22 BLESS JEHOVAH, ALL YE HIS WORKS, IN ALL PLACES OF HIS DOMINION: BLESS JEHOVAH, O MY SOUL!

Selection 16.

PSALM 104.

BLESS Jehovah, O my soul. *O Jehovah my God, Thou art very great; Thou art clothed with honor and majesty.*

2 Who coverest Thyself with light as with a garment; *Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain:*

3 Who layeth the beams of His chambers in the waters; *Who maketh the clouds His chariot; Who walketh upon the wings of the wind:*

4 Who maketh winds His messengers; *Flames of fire His ministers:*

5 Who laid the foundations of the Earth, *That it should not be moved for ever.*

6 Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a vesture; *The waters stood above the mountains.*

7 At Thy rebuke they fled; *At the voice of Thy thunder they hasted away;*

8 (The mountains rose, the valleys sank;) *Unto the place which Thou hadst founded for them.*

9 Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over; *That they turn not again to cover the Earth.*

10 He sendeth forth springs into the valleys; *They run among the mountains:*

11 They give drink to every beast of the field; *The wild asses quench their thirst.*

12 By them the fowl of the heaven have their habitation, *They sing among the branches.*

13 He watereth the mountains from His chambers: *The Earth is satisfied with the fruit of Thy works.*

14 He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, And herb for the service of man; *That he may bring forth food out of the earth:*

15 And wine that maketh glad the heart of man, *And oil to make his face to shine, And bread that strengtheneth man's heart.*

16 The trees of Jehovah are filled with moisture; *The cedars of Lebanon, which He hath planted;*

17 Where the birds make their nests: *As for the stork, the fir trees are her house.*

18 The high mountains are for the wild goats; *The rocks are a refuge for the conies.*

19 He appointed the Moon for seasons: *The Sun knoweth his going down.*

20 Thou makest darkness, and it is night; *Wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth.*

21 The young lions roar after their prey, *And seek their food from God.*

22 The Sun ariseth, they get them away, *And lay them down in their dens.*

23 Man goeth forth unto his work *And to his labor until the evening.*

24 O Jehovah, how manifold are Thy works! In wisdom hast Thou made them all: *The Earth is full of Thy creatures.*

25 There is the sea, great and wide, *Wherein are things creeping innumerable, Both small and great beasts.*

26 There go the ships; *There is*

leviathan, whom Thou hast formed to take his pastime therein.

27 These wait all upon Thee, *That Thou mayest give them their food in due season.*

28 That Thou givest unto them they gather; *Thou openest Thy hand, they are satisfied with good.*

29 Thou hidest Thy face, they are troubled; *Thou takest away their breath, they die, And return to their dust.*

30 Thou sendest forth Thy Spirit, they are created; *And Thou renewest the face of the ground.*

31 Let the glory of Jehovah endure for ever; *Let Jehovah rejoice in His works:*

32 Who looketh on the Earth, and it trembleth; *He toucheth the mountains, and they smoke.*

33 I will sing unto Jehovah as long as I live: *I will sing praise to my God while I have any being.*

34 Let my meditation be sweet unto Him: *I will rejoice in Jehovah.*

35 Let sinners be consumed out of the Earth, *And let the wicked be no more.* BLESS JEHOVAH, O MY SOUL. HALLELUJAH.

Selection 17.

PSALM 107.

O GIVE thanks unto Jehovah, for He is good: *For His lovingkindness endureth for ever.*

2 Let the redeemed of Jehovah say so, *Whom He hath redeemed from the hand of the adversary;*

3 And gathered them out of the lands, *From the east and from the west, From the north and from the south.*

4 They wandered in the wilderness in a desert way; *They found no city of habitation.* Hungry and thirsty, *Their soul fainted in them.*

6 Then they cried unto Jehovah in their trouble, *And He delivered them out of their distresses.* He led them also by a straight way, *That they might go to a city of habitation.*

8 Oh that men would praise Jehovah for His lovingkindness, *And for His wonderful works to the children of men!*

9 For He satisfieth the longing soul, *And the hungry soul He filleth with good.*

10 Such as sat in darkness and in the shadow of death, *Being bound in affliction and iron;*

11 Because they rebelled against the words of God, *And contemned the counsel of the Most High:*

12 Therefore He brought down their heart with labor; *They fell down, and there was none to help.*

13 Then they cried unto Jehovah in their trouble, *And He saved them out of their distresses.*

14 He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, *And brake their bonds in sunder.*

15 Oh that men would praise Jehovah for His lovingkindness, *And for His wonderful works to the children of men!*

16 For He hath broken the gates of

brass, *And cut the bars of iron in sunder.*

17 Fools because of their transgression, *And because of their iniquities, are afflicted.*

18 Their soul abhorreth all manner of food; *And they draw near unto the gates of death.*

19 Then they cry unto Jehovah in their trouble, *And He saveth them out of their distresses.*

20 He sendeth His word, and healeth them, *And delivereth them from their destructions.*

21 Oh that men would praise Jehovah for His lovingkindness, *And for His wonderful works to the children of men!*

22 And let them offer the sacrifices of thanksgiving, *And declare His works with singing.*

23 They that go down to the sea in ships, *That do business in great waters;*

24 These see the works of Jehovah, *And His wonders in the deep.*

25 For He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, *Which lifteth up the waves thereof.*

26 They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: *Their soul melteth away because of trouble.*

27 They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, *And are at their wits' end.*

28 Then they cry unto Jehovah in their trouble, *And He bringeth them out of their distresses.*

29 He maketh the storm a calm, *So that the waves thereof are still.*

30 Then are they glad because they are quiet; *So He bringeth them unto their desired haven.*

31 Oh that men would praise Jehovah for His lovingkindness, *And for His wonderful works to the children of men!*

32 Let them exalt Him also in the assembly of the people, *And praise Him in the seat of the elders.*

33 He turneth rivers into a wilderness, *And watersprings into a thirsty ground;*

34 A fruitful land into a salt desert, *For the wickedness of them that dwell therein.*

35 He turneth a wilderness into a pool of water, *And a dry land into watersprings.*

36 And there He maketh the hungry to dwell, *That they may prepare a city of habitation;*

37 And sow fields, and plant vineyards, *And get them fruits of increase.*

38 He blesseth them also, so that they are multiplied greatly; *And He suffereth not their cattle to decrease.*

39 Again, they are diminished and bowed down *Thro oppression, trouble, and sorrow.*

40 He poureth contempt upon princes, *And causeth them to wander in the waste, where there is no way.*

41 Yet setteth He the needy on high from affliction, *And maketh him families like a flock.*

42 The upright shall see it, and be glad; *And all iniquity shall stop her mouth.*

43 Whoso is wise shall give heed to these things, *And they shall consider the lovingkindness of Jehovah.*

Selection 18.

PSALM 111.

HALLELUJAH. I will give thanks unto Jehovah with my whole heart, *In the council of the upright, and in the congregation.*

2 The works of Jehovah are great, *Sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.*

3 His work is honor and majesty: *And His righteousness endureth for ever.*

4 He hath made His wonderful works to be remembered: *Jehovah is gracious and merciful.*

5 He hath given food unto them that fear Him: *He will ever be mindful of His covenant.*

6 He hath showed His people the power of His works, *In giving them the heritage of the nations.*

7 The works of His hands are truth and judgment; *All His precepts are sure.*

8 They are established for ever and ever, *They are done in truth and uprightness.*

9 He hath sent redemption unto His people; He hath commanded His covenant for ever: *Holy and reverend is His name.*

10 The fear of Jehovah is the beginning of wisdom; *A good understanding have all they that do His commandments:* HIS PRAISE ENDURETH FOR EVER.

PSALM 115.

NOT unto us, O Jehovah, not unto us, But unto Thy name give glory, *For Thy lovingkindness, and for Thy truth's sake.*

2 Wherefore should the nations say, *Where is now their God?*

3 But our God is in the heavens: *He hath done whatsoever He pleased.*

4 Their idols are silver and gold, *The work of men's hands.*

5 They have mouths, but they speak not; *Eyes have they, but they see not;*

6 They have ears, but they hear not; *Noses have they, but they smell not;*

7 They have hands, but they handle not, *Feet have they, but they walk not; Neither speak they thro their throat.*

8 They that make them shall be like unto them; *Yea, every one that trusteth in them.*

9 O Israel, trust thou in Jehovah: *He is their help and their shield.*

10 O house of Aaron, trust ye in Jehovah: *He is their help and their shield.*

11 Ye that fear Jehovah, trust in Jehovah: *He is their help and their shield.*

12 Jehovah hath been mindful of us; He will bless us: *He will bless the house of Israel; He will bless the house of Aaron.*

13 He will bless them that fear Jehovah, *Both small and great.*

14 Jehovah increase you more and more, *You and your children.*

15 Blessèd are ye of Jehovah, *Who made Heaven and Earth.*

16 The heavens are the heavens of Jehovah, *But the Earth hath He given to the children of men.*

17 The dead praise not Jehovah, *Neither any that go down into silence;*

18 But we will bless Jehovah *From this time forth and for evermore.* HALLELUJAH.

Selection 19.

PSALM 116.

I LOVE Jehovah, *because He heareth My voice and my supplications.*

2 Because He hath inclined His ear unto me, *Therefore will I call upon Him as long as I live.*

3 The cords of death compassed me, And the pains of Sheol gat hold upon me: *I found trouble and sorrow.*

4 Then called I upon the name of Jehovah; *O Jehovah, I beseech Thee, deliver my soul.*

5 Gracious is Jehovah, and righteous: *Yea, our God is merciful.*

6 Jehovah preserveth the simple: *I was brought low, and He saved me.*

7 Return unto Thy rest, O my soul; *For Jehovah hath dealt bountifully with thee.*

8 For Thou hast delivered my soul from death, *Mine eyes from tears, And my feet from falling.*

9 I will walk before Jehovah *In the land of the living.*

10 I believed when I spake thus, *I was greatly afflicted.*

11 I said in my alarm, *All men are liars.*

12 What shall I render unto Jehovah *For all His benefits toward me?*

13 I will take the cup of salvation, *And call upon the name of Jehovah.*

14 I will pay my vows unto Jehovah, *Yea, in the presence of all His people.*

15 Precious in the sight of Jehovah *Is the death of His saints.*

16 O Jehovah, truly I am Thy servant: I am Thy servant, the son of Thy handmaid; *Thou hast loosed my bonds.*

17 I will offer to Thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, *And will call upon the name of Jehovah.*

18 I will pay my vows unto Jehovah, *Yea, in the presence of all His people:*

19 In the courts of Jehovah's house, *In the midst of thee, O Jerusalem.* HALLELUJAH.

PSALM 118:19—29.

OPEN to me the gates of righteousness: *I will enter into them, I will give thanks unto Jehovah.*

20 This is the gate of Jehovah; *The righteous shall enter into it.*

21 I will give thanks unto Thee, for Thou hast answered me, *And art become my salvation.*

22 The stone which the builders rejected *Is become the head of the corner.*

23 This is Jehovah's doing; *It is marvellous in our eyes.*

24 This is the day which Jehovah hath made; *We will rejoice and be glad in it.*

25 Save now, we beseech Thee, O Jehovah: *O Jehovah, we beseech Thee, send now prosperity.*

26 Blessèd be he that cometh in the name of Jehovah: *We have blest you out of the house of Jehovah.*

27 Jehovah is God, and He hath given us light: *Bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar.*

28 Thou art my God, and I will give thanks unto Thee: *Thou art my God, I will exalt Thee.*

29 O give thanks unto Jehovah; for He is good: *For His lovingkindness endureth for ever.*

Selection 20.

PSALM 119: portions.

BLESSÉD are they that are upright in the way, *Who walk in the law of Jehovah.*

2 Blessèd are they that keep His testimonies, *That seek Him with the whole heart.*

9 Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? *By taking heed thereto according to Thy word.*

10 With my whole heart have I sought Thee: *O let me not wander from Thy commandments.*

11 Thy word have I laid up in my heart, *That I might not sin against Thee.*

18 Open Thou mine eyes, *that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law.*

19 I am a sojourner in the Earth: *Hide not Thy commandments from me.*

34 Give me understanding, and I shall keep Thy law; *Yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart.*

35 Make me to go in the path of Thy commandments; *For therein do I delight.*

36 Incline my heart unto Thy testimonies, *And not to covetousness.*

37 Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity, *And quicken me in Thy ways.*

42 So shall I have an answer for him that reproacheth me: *For I trust in Thy word.*

43 And take not the word of truth utterly out of my mouth; *For I have hoped in Thy judgments.*

44 So shall I observe Thy law continually *For ever and ever.*

45 And I will walk at liberty; *For I have sought Thy precepts.*

46 I will also speak of Thy testimonies before kings, *And will not be put to shame.*

49 Remember the word unto Thy servant, *Wherein Thou hast made me to hope.*

50 This is my comfort in mine affliction, *That Thy word hath quickened me.*

51 The proud have had me greatly in derision: *Yet have I not swerved from Thy law.*

52 I have remembered Thy judgments of old, O Jehovah, *And have comforted myself.*

53 Hot indignation hath taken hold upon me, *Because of the wicked that forsake Thy law.*

54 Thy statutes have been my songs *In the house of my pilgrimage.*

55 I have remembered Thy name, O Jehovah, in the night, *And have observed Thy law.*

63 I am a companion of all them that fear Thee, *And of them that observe Thy precepts.*

67 Before I was afflicted I went astray: *But now I observe Thy word.*

68 Thou art good, and doest good; *Teach me Thy statutes.*

76 Let, I pray Thee, Thy loving-kindness be for my comfort, *According to Thy word unto Thy servant.*

77 Let Thy tender mercies come unto me, that I may live: *For Thy law is my delight.*

92 Unless Thy law had been my delight, *I should then have perished in mine affliction.*

93 I will never forget Thy precepts; *For with them Thou hast quickened me.*

105 Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, *And light unto my path.*

116 Uphold me according unto Thy word, that I may live; *And let me not be ashamed of my hope.*

117 Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe, *And shall have respect unto Thy statutes continually.*

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129 THY testimonies are wonderful: *Therefore doth my soul keep them.*

130 The opening of Thy words giveth light; *It giveth understanding unto the simple.*

131 I opened wide my mouth, and panted; *For I longed for Thy commandments.*

132 Turn Thee unto me, and have mercy upon me, *As Thou usest to do unto those that love Thy name.*

133 Order my footsteps in Thy word; *And let not any iniquity have dominion over me.*

134 Redeem me from the oppression of man: *So will I observe Thy precepts.*

141 I am small and despised: *Yet do I not forget Thy precepts.*

142 Thy righteousness is an everlasting righteousness, *And Thy law is truth.*

143 Trouble and anguish have taken hold of me: *Yet Thy commandments are my delight.*

154 Plead Thou my cause, and redeem me: *Quicken me according to Thy word.*

160 The sum of Thy word is truth; *And every one of Thy righteous judgments endureth for ever.*

162 I rejoice at Thy word, *As one that findeth great spoil.*

165 Great peace have they who love Thy law; *And they have none occasion of stumbling.*

172 Let my tongue sing of Thy word; *For all Thy commandments are righteousness.*

173 Let Thy hand be ready to help me; *For I have chosen Thy precepts.*

174 I have longed for Thy salvation, O Jehovah; *And Thy law is my delight.*

175 Let my soul live, and it shall praise Thee; *And let Thy judgments help me.*

176 I have gone astray like a lost sheep; seek Thy servant; *For I do not forget Thy commandments.*

Selection 21.

PSALM 121.

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the mountains: *From whence shall my help come?*

2 My help cometh from Jehovah, *Who made Heaven and Earth.*

3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: *He that keepeth thee will not slumber.*

4 Behold, He that keepeth Israel *Shall neither slumber nor sleep.*

5 Jehovah is thy keeper: *Jehovah is thy shade upon thy right hand.*

6 The Sun shall not smite thee by day, *Nor the Moon by night.*

7 Jehovah shall keep thee from all evil; *He shall keep thy soul.*

8 Jehovah shall keep thy going out and thy coming in, *From this time forth and for evermore.*

PSALM 122.

I WAS glad when they said unto me, *Let us go unto the house of Jehovah.*

2 Our feet are standing *Within Thy gates, O Jerusalem;*

3 Jerusalem, that art builded *As a city that is compact together:*

4 Whither the tribes go up, even the tribes of Jehovah, *For a testimony for Israel, To give thanks unto the name of Jehovah.*

5 For there are set thrones for judgment, *The thrones of the house of David.*

6 Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: *They shall prosper that love thee.*

7 Peace be within thy walls, *And prosperity within thy palaces.*

8 For my brethren and companions' sakes, *I will now say, Peace be within thee.*

9 For the sake of the house of Jehovah our God *I will seek thy good.*

PSALM 124.

IF it had not been Jehovah who was on our side, *Let Israel now say:*

2 If it had not been Jehovah who was on our side, *When men rose up against us:*

3 Then they had swallowed us up alive, *When their wrath was kindled against us:*

4 Then the waters had overwhelmed us, *The stream had gone over our soul:*

5 Then the proud waters had gone over our soul.

6 *Blessèd be Jehovah, Who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth.*

7 Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers: *The snare is broken, and we are escaped.*

8 Our help is in the name of Jehovah, *Who made Heaven and Earth.*

Selection 22.

PSALM 127:1, 2.

EXCEPT Jehovah build the house, *They labor in vain that build it.* Except Jehovah keep the city, *The watchman waketh but in vain.*

2 It is vain for you that ye rise up early, and so late take rest, And eat the bread of toil: *For so He giveth unto His beloved in sleep.*

PSALM 130.

OUT of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Jehovah.

2 Lord, hear my voice: *Let Thine ears be attentive To the voice of my supplications.*

3 If Thou, Jehovah, shouldst mark iniquities, *O Jehovah, who shall stand?*

4 But there is forgiveness with Thee, *That Thou mayest be feared.*

5 I wait for Jehovah, my soul doth wait, *And in His word do I hope.*

6 My soul waiteth for Jehovah, *More than watchmen wait for the morning; Yea, more than watchmen for the morning.*

7 O Israel, hope in Jehovah; For with Jehovah there is lovingkindness, *And with Him is plenteous redemption.*

8 And He shall redeem Israel *From all his iniquities.*

PSALM 132:7—18.

WE will go into His tabernacles; *We will worship at His footstool.*

8 Arise, O Jehovah, into Thy resting place; *Thou, and the ark of Thy strength.*

9 Let Thy priests be clothed with righteousness; *And let Thy saints shout for joy.*

10 For Thy servant David's sake Turn not away The face of thine anointed.

11 Jehovah hath sworn unto David in truth; *He will not turn from it:* Of the fruit of thy body will I set upon thy throne.

12 If thy children will keep My covenant And My testimony that I shall teach them, *Their children also shall sit upon thy throne for evermore.*

13 For Jehovah hath chosen Zion; *He hath desired it for His habitation.*

14 This is my resting place for ever: *Here will I dwell; for I have desired it.*

15 I will abundantly bless her provision: *I will satisfy her poor with bread.*

16 Her priests also will I clothe with salvation: *And her saints shall shout aloud for joy.*

17 There will I make the horn of David to bud: *I have ordained a lamp for Mine anointed.*

18 His enemies will I clothe with shame: *But upon himself shall his crown flourish.*

Selection 23.

PSALM 138.

I WILL give Thee thanks with my whole heart: *Before the gods will I sing praises unto Thee.*

2 I will worship toward Thy holy temple, *And give thanks unto Thy name for Thy lovingkindness and for Thy truth: For Thou hast magnified Thy word above all Thy name.*

3 In the day that I called Thou answeredst me, *Thou didst encourage me with strength in my soul.*

4 All the kings of the Earth shall give Thee thanks, O Jehovah, *For they have heard the words of Thy mouth.*

5 Yea, they shall sing of the ways

of Jehovah; *For great is the glory of Jehovah.*

6 For tho Jehovah be high, yet hath He respect unto the lowly: *But the haughty He knoweth from afar.*

7 Tho I walk in the midst of trouble, Thou wilt revive me; Thou shalt stretch forth Thy hand against the wrath of mine enemies, *And Thy right hand shall save me.*

8 Jehovah will perfect that which concerneth me: *Thy lovingkindness, O Jehovah, endureth for ever; Forsake not the works of Thine own hands.*

PSALM 139.

O JEHOVAH, Thou hast searched me, and known me.

2 Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising, *Thou understandest my thought afar off.*

3 Thou winnowest out my path and my lying down, *And art acquainted with all my ways.*

4 For there is not a word in my tongue, *But, lo, O Jehovah, Thou knowest it altogether.*

5 Thou hast beset me behind and before, *And laid Thy hand upon me.*

6 Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; *It is high, I cannot attain unto it.*

7 Whither shall I go from Thy spirit? *Or whither shall I flee from Thy presence?*

3 If I ascend up into Heaven, Thou art there: *If I make my bed in Sheol, behold, Thou art there.*

9 If I take the wings of the morning, *And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;*

10 Even there shall Thy hand lead me, *And Thy right hand shall hold me.*

11 If I say, Surely the darkness shall overwhelm me, *And the light about me shall be night;*

12 Even the darkness hideth not from Thee: But the night shineth as the day; *The darkness and the light are both alike to Thee.*

13 For Thou didst form my reins: *Thou didst knit me together in my mother's womb.*

14 I will give thanks unto Thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: *Wonderful are Thy works; And that my soul knoweth right well.*

15 My frame was not hidden from Thee, *When I was made in secret, And curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the Earth.*

16 Thine eyes did see mine unformed substance, And in Thy book were all my members written, *Which day by day were fashioned, When as yet there was none of them.*

17 How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God! *How great is the sum of them!*

18 If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand: *When I awake, I am still with Thee.*

Selection 24.

PSALM 142.

I CRY with my voice unto Jehovah; *With my voice unto Jehovah do I make supplication.*

2 I pour out my complaint before Him; *I show before Him my trouble.*

3 When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, Thou knewest my path. *In the way wherein I walk have they hidden a snare for me.*

4 Look on my right hand, and see; for there is no man that knoweth me: *Refuge hath failed me; no man careth for my soul.*

5 I cried unto Thee, O Jehovah; *I said, Thou art my refuge, My portion in the land of the living.*

6 Attend unto my cry; for I am brought very low: *Deliver me from my persecutors; for they are stronger than I.*

7 Bring my soul out of prison, that I may give thanks unto Thy name: *The righteous shall compass me about; For Thou shalt deal bountifully with me.*

PSALM 145.

I WILL extol Thee, my God, O King; *And I will bless Thy name for ever and ever.*

2 Every day will I bless Thee; *And I will praise Thy name for ever and ever.*

3 Great is Jehovah, and highly to be praised; *And His greatness is unsearchable.*

4 One generation shall laud Thy works to another, *And shall declare Thy mighty acts.*

5 Of the glorious majesty of Thine honor, *And of Thy wondrous works, will I meditate.*

6 And men shall speak of the might of Thy terrible acts; *And I will declare Thy greatness.*

7 They shall utter the memory of Thy great goodness, *And shall sing of Thy righteousness.*

8 Jehovah is gracious, and merciful; *Slow to anger, and of great loving-kindness.*

9 Jehovah is good to all; *And His tender mercies are over all His works.*

10 All Thy works shall give thanks unto Thee, O Jehovah; *And Thy saints shall bless Thee.*

11 They shall speak of the glory of Thy kingdom, *And talk of Thy power:*

12 To make known to the sons of men His mighty acts, *And the glory of the majesty of His kingdom.*

13 Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, *And Thy dominion endureth throöut all generations.*

14 Jehovah upholdeth all that fall, *And raiseth up all those that are bowed down.*

15 The eyes of all wait upon Thee; *And Thou givest them their food in due season.*

16 Thou openest Thy hand, *And satisfiest the desire of every living thing.*

17 Jehovah is righteous in all His ways, *And gracious in all His works.*

18 Jehovah is nigh unto all them that call upon Him, *To all that call upon Him in truth.*

19 He will fulfil the desire of them that fear Him; *He also will hear their cry, and will save them.*

20 Jehovah preserveth all them that love Him; *But all the wicked will He destroy.*

21 My mouth shall speak the praise of Jehovah, *And let all flesh bless His holy name for ever and ever.*

Selection 25.

PSALM 146.

HALLELUJAH! Praise Jehovah, O my soul.

2 While I live will I praise Jehovah: *I will sing praises unto my God, While I have any being.*

3 Put not your trust in princes, *Nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help.*

4 His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; *In that very day his thoughts perish.*

5 Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, *Whose hope is in Jehovah his God:*

6 Who made Heaven and Earth, The sea, and all that in them is: *Who keepeth truth for ever:*

7 Who executeth judgment for the oppress, Who giveth food to the hungry: *Jehovah looseth the prisoners;*

8 Jehovah openeth the eyes of the blind; *Jehovah raiseth up them that are bowed down; Jehovah loveth the righteous;*

9 Jehovah preserveth the strangers; *He upholdeth the fatherless and widow: But the way of the wicked He turneth upside down.*

10 Jehovah shall reign for ever, *Thy God, O Zion, unto all generations.* HALLELUJAH!

PSALM 147.

HALLELUJAH! For it is good to sing praises unto our God; *For it is pleasant, and praise is comely.*

2 Jehovah doth build up Jerusalem; *He gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.*

3 He healeth the broken in heart, *And bindeth up their wounds.*

4 He counteth the number of the stars: *He giveth them all their names.*

5 Great is our Lord, and mighty in power; *His understanding is infinite.*

6 Jehovah upholdeth the meek: *He bringeth the wicked down to the ground.*

7 Sing unto Jehovah with thanksgiving; *Sing praises upon the harp unto our God:*

8 Who covereth the heaven with clouds, *Who prepareth rain for the Earth, Who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.*

9 He giveth to the beast his food, *And to the young ravens which cry.*

10 He delighteth not in the strength of the horse: *He taketh no pleasure in the legs of a man.*

11 Jehovah taketh pleasure in them that fear Him, *In those that hope in His lovingkindness.*

12 Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem; *Praise thy God, O Zion.*

13 For He hath strengthened the bars of thy gates; *He hath blest thy children within thee.*

14 He maketh peace in thy borders; *He filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.*

15 He sendeth out his commandment upon Earth; *His word runneth very swiftly.*

16 He giveth snow like wool; *He scattereth the hoar frost like ashes.*

17 He casteth forth His ice like

morsels: *Who can stand before His cold?*

18 He sendeth out His word, and melteth them: *He causeth His wind to blow, and the waters flow.*

19 He showeth His word unto Jacob, *His statutes and His judgments unto Israel.*

20 He hath not dealt so with any nation: *And as for his judgments, they have not known them.* HALLELUJAH!

PSALM 150.

HALLELUJAH! Praise God in His sanctuary: *Praise Him in the firmament of His power.*

2 Praise Him for His mighty acts: *Praise Him according to His excellent greatness.*

3 Praise Him with the sound of the trumpet; *Praise Him with the psaltery and harp.*

4 Praise Him with the timbrel and dance: *Praise Him with stringed instruments and the pipe.*

5 Praise Him upon the loud cymbals: *Praise Him upon the high-sounding cymbals.*

6 LET EVERYTHING THAT HATH BREATH PRAISE JEHOVAH. HALLELUJAH!

Selection 26.

EXODUS, 15:1—18.

I WILL sing unto Jehovah for He hath triumphed gloriously: *The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea.*

2 Jehovah is my strength and song, *And He is become my salvation:* This is my God, and I will praise Him; *My father's God, and I will exalt Him.*

3 Jehovah is a man of war: *Jehovah is His name.*

4 Pharaoh's chariots and his host hath He cast into the sea: *And his chosen captains are sunk in the Red Sea.*

5 The deeps cover them: *They went down into the depths like a stone.*

6 Thy right hand, O Jehovah, is glorious in power, *Thy right hand, O Jehovah, dasheth in pieces the enemy.*

7 And in the greatness of Thine excellency Thou overthrowest them that rise up against Thee: *Thou sendest forth Thy wrath, it consumeth them as stubble.*

8 And with the blast of Thy nostrils the waters were piled up, The floods stood upright as an heap: *The deeps were congealed in the heart of the sea.*

9 The enemy said, *I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil:* My lust shall be satisfied upon them; *I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them.*

10 Thou didst blow with Thy wind, the sea covered them: *They sank as lead in the mighty waters.*

11 Who is like unto Thee, O Jehovah, among the gods? *Who is like Thee, glorious in holiness, Fearful in praises, doing wonders?*

12 Thou stretchedst out Thy right hand, *The Earth swallowed them.*

13 Thou in Thy mercy hast led the people which Thou hast redeemed: *Thou*

hast guided them in Thy strength to Thy holy habitation.

14 The peoples have heard, they tremble: *Pangs have taken hold on the inhabitants of Philistia.*

15 Then were the dukes of Edom amazed; The mighty men of Moab, trembling taketh hold upon them: *All the inhabitants of Canaan are melted away.*

16 Terror and dread falleth upon them; *By the greatness of Thine arm they are as still as a stone;* Till Thy people pass over, O Jehovah, *Till the people pass over which Thou hast purchased.*

17 Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in the mountain of Thine inheritance, The place, O Jehovah, which Thou hast made for Thee to dwell in, *The sanctuary, O Jehovah, which Thy hands have established.*

18 JEHOVAH SHALL REIGN FOR EVER AND EVER.

JOB, 22:21—29.

ACQUAINT now thyself with Him, and be at peace: *Thereby good shall come unto thee.*

22 Receive, I pray thee, the law from His mouth, *And lay up His words in thy heart.*

23 If thou return to the Almighty, thou shalt be built up; *If thou put away unrighteousness far from thy tents.*

24 And lay thou thy treasure in the dust, *And the gold of Ophir among the stones of the brooks;*

25 And the Almighty shall be thy treasure, *And precious silver unto thee.*

26 For then shalt thou delight thyself in the Almighty, *And shalt lift up thy face unto God.*

27 Thou shalt make thy prayer unto Him, and He shall hear thee; *And thou shalt pay thy vows.*

28 Thou shalt also decree a thing, and it shall be established unto thee; *And light shall shine upon thy ways.*

29 When they cast thee down, thou shalt say, There is lifting up; *And the humble person He shall save.*

Selection 27.

JOB, 28.

SURELY there is a mine for silver, *And a place for gold which they refine.*

2 Iron is taken out of the Earth, *And copper is molten out of the stone.*

3 Man setteth an end to darkness, *And searcheth out to the furthest bound The stones of thick darkness and of the shadow of death.*

4 He breaketh open a shaft away from where men sojourn; *They are forgotten of the foot that passeth by; They hang afar from men, they swing to and fro.*

5 As for the Earth, out of it cometh bread: *And underneath it is turned up as it were by fire.*

6 The stones thereof are the place of sapphires, *And it hath dust of gold.*

7 That path no bird of prey knoweth, *Neither hath the falcon's eye seen it:*

8 The proud beasts have not trodden it, *Nor hath the fierce lion passed thereby.*

9 He putteth forth his hand upon the flinty rock; *He overturneth the mountains by the roots.*

10 He cutteth out channels among the rocks; *And his eye seeth every precious thing.*

11 He bindeth the streams that they trickle not; *And the thing that is hid bringeth he forth to light.*

12 But where shall wisdom be found? *And where is the place of understanding?*

13 Man knoweth not the price thereof; *Neither is it found in the land of the living.*

14 The deep saith, It is not in me: *And the sea saith, It is not with me.*

15 It cannot be gotten for gold, *Neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof.*

16 It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, *With the precious onyx, or the sapphire.*

17 Gold and glass cannot equal it: *Neither shall the exchange thereof be jewels of fine gold.*

18 No mention shall be made of coral or of crystal: *Yea, the price of wisdom is above rubies.*

19 The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it, *Neither shall it be valued with pure gold.*

20 Whence then cometh wisdom? *And where is the place of understanding?*

21 Seeing it is hid from the eyes of all living, *And kept close from the fowls of the air.*

22 Destruction and Death say, *We have heard a rumor thereof with our ears.*

23 God understandeth the way thereof, *And He knoweth the place thereof.*

24 For He looketh to the ends of the Earth, *And seeth under the whole heaven;*

25 To make a weight for the wind; *Yea, He meteth out the waters by measure.*

26 When He made a decree for the rain, *And a way for the lightning of the thunder,*

27 Then did He see it, and declare it; *He established it, yea, and searched it out.*

28 And unto man He said, BEHOLD, THE FEAR OF THE LORD, THAT IS WISDOM; AND TO DEPART FROM EVIL IS UNDERSTANDING.

JOB, 42:2—6.

I KNOW that Thou canst do all things, *And that no purpose of Thine can be restrained.*

3 Who is this that hideth counsel without knowledge? *Therefore have I uttered that which I understood not. Things too wonderful for me, which I knew not.*

4 Hear, I beseech Thee, and I will speak; *I will demand of Thee, and declare Thou unto me.*

5 I had heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear: *But now mine eye seeth Thee,*

6 WHEREFORE I ABHOR MYSELF, AND REPENT IN DUST AND ASHES.

Selection 28.

PROVERBS, 28:1—13.

THE wicked flee when no man pursueth: *But the righteous are bold as a lion.*

2 For the transgression of a land many are the princes thereof: *But by men of understanding and knowledge the state shall be prolonged.*

3 A needy man that oppresseth the poor *Is a sweeping rain which leaveth no food.*

4 They that forsake the law praise the wicked: *But such as keep the law contend with them.*

5 Evil men understand not judgement: *But they that seek Jehovah understand all things.*

6 Better is the poor that walketh in his integrity *Than he that is perverse, of two ways, tho he be rich.*

7 Whoso keepeth the law is a wise son: *But he that is a companion of gluttonous men shameth his father.*

8 He that augmenteth his substance by usury and increase, *Gathereth it for him that hath pity on the poor.*

9 He that turneth away his ear from hearing the law, *Even his prayer is an abomination.*

10 Whoso causeth the upright to go astray in an evil way, He shall fall himself into his own pit: *But the perfect shall inherit good.*

11 The rich man is wise in his own conceit; *But the poor that hath understanding searcheth him out.*

12 When the righteous triumph, there is great glory: *But when the wicked rise, men hide themselves.*

13 He that covereth his transgressions shall not prosper: *But whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall obtain mercy.*

PROVERBS, 30:5—9.

EVERY word of God is purified. *He is a shield unto them that trust in Him.*

6 Add thou not unto His words, *Lest He reprove thee, and thou be found a liar.*

7 Two things have I asked of thee; *Deny me them not before I die:*

8 Remove far from me vanity and lies: *Give me neither poverty nor riches; Feed me with my portion of bread.*

9 Lest I be full, and deny Thee, and say, Who is Jehovah? *Or lest I be poor and steal, And use profanely the name of my God.*

PROVERBS, 31:10—31.

A VIRTUOUS woman who can find? *For her price is far above rubies.*

11 The heart of her husband trusteth in her, *And he shall have no lack of gain.*

12 She doeth him good and not evil *All the days of her life.*

13 She seeketh wool and flax, *And worketh busily with her hands.*

14 She is like the merchant-ships; *She bringeth her food from afar.*

15 She riseth also while it is yet night, *And giveth meat to her household, And their task to her maidens.*

16 She considereth a field, and buy-

eth it: *With the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard.*

17 She girdeth her loins with strength, *And maketh strong her arms.*

18 She perceiveth that her merchandise is profitable: *Her lamp goeth not out by night.*

19 She layeth her hands to the distaff, *And her palms hold the spindle.*

20 She spreadeth out her palm to the poor; *Yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.*

21 She is not afraid of the snow for her household; *For all her household are clothed with scarlet.*

22 She maketh for herself carpets of tapestry; *Her clothing is fine linen and purple.*

23 Her husband is known in the gates, *When he sitteth among the elders of the land.*

24 She maketh linen garments and selleth them; *And delivereth girdles unto the merchant.*

25 Strength and dignity are her clothing: *And she laugheth at the time to come.*

26 She openeth her mouth with wisdom; *And the law of kindness is on her tongue.*

27 She looketh well to the ways of her household, *And eateth not the bread of idleness.*

28 Her children rise up, and call her blessèd; *Her husband also, and he praiseth her, saging:*

29 Many daughters have done worthily: *But thou excellest them all.*

30 Grace is deceitful, and beauty is vain: *But a woman that feareth Jehovah, she shall be praised.*

31 Give her of the fruit of her hands; *And let her works praise her in the gates.*

Selection 29.

ISAIAH, 9:1—7.

BUT there shall be no gloom to her that was in anguish. In the former time He brought into contempt the land of Zebulun and the land of Naphtali: but in the latter time hath He made it glorious, by the way of the sea, beyond Jordan, Galilee of the nations.

2 The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwelt in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

3 Thou hast multiplied the nation, Thou hast increased their joy; they joy before Thee according to the joy in harharvest, as men rejoice when they divide the spoil.

4 For the yoke of his burden, and the staff of his shoulder, the rod of his oppressor, Thou hast broken as in the day of Midian.

5 For all the armor of the armed man in the tumult, and the garments rolled in blood, shall be for burning, for fuel of fire.

6 For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon His shoulder: and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counseller, Mighty God, Father of Eternity, Prince of Peace.

7 Of the increase of His government

and of peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to establish it, and to uphold it with judgment and with righteousness from henceforth even for ever. The zeal of the Lord of hosts shall perform this.

ISAIAH, 42:1—12.

BEHOLD My servant, whom I uphold; My chosen, in whom My soul delighteth: I have put My spirit upon Him; He shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles.

2 He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause His voice to be heard in the street.

3 A bruised reed shall He not break, and the smoking flax shall He not quench: He shall bring forth judgment in truth.

4 He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till He have set judgment in the Earth; and the isles shall wait for His law.

5 Thus saith God, Jehovah, He that created the heavens, and stretched them forth; He that spread abroad the Earth and that which cometh out of it; He that giveth breath unto the people upon it, and spirit to them that walk therein:

6 I Jehovah have called Thee in righteousness, and will hold Thine hand, and will keep Thee, and give Thee for a covenant of the people, for a light of the Gentiles;

7 To open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the dungeon, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison house.

8 I am Jehovah; that is my name; and My glory will I not give to another, neither My praise unto graven images.

9 Behold, the former things are come to pass, and new things do I declare: before they spring forth I tell you of them.

10 Sing unto the Lord a new song and His praise from the end of the Earth; ye that go down to the sea, and all that is therein, the isles, and the inhabitants thereof.

11 Let the wilderness and the cities thereof lift up their voice, the villages that Kedar doth inhabit; let the inhabitants of Sela sing, let them shout from the top of the mountains.

12 Let them give glory unto the Lord, and declare His praise in the islands.

Selection 30.

ISAIAH, 52:13—53:12.

BEHOLD, My servant shall prosper, He shall be exalted and lifted up, and shall be very high.

14 Like as many were astonished at Thee, (His visage was so marred more than any man, and His form more than the sons of men,) so shall He startle many nations;

15 Kings shall shut their mouths because of Him: for that which had not been told them shall they see; and that which they had not heard shall they understand.

WHO hath believed our message? And to whom hath the arm of Jehovah been revealed?

2 For He grew up before Him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry

ground: He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we see Him, there is no beauty that we should desire Him.

3 He was despised, and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and as one from whom men hide their face He was despised, and we esteemed Him not.

4 Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted.

5 But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed.

6 All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and Jehovah hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all!

7 He was oppressed, yet He humbled himself and opened not His mouth; as a lamb that is led to the slaughter, and as a sheep that before her shearers is dumb; yea, He opened not His mouth.

8 By oppression and judgment He was taken away; and as for His generation, who among them considered that He was cut off out of the land of the living, for the transgression of My people to whom the stroke was due?

9 And they made his grave with the wicked, and with a rich man in His death; altho He had done no violence, neither was any deceit in His mouth.

10 Yet it pleased Jehovah to bruise him; He hath put Him to grief: when Thou shalt make His soul a guilt offering, He shall see His seed, he shall prolong His days, and the pleasure of Jehovah shall prosper in His hand.

11 He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied; by His knowledge shall my Righteous Servant justify many, and He shall bear their iniquities.

12 Therefore will I divide Him a portion with the great, and He shall divide the spoil with the strong; because He poured out His soul unto death, and was numbered with the transgressors: yet He bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

Selection 31.

ISAIAH, 58:3—11.

WHEREFORE have we fasted, say they, and Thou seest not? Wherefore have we afflicted our soul, and Thou takest no knowledge? Behold, in the day of your fast ye find your own pleasure, and exact all your labors.

4 Behold, ye fast for strife and contention, and to smite with the fist of wickedness: ye fast not this day so as to make your voice to be heard on high!

5 Is such the fast that I have chosen? The day for a man to afflict his soul? Is it to bow down his head as a rush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under him? Wilt thou call this a fast, and an acceptable day to the Lord?

6 Is not this the fast that I have chosen? To loose the bonds of wickedness, to undo the bands of the yoke, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?

7 Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? When thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?

8 Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thy healing shall spring forth speedily: and thy righteousness shall go before thee; the glory of Jehovah shall be thy rearward.

9 Then shalt thou call, and Jehovah shall answer; thou shalt cry, and He shall say, Here I am. If thou take away from the midst of thee the yoke, the putting forth of the finger, and speaking wickedly;

10 And if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul; then shall thy light rise in darkness, and thine obscurity be as the noonday:

11 And Jehovah shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in dry places, and make strong thy bones; and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not.

Selection 32.

ISAIAH, 62.

FOR Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until her righteousuess go forth as brightness, and her salvation as a lamp that burneth.

2 And the nations shall see thy righteousness, and all kings thy glory: and thou shalt be called by a new name, which the mouth of Jehovah shall name.

3 Thou shalt also be a crown of beauty in the hand of Jehovah, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God.

4 Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken; neither shall thy land any more be termed Desolate: but thou shalt be called Hephzi-bah, and thy land Beulah: for Jehovah delighteth in thee, and thy land shall be married.

5 For as a young man marrieth a virgin, so shall thy sons marry thee; and as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee.

6 I have set watchmen upon Thy walls, O Jerusalem; they shall never hold their peace day nor night:

7 Ye that are Jehovah's remembrancers, take ye no rest, and give Him no rest, till He establish, and till He make Jerusalem a praise in the Earth.

8 The Lord hath sworn by His right hand, and by the arm of His strength, Surely I will no more give thy corn to be meat for thine enemies, and strangers shall not drink thy wine, for the which thou hast labored:

9 But they that have garnered it shall eat it, and praise Jehovah; and they that have gathered it shall drink it in the courts of My sanctuary.

10 Go thro, go thro the gates; prepare ye the way of the people; cast up, cast up the high way; gather out the stones; lift up an ensign for the peoples.

11 Behold, the Lord hath proclaimed unto the end of the Earth, Say ye to the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy salva-

tion cometh; behold, His reward is with Him, and His recompence before Him.

12 And they shall call them The holy people, The redeemed of the Lord: and thou shalt be called Sought out, A city not forsaken.

JEREMIAH, 31:31—37.

BEHOLD, the days come, saith Jehovah, that I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel, and with the house of Judah:

32 Not according to the covenant that I made with their fathers in the day that I took them by the hand to bring them out of the land of Egypt; which my covenant they brake, altho I was a husband unto them, saith Jehovah:

33 But this is the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel after those days, saith the Lord; I will put My law in their inward parts, and in their heart will I write it; and I will be their God, and they shall be My people:

34 And they shall teach no more every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, Know Jehovah: for they shall all know Me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith Jehovah; for I will forgive their iniquity, and their sin will I remember no more.

35 Thus saith Jehovah, which giveth the Sun for a light by day, and the ordinances of the Moon and of the stars for a light by night, which stirreth up the sea, that the waves thereof roar; Jehovah of hosts is his name:

36 If these ordinances depart from before Me, saith Jehovah, then the seed of Israel also shall cease from being a nation before Me for ever.

37 Thus saith Jehovah: If Heaven above can be measured, and the foundations of the Earth searched out beneath, then will I also cast off all the seed of Israel for all that they have done, saith Jehovah.

MICAH, 5:2—5.

THOU, Beth-lehem Ephrathah, which art little to be among the families of Judah, out of thee shall one come forth unto Me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth are from of old, from everlasting.

3 Therefore will He give them up, until the time that she which travaileth hath brought forth: then the residue of His brethren shall return unto the children of Israel.

4 And He shall stand, and shall feed His flock in the strength of Jehovah, in the majesty of the name of JEHOVAH His God: and they shall abide; for now shall He be great unto the ends of the Earth.

5 And this man shall be our peace.

Selection 33.

LAMENTATIONS 3:22—58.

IT is of Jehovah's mercies that we are not consumed, because His compassions fail not.

23 They are new every morning; great is Thy faithfulness.

24 Jehovah is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in Him.

25 *Jehovah is good unto them that wait for Him, to the soul that seeketh Him.*

26 *It is good that a man should hope and quietly wait for the salvation of Jehovah.*

27 *It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth.*

28 Let him sit alone and keep silence, because He hath laid it upon him.

29 Let him put his mouth in the dust; if so be there may be hope.

30 Let him give his cheek to him that smiteth him; let him be filled full with reproach.

31 *For Jehovah will not cast off for ever.*

32 *For tho He cause grief, yet will He have compassion according to the multitude of His mercies.*

33 *For He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men.*

34 To crush under foot all the prisoners of the Earth,

35 To turn aside the right of a man before the face of the Most High,

36 To subvert a man in his cause, Jehovah approveth not.

37 *Who is he that saith, and it cometh to pass, when the Lord commandeth it not?*

38 *Out of the mouth of the Most High cometh there not evil and good?*

39 *Wherefore doth a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins?*

40 Let us search and try our ways, and turn again to Jehovah.

41 Let us lift up our heart with our hands unto God in the heavens.

42 We have transgressed and have rebelled; Thou hast not pardoned.

43 *Thou hast covered with anger and pursued us; Thou hast slain, Thou hast not pitied.*

44 *Thou hast covered Thyself with a cloud, that our prayer should not pass thro.*

45 *Thou hast made us the offscouring and refuse in the midst of the peoples.*

46 All our enemies have opened their mouth wide against us.

47 Fear and the pit are come upon us, devastation and destruction.

48 Mine eye runneth down with rivers of water, for the destruction of the daughter of my people.

49 *Mine eye poureth down, and ceaseth not, without any intermission,*

50 *Till Jehovah look down, and behold from heaven.*

51 *Mine eye affecteth my soul, because of all the daughters of my city.*

52 They have chased me sore like a bird, that are mine enemies without cause.

53 They have cut off my life in the dungeon, and have cast a stone upon me.

54 Waters flowed over mine head; I said, I am cut off.

55 *I called upon Thy name, O Jehovah, out of the lowest dungeon.*

56 *Thou heardest my voice; hide not Thine ear at my breathing, at my cry.*

57 *Thou drewest near in the day that I called upon Thee: Thou saidst, Fear not.*

58 O JEHOVAH, THOU HAST PLEADED THE CAUSES OF MY SOUL; THOU HAST REDEEMED MY LIFE.

Selection 34.

MATTHEW, 5:3—12.

BLESSÉD are the poor in spirit; *For theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.*

4 Blessèd are they that mourn; *For they shall be comforted.*

5 Blessèd are the meek; *For they shall inherit the Earth.*

6 Blessèd are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness; *For they shall be filled.*

7 Blessèd are the merciful; *For they shall obtain mercy.*

8 Blessèd are the pure in heart; *For they shall see God.*

9 Blessèd are the peacemakers; *For they shall be called sons of God.*

10 Blessèd are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake; *For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.*

11 Blessèd are ye when men shall reproach you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for My sake.

12 Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; *For great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.*

Selection 35.

LUKE, 1:46—55.

MY soul doth magnify the Lord, *And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.*

48 For He hath looked upon the low estate of His handmaiden; *For behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blesséd.*

49 For He that is mighty hath done to me great things; *And holy is His name.*

50 And His mercy is, unto generations and generations, *On them that fear Him.*

51 He hath shewed strength with His arm; *He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their heart.*

52 He hath put down princes from their thrones, *And hath exalted them of low degree.*

53 The hungry He hath filled with good things; *And the rich He hath sent empty away.*

54 He hath holpen Israel His servant, *That He might remember mercy*

55 (As He spake unto our fathers) *Toward Abraham and his seed for ever.*

LUKE, 1:68—79.

BLESSÉD be the Lord, the God of Israel; *For He hath visited and wrought redemption for His people.*

69 And hath raised up a horn of salvation for us *In the house of His servant David*

70 (As he spake by the mouth of His holy prophets which have been since the world began),

71 *Salvation from our enemies, and from the hand of all that hate us;*

72 To shew mercy toward our fathers, *And to remember His holy covenant;*

73 The oath which He sware *unto Abraham our father,*

74 To grant unto us that we being delivered out of the hand of our enemies *Should serve Him without fear,*

75 *In holiness and righteousness before Him all our days.*

76 Yea and thou, Child, shalt be called the prophet of the Most High: *For Thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to make ready His ways;*

77 To give knowledge of salvation unto his people *In the remission of their sins.*

78 Because of the tender mercy of our God, *Whereby the dayspring from on high shall visit us,*

79 To shine upon them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death; *To guide our feet into the way of peace.*

LUKE, 2:8—14.

AND there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the field, and keeping watch by night over their flock.

9 And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

10 And the angel said unto them, *Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people;*

11 *For there is born to you this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.*

12 *And this is the sign unto you; Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger.*

13 And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

14 GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH PEACE AMONG MEN IN WHOM HE IS WELL PLEASED.

LUKE, 2:29—32.

NOW lettest Thou Thy servant depart, O Lord, *According to Thy word, in peace;*

30 For mine eyes have seen Thy salvation,

31 *Which Thou hast prepared before the face of all peoples;*

32 A light for revelation to the Gentiles, *And the glory of Thy people Israel.*

Selection 36.

JOHN, 1:1—18.

IN the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

2 The same was in the beginning with God.

3 All things were made by Him; and without Him was not anything made that hath been made.

4 In Him was life; and the life was the light of men.

5 And the light shineth in the darkness; and the darkness apprehended it not.

6 There came a man, sent from God, whose name was John.

7 The same came for witness, that he might bear witness of the light, that all might believe thro him.

8 He was not the light, but came that he might bear witness of the light.

9 There was the true light, which lighteth every man, coming into the world.

10 He was in the world, and the

world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not.

11 He came unto His own, and they that were His own received Him not.

12 But as many as received Him, to them gave He the right to become children of God, even to them that believe on His name:

13 Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.

14 And the Word became flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld His glory, glory as of the Only Begotten from the Father), full of grace and truth.

15 John beareth witness of Him, and crieth, saying, This was He of whom I said, He that cometh after me is become before me: for He was before me.

16 For of His fulness we all received, and grace for grace.

17 For the law was given by Moses: grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.

18 No man hath seen God at any time; the Only Begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him.

JOHN, 5:19—29.

JESUS therefore answered and said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, The Son can do nothing of Himself: but what he seeth the Father doing; for what things soever He doeth, these the Son also doeth in like manner.

20 For the Father loveth the Son, and sheweth Him all things that Himself doeth: and greater works than these will He shew Him, that ye may marvel.

21 For as the Father raiseth the dead and quickeneth them, even so the Son also quickeneth whom He will.

22 For neither doth the Father judge any man: but He hath given all judgement unto the Son;

23 That all may honor the Son, even as they honor the Father. He that honoreth not the Son honoreth not the Father which sent Him.

24 Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My word, and believeth Him that sent Me, hath eternal life, and cometh not into judgement, but hath passed out of death into life.

25 Verily, verily, I say unto you, The hour cometh, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear shall live.

26 For as the Father hath life in Himself, even so gave He to the Son also to have life in Himself:

27 And he gave Him authority to execute judgement, because He is the Son of man.

28 Marvel not at this: for the hour cometh, in which all that are in the tombs shall hear His voice, and shall come forth:

29 They that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done ill, unto the resurrection of judgement.

Selection 37.

ROMANS, 12:9—21.

LET love be without hypocrisy. Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.

10 In love of the brethren be tenderly affectioned one to another; in honor preferring one another;

11 In diligence not slothful; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord;

12 Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing stedfastly in prayer;

13 Communicating to the necessities of the saints; given to hospitality.

14 Bless them that persecute you; bless, and curse not.

15 Rejoice with them that rejoice; weep with them that weep.

16 Be of the same mind one toward another. Set not your mind on high things, but condescend to things that are lowly. Be not wise in your own conceits.

17 Render to no man evil for evil. Take thought for things honorable in the sight of all men.

18 If it be possible, as much as in you lieth, be at peace with all men.

19 Avenge not yourselves, beloved, but give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance belongeth unto Me; I will recompense, saith the Lord.

20 But if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him to drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head.

21 Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

ROMANS, 15:1—7.

NOW we that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves.

2 Let each one of us please his neighbor for that which is good, unto edifying.

3 For Christ also pleased not Himself; but, as it is written, The reproaches of them that reproached Thee fell upon me.

4 For whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that thro patience and thro comfort of the scriptures we might have hope.

5 Now the God of patience and of comfort grant you to be of the same mind one with another according to Christ Jesus:

6 That with one accord ye may with one mouth glorify the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

7 Wherefore receive ye one another, even as Christ also received you, to the glory of God.

I CORINTHIANS, 1:26—31.

BEHOLD your calling, brethren, how that not many wise after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called:

27 But God chose the foolish things of the world, that He might put to shame them that are wise; and God chose the weak things of the world, that He might put to shame the things that are strong;

28 And the base things of the world, and the things that are despised, did God choose, yea and the things that are not, that He might bring to nought the things that are:

29 That no flesh should glory before God.

30 But of Him are ye in Christ Jesus,

who was made unto us wisdom from God, and righteousness and sanctification, and redemption.

31 That, according as it is written, "He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord."

I CORINTHIANS, 13.

IF I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal.

2 And if I have the gift of prophecy, and know all mysteries and all knowledge; and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing.

3 And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

4 Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not;

5 Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil;

6 Rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth;

7 Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8 Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall be done away; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall be done away.

9 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part:

10 But when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away.

11 When I was a child, I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child: now that I am become a man, I have put away childish things.

12 For now we see in a mirror, in enigma: but then face to face. Now I know in part: but then shall I know fully, even as also I have been known.

13 But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

Selection 38.

I CORINTHIANS, 15:35—58.

BUT some one will say, How are the dead raised? And with what manner of body do they come?

36 Thou foolish one, that which thou thyself sowest is not quickened, except it die.

37 And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not the body that shall be, but a bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other kind:

38 But God giveth it a body even as it pleased Him, and to each seed a body of its own.

39 All flesh is not the same flesh: but there is one flesh of men, and another flesh of beasts, and another flesh of birds, and another of fishes.

40 There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another.

41 There is one glory of the Sun, and

another glory of the Moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory.

42 So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption:

43 It is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory. It is sown in weakness; it is raised in power:

44 It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. If there is a natural body, there is also a spiritual.

45 So also it is written, The first man Adam became a living soul, the last Adam a life-giving spirit.

46 Howbeit that is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; then that which is spiritual.

47 The first man is of the Earth, earthy: the second man is of Heaven

48 As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy: and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly.

49 And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

50 Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.

51 Behold, I tell you a mystery: We shall not all sleep:

52 But we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

53 For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

54 But when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall come to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory!

55 O death, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?

56 The sting of death is sin; and the power of sin is the law:

57 But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory thro our Lord Jesus Christ.

58 Wherefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not vain in the Lord.

2 CORINTHIANS, 5:1—10.

FOR we know that if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens.

2 For verily in this we groan, longing to be clothed upon with our habitation which is from Heaven,

3 If so be that being clothed we shall not be found naked.

4 For indeed we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened; not for that we would be unclothed, but that we would be clothed upon, that what is mortal may be swallowed up of life.

5 Now He that wrought us for this very thing is God, who gave unto us the earnest of the Spirit.

6 Being therefore always of good courage, and knowing that, whilst we

are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord,

7 (For we walk by faith, not by sight);

8 We are of good courage, I say, and are willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be at home with the Lord.

9 Wherefore also we make it our aim, whether at home or absent, to be well-pleasing unto Him.

10 For we must all be made manifest before the judgement-seat of Christ; that each one may receive the things done thro the body, according to what he hath done, whether it be good or bad.

I THESSALONIANS, 4:13—5:10.

BUT we would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them that fall asleep; that ye sorrow not, even as the rest, which have no hope.

14 For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also that are fallen asleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.

15 For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we that are alive, that are left unto the coming of the Lord, shall in no wise precede them that are fallen asleep.

16 For the Lord himself shall descend from Heaven, with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first.

17 Then we that are alive, that are left, shall together with them be caught up in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

18 Wherefore comfort one another with these words.

5.

BUT concerning the times and the seasons, brethren, ye have no need that aught be written unto you.

2 For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night.

3 When they are saying, Peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them, as travail upon a woman with child; and they shall in no wise escape.

4 But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief;

5 For ye are all sons of light, and sons of the day. We are not of the night, nor of darkness;

6 So then let us not sleep, as do the rest: but let us watch and be sober.

7 For they that sleep sleep in the night, and they that be drunken are drunken in the night.

8 But let us, since we are of the day, be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love; and for a helmet, the hope of salvation.

9 For God appointed us not unto wrath, but unto the obtaining of salvation thro our Lord Jesus Christ,

10 Who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him.

Selection 39.

EPHESIANS, 1:3—14.

BLESSÉD be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blest us with every spiritual blessing in the heavenly places in Christ:

4 Even as He chose us in Him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blemish before Him in love:

5 Having foreordained us unto adoption as sons thro Jesus Christ unto Himself, according to the good pleasure of His will,

6 To the praise of the glory of His grace, which He freely bestowed on us in the Belovèd:

7 In whom we have our redemption thro His blood, the forgiveness of our trespasses, according to the riches of His grace,

8 Which He made to abound toward us in all wisdom and prudence,

9 Having made known unto us the mystery of His will, according to His good pleasure which He purposed in Him,

10 Unto a dispensation of the fulness of the times, to sum up all things in Christ, the things in the Heavens, and the things upon the Earth;

11 In Him, in whom also we were made a heritage, having been foreordained according to the purpose of Him who worketh all things after the counsel of His will;

12 To the end that we should be unto the praise of His glory, we who had before hoped in Christ:

13 In whom ye also, having heard the word of the truth, the gospel of your salvation,—in whom, having also believed, ye were sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise,

14 Which is an earnest of our inheritance, unto the redemption of God's own possession, unto the praise of His glory.

COLOSSIANS, 1:12—18.

GIVING thanks unto the Father, who made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.

13 Who delivered us out of the power of darkness, and translated us into the kingdom of the Son of His love;

14 In whom we have our redemption, the forgiveness of our sins:

15 Who is the image of the invisible God, the Firstborn of all Creation;

16 For in Him were all things created, in the Heavens and upon the Earth, things visible and things invisible, whether thrones or dominions or principalities or powers; all things have been created thro Him, and unto Him:

17 And He is before all things, and in Him all things consist.

18 And He is the head of the body, the Church: who is the Beginning, the Firstborn from the dead; that in all things He might have the pre-eminence.

I TIMOTHY, 6:12—16.

FIGHT the good fight of the faith, lay hold on the life eternal, whereunto thou wast called, and didst confess the good confession in the sight of many witnesses.

13 I charge thee in the sight of God, who quickeneth all things, and of Christ Jesus, who before Pontius Pilate witnessed the good confession;

14 That thou keep the commandment, without spot, without reproach, until the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ:

15 Which in its own times He shall shew, who is the blessèd and only Potentate, the King of them that rule as kings, and Lord of them that rule as lords.

16 Who only hath immortality, dwellinn in light unapproachable; whom no man hath seen, nor can see: to whom be honor and power eternal. AMEN.

HEBREWS, 10:19—25.

HAVING therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holy place by the blood of Jesus,

20 By the way which He dedicated for us, a new and living way, thro the veil, that is to say, His flesh;

21 And having a great priest over the house of God;

22 Let us draw near with a true heart in fulness of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our body washed with pure water.

23 Let us hold fast the confession of our hope that it waver not; for He is faithful that promised.

24 And let us consider one another to provoke unto love and good works;

25 Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the custom of some is: but exhorting one another; and so much the more, as ye see the day drawing nigh.

Selection 40.

FIRST EPISTLE OF PETER.

1.

BLESSÉD be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who according to His great mercy begat us again unto a living hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead,

4 Unto an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in Heaven for you,

5 Who by the power of God are guarded thro faith unto a salvation ready to be revealed in the last time.

13 Wherefore girding up the loins of your mind, be sober and set your hope perfectly on the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ:

14 As children of obedience, not fashioning yourselves according to your former lusts in the time of your ignorance.

2.

11 Belovèd, I beseech you as sojourners and pilgrims, to abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul;

12 Having your behaviour seemly among the Gentiles; that, wherein they speak against you as evil-doers, they may by your good works, which they behold, glorify God in the day of visitation.

3.

8 Be ye all likeminded, sympathetic, loving as brethren, tender-hearted, humbleminded;

9 Not rendering evil for evil, or re-

viling for reviling: but contrariwise blessing.

14 But and if ye should suffer for righteousness' sake, blessèd are ye. And fear not their fear, neither be troubled:

15 But sanctify in your hearts Christ as Lord, being ready always to give answer to every man that asketh you a reason concerning the hope that is in you, yet with meekness and fear;

16 Having a good conscience; that, wherein ye are spoken against, they may be put to shame who revile your good manner of life in Christ.

17 For it is better, if the will of God should so will, that ye suffer for well-doing than for evil-doing.

18 Because Christ also suffered for sins once, the righteous for the unrighteous, that He might bring us to God; being put to death in the flesh, but quickened in the spirit.

4.

12 Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial among you, which cometh upon you to prove you, as tho a strange thing happened unto you:

13 But insomuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings, rejoice; that at the revelation of His glory also ye may rejoice with exceeding joy.

14 If ye are reproached for the name of Christ, blessèd are ye; because the Spirit of glory and the Spirit of God resteth upon you.

15 For let none of you suffer as a murderer, or a thief, or an evil-doer, or as a meddler in other men's matters:

16 But if a man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed; but let him glorify God in this Name.

5.

5 Yea, all of you gird yourselves with humility, to serve one another; for God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble.

6 Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt you in due time;

7 Casting all your anxiety upon Him, because He careth for you.

8 Be sober, be watchful. Your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour;

9 Whom withstand stedfast in your faith, knowing that the same sufferings are accomplished in your brethren who are in the world.

10 And the God of all grace, who called you unto His eternal glory in Christ, after that ye have suffered a little while, shall himself perfect, stablish, strengthen you.

11 To Him be the dominion for ever and ever. Amen.

Selection 41.

FIRST EPISTLE OF JOHN.

1.

This is the message which we have heard from Him, and announce unto you, that God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all.

6 If we say that we have fellowship with Him, and walk in the darkness, we lie, and do not the truth:

7 But if we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus his Son cleanseth us from all sin.

8 If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.

9 If we confess our sins, He is faithful and righteous to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

10 If we say that we have not sinned, we make Him a liar, and His word is not in us.

2.

15 Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.

16 For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the vainglory of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world.

17 And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.

3.

1 Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called children of God: and such we are. For this cause the world knoweth us not, because it knew Him not.

2 Belovèd, now are we children of God, and it is not yet made manifest what we shall be. We know that, if He shall be manifested, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him even as He is.

3 And every one that hath this hope set on Him purifieth himself, even as He is pure.

4.

7 Belovèd, let us love one another; for love is of God; and every one that loveth is begotten of God, and knoweth God.

8 He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love.

9 Herein was the love of God manifested unto us, that God hath sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live thro Him.

10 Herein is love, not that we loved God: but that He loved us, and sent His Son the propitiation for our sins.

11 Belovèd, if God so loved us, we also ought to love one another.

5.

1 Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is begotten of God; and whosoever loveth Him that begat loveth Him also that is begotten of Him.

2 Hereby we know that we love the children of God, when we love God, and do His commandments.

3 For this is the love of God, that we keep His commandments, and His commandments are not grievous.

4 For whatsoever is begotten of God overcometh the world, and this is the victory that hath overcome the world, —our faith.

Selection 42.

REVELATION, 7:9—17.

I SAW, and behold, a great multitude, which no man could number, out of every nation, and of all tribes and

peoples and tongues, standing before the throne and before the Lamb, arrayed in white robes, and palms in their hands;

10 And they cry with a great voice, saying, Salvation unto our God which sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb.

11 And all the angels were standing round about the throne, and about the elders and the four living creatures; and they fell before the throne on their faces, and worshiped God, saying, Amen:

12 Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.

13 And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, These which are arrayed in the white robes, who are they, and whence came they?

14 And I say unto him, My lord, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which come out of the great tribulation, and they washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

15 Therefore are they before the throne of God; and they serve Him day and night in His temple; and He that sitteth on the throne shall spread His tabernacle over them.

16 They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun strike upon them, nor any heat;

17 For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall be their Shepherd, and shall guide them unto fountains of waters of life: and God shall wipe away every tear from their eyes.

12:10, 11.

AND I heard a great voice in Heaven, saying, Now is come the salvation, and the power, and the kingdom of our God, and the authority of His Christ: for the accuser of our brethren is cast down, which accuseth them before our God day and night.

11 And they overcame him because of the blood of the Lamb, and because of the word of their testimony; and they loved not their life even unto death.

19:5--16.

AND a voice came forth from the throne, saying, Give praise to our God, all ye His servants, ye that fear Him, the small and the great.

6 And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunders, saying, Hallelujah! for the Lord our God, the Almighty, reigneth!

7 Let us rejoice and be exceeding glad, and let us give the glory unto Him; for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and His wife hath made herself ready.

8 And it was given unto her that she should array herself in fine linen, bright and pure; for the fine linen is the righteous acts of the saints.

9 And he saith unto me, Write, Blessèd are they which are bidden to the marriage supper of the Lamb. And he saith unto me, These are true words of God.

10 And I fell down before his feet to

worship him. And he saith unto me, See thou do it not: I am a fellow-servant with thee and with thy brethren that hold the testimony of Jesus: worship God; for the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy.

11 And I saw the Heaven opened; and behold, a white horse, and He that sat thereon, called Faithful and True; and in righteousness He doth judge and make war.

12 And His eyes are a flame of fire, and upon His head are many diadems; and He hath a name written, which no one knoweth but He Himself.

13 And He is arrayed in a garment sprinkled with blood: and His name is called The Word of God.

14 And the armies which are in Heaven followed Him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and pure.

15 And out of His mouth proceedeth a sharp sword, that with it He should smite the nations: and He shall rule them with a rod of iron: and He treadeth the winepress of the fierceness of the wrath of Almighty God.

16 And He hath on His garment and on His thigh a name written, KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS.

Selection 43.

REVELATION, 21:1—7, 22—27, AND 22:1—5.

AND I saw a new Heaven and a new Earth: for the first Heaven and the first Earth are passed away; and the sea is no more.

2 And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down out of Heaven from God, made ready as a bride adorned for her husband.

3 And I heard a great voice out of the throne saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He shall dwell with them, and they shall be His peoples, and God Himself shall be with them, their God.

4 And He shall wipe away every tear from their eyes; and death shall be no more; neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain, any more; the first things are passed away.

5 And He that sitteth on the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And he saith, Write; for these words are faithful and true.

6 And He saith unto me, They are come pass, I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.

7 He that overcometh shall inherit these things; and I will be his God, and he shall be My son.

AND I saw no temple therein; for the Lord God the Almighty, and the Lamb, are the temple thereof.

23 And the city hath no need of the Sun, neither of the Moon, to shine upon it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the lamp thereof is the Lamb.

24 And the nations shall walk amid the light thereof: and the kings of the Earth do bring their glory into it.

25 And the gates thereof shall in no wise be shut by day (for there shall be no night there):

26 And they shall bring the glory and the honor of the nations into it:

27 And there shall in no wise enter into it anything unclean, or he that maketh an abomination and a lie: but only they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.

22.

AND he shewed me a river of water of life, bright as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb, in the midst of the street thereof.

2 And on this side of the river and on that was the tree of life, bearing twelve harvests of fruits, yielding its fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

3 And there shall be no curse any more; and the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be therein; and His servants shall do Him service;

4 And they shall see His face; and His name shall be on their foreheads.

5 And there shall be night no more; and they need no light of lamp, neither light of sun; for the Lord God shall give them light. And they shall reign for ever and ever.

BEATITUDES OF THE APOCALYPSE.

BLESSÉD is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of the prophecy, and keep the things which are written therein; for the time is at hand.

BLESSÉD are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth! Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; for their works follow with them.

BLESSÉD is he that watcheth, and keepeth his garments; lest he walk naked, and they see his shame.

BLESSÉD are they which are bidden to the marriage supper of the Lamb.

BLESSÉD and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection; over these the second death hath no power: but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with Him a thousand years.

BLESSÉD is he that keepeth the words of the prophecy of this book.

BLESSÉD are they that wash their robes, that they may have the right to come to the tree of life, and may enter in by the portals into the city.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.
As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

Ascriptions.

O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God. How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past tracing out! For who hath known the mind of the Lord? Or who hath been His counsellor? Or who hath first given to Him, and it shall be recompensed unto him again? For of Him, and thro Him, and unto Him, are all things. To Him be the glory for ever. Amen. *Romans*, 11:33—36.

To Him that is able to stablish you according to my gospel and the preaching of Jesus Christ, according to the revelation of the mystery which hath been kept in silence thro times eternal, but now is manifested, and by the scriptures of the prophets, according to the commandment of the eternal God, is made known unto all the nations unto obedience of faith; to the only wise God, thro Jesus Christ, be the glory for ever. Amen. *Romans*, 16:25- 27.

Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto Him be the glory in the church and in Christ Jesus unto all generations for ever and ever. Amen. *Eph.* 3:20, 21.

Now unto Him that is able to guard you from stumbling, and to set you before the presence of His glory without blemish in exceeding joy, to the only God our Saviour, thro Jesus Christ our Lord, be glory, majesty, dominion and power, before all time, and now, and for evermore. Amen. *Jude.* 24, 25.

Unto Him that loveth us, and loosed us from our sins by His blood: and He made us to be a kingdom, to be priests unto His God and Father; to Him be the glory and the dominion for ever and ever. Amen. *Rev.* 1:6, 7.

Worthy art Thou, our Lord and our God, to receive the glory and the honor and the power; for Thou didst create all things, and because of Thy will they were, and were created. *Rev.* 4:11.

Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen. *Rev.* 7:12.

Benedictions.

JEHOVAH bless thee, and keep thee. Jehovah make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee. Jehovah lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace. Numbers, 6:26.

NOW the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope, in the power of the Holy Ghost. Rom., 15:13.

THE grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with you. My love be with you all in Christ Jesus. Amen. 1 Cor., 16:24.

THE grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. 2 Cor., 13:14.

THE grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirit, brethren. Amen. Gal., 6:18.

TO the saints and the faithful in Christ Jesus, grace and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ. Eph., 1:2.

PEACE be to the brethren, and love with faith, from God the Father and the Lord Jesus Christ. Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in uncorruptness. Eph., 4:23.

GOD shall fulfil every need of yours according to His riches in glory in Christ Jesus. Now unto our God and Father be the glory for ever and ever. Amen. Phil., 4:19.

THE God of peace Himself sanctify you wholly. And may your spirit and soul and body be preserved entire without blame at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. 1 Thess., 5:23.

OUR Lord Jesus Christ Himself, and God our Father which loved us and gave us eternal comfort and good hope thro grace, comfort your hearts and stablish them in every good work and word. 2 Thess., 2:16.

NOW the Lord of peace Himself give you peace at all times in all ways. The Lord be with you all. 2 Thess., 3:16.

THE God of peace, who brought again from the dead the great Shepherd of the sheep with the blood of the eternal covenant, our Lord Jesus, make you perfect in every good thing to do His will, working in us that which is well-pleasing in His sight, thro Jesus Christ; to whom be the glory for ever and ever. Amen. Hebs., 13:20.

THE God of all grace, who called you unto His eternal glory in Christ after that ye have suffered a little while, shall Himself perfect, stablish, strengthen you. Peace be unto you all that are in Christ. 1 Pet., 5:10, 14.

THE grace of the Lord Jesus be with the saints. Amen. Rev., 22 21.

The Ten Commandments.

EXODUS, 20:1—17.

GOD spake all these words, saying, I am JEHOVAH thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I. THOU shalt have no other gods before Me.

II. THOU shalt not make unto thee a graven image, nor the likeness of any form that is in Heaven above, or that is in the Earth beneath, or that is in the water under the Earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself unto them, nor serve them; for I JEHOVAH thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, upon the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me and keep My commandments.

III. THOU shalt not take the name of JEHOVAH thy God in vain, for JEHOVAH will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.

IV. REMEMBER the sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the sabbath of JEHOVAH thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days JEHOVAH made Heaven and Earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore JEHOVAH blest the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.

V. HONOR thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which JEHOVAH thy God giveth thee.

VI. THOU shalt do no murder.

VII. THOU shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. THOU shalt not steal.

IX. THOU shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X. THOU shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

MATTHEW XXII:37—40.

JESUS said unto him, THOU SHALT LOVE THE LORD THY GOD WITH ALL THY HEART, AND WITH ALL THY SOUL, AND WITH ALL THY MIND. This is the first and great commandment. And a second is like unto it, THOU SHALT LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF. On these two commandments hangeth the whole Law, and the Prophets.

The Apostles' Creed.

I BELIEVE IN GOD THE FATHER ALMIGHTY, MAKER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH: AND IN JESUS CHRIST HIS ONLY SON OUR LORD; WHO WAS CONCEIVED BY THE HOLY GHOST, BORN OF THE VIRGIN MARY, SUFFERED UNDER PONTIUS PILATE, WAS CRUCIFIED, DEAD, AND BURIED. HE DESCENDED INTO HADES. THE THIRD DAY HE ROSE AGAIN FROM THE DEAD. HE ASCENDED INTO HEAVEN, AND SITTETH ON THE RIGHT HAND OF GOD THE FATHER ALMIGHTY. FROM THENCE HE SHALL COME TO JUDGE THE QUICK AND THE DEAD. I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY GHOST, THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH, THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS, THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS, THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY, AND THE LIFE EVERLASTING. AMEN.

A General Confession.

From the Strasburg Liturgy of John Calvin.

ALMIGHTY and most merciful Father; we have erred and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep; we have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts; we have offended against Thy holy laws; we have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done; and there is no health in us.

But Thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders; spare Thou those, O God, who confess their faults; restore Thou those who are penitent; according to Thy promises declared unto mankind, in Christ Jesus our Lord; and grant, O most merciful Father, for His sake, that we may hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life; to the glory of Thy Holy Name. Amen.

Te Deum Laudamus.

We praise Thee, O God: we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.
All the Earth doth Worship Thee, the Father everlasting.

To Thee all angels cry aloud; the Heavens, and all the powers therein.
To Thee Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry,

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth; Heaven and Earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory.

The glorious company of the Apostles praise Thee.

The goodly fellowship of the Prophets praise Thee.

The white-robed* army of Martyrs praise Thee.

The holy Church throout all the world doth acknowledge Thee.

The Father of an infinite majesty; Thine adorable, true and only Son;

Also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ.

Thou art the Everlasting Son of the Father.

When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man, Thou didst humble Thyself to be born of a virgin.

When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, Thou didst open the kingdom of Heaven to all believers.

Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father.

We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge.

We therefore pray Thee, help Thy servants, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood.

Make them to be numbered with Thy saints, in glory everlasting.

O Lord, save Thy people, and bless Thy heritage. Govern them, and lift them up for ever.

Day by day we magnify Thee; and we worship Thy name ever, world without end.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin.

O Lord, have mercy upon us! Have mercy upon us!

O Lord, let Thy mercy be upon us, as our trust is in Thee.

O Lord, in Thee have I trusted: let me never be confounded.

* "candidatus exercitus."